OLD KEW, CHISWICK AND KENSINGTON

LLOYD SANDERS

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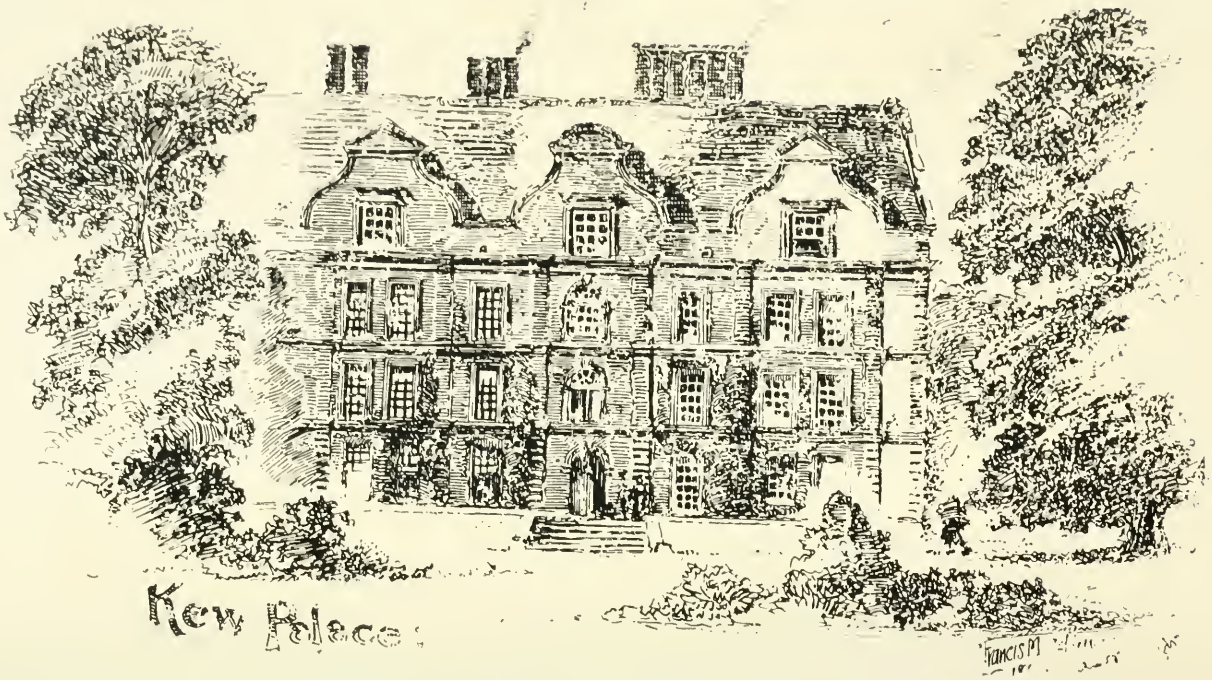

KEW PALACE OR THE DUTCH HOUSE

OLD KEW, CHISWICK AND KENSINGTON

BY

LLOYD SANDERS

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INTRODUCTION

THE general history of Kew has been written by Lysons in Part I of his "Environs of London" (1792), and by E. W. Brayley in Vol. III of his "History of Surrey" (1840). From the book of "Surrey Fines," edited by Mr. F. B. Lewis, and from the Calendar of the Patent Rolls, I have been able to establish the separate existence of the hamlet so far back as the fifteenth century; and if no earlier mention of it is to be discovered in the Patent Rolls and Close Rolls, the presumption must be that Kew formed until then an unidentified part of West Sheen and the Royal Manor of Richmond. In dealing with its later annals I have endeavoured to keep within the present parochial boundaries, but it has been no easy matter to separate Kew from the rest of the Manor.

Two papers by Mr. W. L. Rutton on the Kew Palaces, published in the *Home Counties Magazine* for 1905, and a third on Sir Richard Levett, which appeared in that meritorious periodical in 1908, have authoritatively reconstructed the early history of those buildings. The beginnings of the Gardens can be studied in the three editions of Rocque's map, published in 1734, 1748, and 1754. "The Picture of London for 1808" gives a good description of the various temples; and well worthy of mention is F. Scheer's "Kew and its Gardens" (1840); a lively

little work, written in vigorous protest against their contemplated abolition. But these and later books have been superseded by "The Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew" (1908), an interesting volume written with official sanction by Mr. W. J. Bean.

Part II. of Lysons's "Environs" (1798) deals briefly, and not very accurately, with the early history of Chiswick; but, apart from a few errors, "The History and Antiquities of Brentford, Ealing and Chiswick," by Thomas Faulkner (1845), is a monument of industrious research. Of even greater value are the "Historical Collections Relating to Chiswick," by Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore and Mr. W. H. Whitear (1897), in which the essential historical evidence has been ably gathered together. I have been permitted to examine the parish rate-books. Though no volume has been preserved of an earlier year than 1836, they set forth the dates of various demolitions and give the later occupants and owners of Hogarth's House.

"The History and Antiquities of Kensington" (1820), by Thomas Faulkner, though containing a good deal of extraneous matter, must always remain the principal source of information on the Royal Borough. Then we have "The Old Court Suburb" (1855), by Leigh Hunt in his most delightful and discursive vein, an edition of which, published in 1902, has the advantages of Mr. Austin Dobson's editing, and of illustrations by the late Herbert Railton, Mr. C. Shepperton and Mr. E. J. Sullivan. To Leigh Hunt succeeded Mr. W. J. Loftie with his admirable "Kensington, Picturesque and Historical" (1888).

The Calendars of the Treasury Papers throw a good deal of light on the history of Kensington Gardens in the reigns of William and Mary, Anne, George I and George II. They prove, I think, two points; the addition of some 100 acres to the Gardens from Hyde Park between the years 1703

and 1713, and the making of the Broad Walk, and probably of the Round Pond as well, not, as has generally been believed, under the commands of Queen Caroline, the wife of George II, but of George I in the last year of his reign. Among publications illustrating the history of parts of the parish may be mentioned, "The Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke" (1889—1903), edited by the Hon. J. A. Home and privately printed; Dr. J. J. Merriman's excellent "Notes on Kensington Square," and "A Walk from London to Fulham," by Thomas Crofton Croker (latest edition, 1896). By a felicitous combination of artist and antiquary, Mr. Philip Norman has given us a worthy record of some of the old Kensington houses in his "London, Vanished and Vanishing" (1905).

I have been permitted to examine the Kensington rate-books. They begin with a slim volume dated 1800, and there is a gap between 1824 and 1837. These missing volumes are to be lamented, because it was during that interval—probably about 1830—that numerous "Buildings" and "Rents" were renamed "Places," "Rows," or "Groves." Still the rate-books have enabled me to identify the homes of many nineteenth-century residents, and to illustrate the growth of parts of the borough that are fast coming to be reckoned as belonging to Old Kensington.

After disposing of the mediæval history of Kensington, I will ask my readers to accompany me on two walks. The first embraces the Palace and Gardens, the Church and Church Street, Campden Hill, Holland Park, Notting Hill and Kensal Green. The second begins at the east end of the Gore, and proceeds along the High Street, with a survey of Kensington Square and the side streets to the extremity of the parish; then, after a glance up Addison Road, we follow Earl's Court Road or

Warwick Road to Earl's Court, and after taking in Fulham Road and Old Brompton, we proceed to Knightsbridge by way of Brompton Road.

For assistance kindly given towards the preparation of this volume, the author's best thanks are paid to Sir Walter Phillimore, Mayor of Kensington; Sir John Thornycroft; Mr. Evelyn Shaw, Assistant Secretary to the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851; Mr. W. Wilks, Secretary to the Royal Horticultural Society; Dr. R. R. Sharpe, Records Clerk to the Corporation of the City of London; Mr. E. Salisbury, of the Public Record Office; Mr. W. Chambers Leete, Town Clerk of the Royal Borough of Kensington; Mr. W. H. Jex, Assistant-Overseer of Chiswick Parish; Miss Neumegen; Mr. H. G. Archer; Mr. Philip Norman, F.S.A.; Dr. T. Seymour Tuke, and Mr. C. M. Tuke; Mr. A. W. Sich; Mr. J. G. Turner; Messrs. Jones Bros., of Oakwood Court Estate, Kensington, and the Manager of Messrs. Pontings.

L. S.

OLD KEW, CHISWICK AND KENSINGTON

PART I

OLD KEW

OLD KEW, CHISWICK, AND KENSINGTON

CHAPTER I

VANISHED KEW

Sir Richard Phillips—His "Walk to Kew"—The Priory—Kew Green—The Church—"That child of genius, Gainsborough"—First mention of Kew—The Duke of Suffolk and the French Queen—Other Tudor courtiers—Sir John Puckering—In the days of the Stuarts—Sir Peter Lely.

ON an April morning, in the year 1816, Sir Richard Phillips, author, bookseller, publisher and friend of humanity, started forth on a walk from London to Kew, musing much by the way on the Rights of Man. George Borrow has immortalized him in the "Lavengro" as the hard and capricious taskmaster who insisted that his philosophical ideas should be introduced into the books of fairy tales compiled by his hacks, and their collections of anecdotes half filled with the sayings and doings of himself during the time that he was common councilman of the City of London. Phillips was also a vegetarian, who denied himself animal food, because he thought that the brutes have as much right to live as ourselves, and he drank no wine. The whimsical nonsense comprising the greater part of his "Morning's Walk from London to Kew" proves Borrow's portrait to have been no caricature; and yet, had he been less

concerned with the perfectability of the species and more with the setting down of plain fact, he would have been a topographer of signal value. Phillips could use his eyes, and as he was an insatiable button-holer, no scrap of local information escaped him.

We need not accompany Phillips step by step during the whole of his pilgrimage; enough that he trudged past Buckingham House, still the residence of Queen Charlotte, through Chelsea, Battersea, Wandsworth, and over Putney Common to Mortlake. He then took the footpath leading from Brick-stables to the carriage-road from Mortlake to Kew, now dreary Mortlake Lane, encountering a tinker, who had married a gipsy wife, and the tinker's old mother-in-law, who cynically admitted that she told gentle-folks such fortunes as were calculated to please them. Phillips passed the Priory, the summer retreat of a Roman Catholic lady, Miss Doughty, of Richmond Hill, but was forbidden admission, because no man could enter except the priest. This rebuff he bore with astonishing meekness, and was content to note that the building consisted merely of a Gothic chapel, a room for refreshments, and a library, while behind it were a house for the bailiff and his wife, a pheasantry, an aviary and extensive stables, the whole property covering about 24 acres. Phillips incidentally asserts that a street in London had been named after Miss Doughty. It would have been more correct to have said that Doughty Street, Mecklenburg Square, received its name from the old family of which she was a member. Priory Road, with its trim houses and bowling-green, and Priory Terrace still perpetuate the memory of Miss Doughty's chapel, and modern drainage has removed Phillips's reproach that her property was frequently under water. Another quarter of a mile along the dead flat brought Phillips on to Kew Green.

While talking to the gipsies, Phillips had marvelled

that he should have presented under his eyes a family of eleven persons in no better condition than Hottentots in their kraals, with the grand pagoda of Kew Gardens in full view on one hand, and the towers of what he ironically termed the new Bastille Palace in sight on the other. As he approached the Green he noted the varied foliage of Kew and Richmond Gardens, Richmond Hill bounding the horizon on the left, and the smoky atmosphere of Brentford obscuring the air beyond the houses. The Palace has disappeared, as I shall explain by and by, but otherwise the scene remains unchanged in its essentials.

Phillips, having reached his journey's end, is well worth quoting—

> As I quitted the lane, I beheld, on my left, the long boundary-wall of Kew Gardens; on which a disabled sailor has drawn in chalk the effigies of the whole British navy, and over each representation appears the name of the vessel, and the number of her guns. He has in this way depicted about 800 vessels, each five or six feet long, and extending, with intervening distances, above a mile and a half. As the labour of one man, the whole is an extraordinary performance; and I am told the decrepit draughtsman derives a competency from passing travellers.
>
> Kew Green is a triangular area of about thirty acres. Nearly in the centre is the chapel of St. Anne. On the eastern side is a row of family houses; on the north-western a better row, the backs of which look on the Thames; and on the south side stand the boundary-wall of Kew Gardens, some buildings for soldiery, and the plain house of Ernest, Duke of Cumberland. . . . In the western corner stand the buildings called Kew Palace, in which George III passed many of the early years of his reign.

Here again the general features remain, including the Duke of Cumberland's house, now known as Hanover House; though the masterpieces of the decrepit sailor have vanished, the barracks have been demolished, the officers' quarters converted into private residences, and many of the family houses degraded into places for refreshment.

Phillips visited St. Anne's chapel, that is the parish church, and went into strange ecstasies over that unpretentious building, the fittings of which he considered superb, and the architecture in the best taste. He observed the marble slab to the memory of Meyer the painter, with lines by the amiable poet, Hayley. He strolled into the vestry, and jotted down the marriage and burial fees. The graves were six feet deep, and in the church the coffins had to be of lead. But Phillips's main object was to do homage at the grave of "that child of genius, Gainsborough"; and as the pew-openers did not know its whereabouts, he had to wait until the sexton's assistant was fetched. There followed this colloquy—

"Ah! friend," said I, "this is a hallowed spot—here lies one of Britain's favoured sons, whose genius has assisted in exalting her among the nations of the earth." "Perhaps it was so," said the man, "but we know nothing about the people buried, except to keep up their monuments, if the family pay; and, perhaps, sir, you belong to this family; if so, I'll tell you how much is due." "Yes, truly, friend," said I, "I am one of the great family bound to preserve the monument of Gainsborough, but if you take me for one of his relatives, you are mistaken." "Perhaps, sir, you may be of the family, but were not included in the will, therefore are not obligated." I could not now avoid looking with scorn at the fellow; but as the spot claimed better feelings, I gave him a trifle for his trouble, and mildly told him I would not detain him.

The sexton's assistant was evidently up to his work; while Phillips's attitude towards Gainsborough, whom he extolled as "the first painter of our national school in fancy pictures and one of the first in the classes of landscape and portrait," is not a little reminiscent of that of the Friend of Humanity to the Needy Knife-grinder.

Kew had seen its best days when Phillips visited it, and those days had been comparatively brief. As

a hamlet of the parish of Kingston, and part with West Sheen of the Royal manor of Richmond, it remained for centuries unknown to fame, overshadowed by its more important neighbours.* The industrious Dr. Lysons could not discover any mention of Kew earlier than the reign of Henry VII, and later historians appear to have been content to repeat his statement without making any further investigations on their own account. But in the volume of "Surrey Fines," edited by Mr. F. B. Lewis for the Surrey Archæological Society, there appears the entry, "Roger Buckingham v Richard Hunte of Shene and his wife Alice in Kayowe," dated the 19th of Henry VI, *i.e.* 1440 or 1441. A Patent Roll of 28 September, 1483—of the reign, that is, of Richard III—sets forth that a grant was made for life to—

> the King's servant Henry Davy of the office of Keeper of the King's manor and garden of Shene, co. Surrey, the office of Keeper of the King's park called "le Newpark" seven acres of meadow by the bridge of Chartesey, co. Middlesex, for the sustenance of the deer within the park in winter and the custody of the warren of King's lordship of Shene, receiving 6d, 3d, 2d and 3d daily from the same from the issue of the king's manors or lordships of Shene, Patresham, Kayo, Hamme and the island of Crowet in the said counties with all other profits, and also 2d daily from the same issues for the repair of the paling and hedges of the park.

From which involved sentence there emerges the fact that Kew as a taxable entity was considered of less value than Sheen, Petersham or Ham. But it rejoiced in a marvellous number of spellings; it was Kayhough, Kayhowe, Kayhoo, Keyhowe, Keyo, Kayo, Cayo, Kaio, Kaw, Cewe and Kewe, all simply meaning, I take it, key or quay.†

* Kew had no parochial boundaries before 1769. Thus the Kew Observatory lies outside its present confines. West Sheen was a collection of houses in what is now the Old Deer Park.

† A friend suggests the ingenious derivation, the cook's portion of

In the reign of Henry VIII, Kew began to know itself as the residence of several members of the Court. None was more splendid than Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who privately married his master's sister, Mary, the beautiful widow of Louis XII of France, and who aped the King in having another wife alive at the time. Though he fell into disgrace, he accompanied Henry to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and was entrusted by him with the odious mission of dismissing the greater part of the household of Catharine of Aragon, and imprisoning those who refused to be re-sworn to her as "Princess of Wales." The French Queen's connexion with Kew was celebrated by Leland in his "Cygnea Cantio":—

Chevam hospitio piæ Mariæ
Gallorum Dominæ celebriorem.

They lived at a house, known as Suffolk Place, which had been built in the reign of Henry VII, and which was demolished early in the reign of Elizabeth. It was presumably there, though after her aunt's death, that the Lady Mary, afterwards Queen, lay on two occasions, in 1535 and again in 1537; while in the Gardens, near Brentford Ferry Gate, are Queen Elizabeth's Lawn and the stump of an elm under which she is said to have sat as a girl.

Another resident at Kew was Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, the soldier-diplomatist of Henry VIII, who in his will directed that if he died at Kaiho or anywhere near the Thames, his body should be carried by water to Windsor. The injunction seems to have been duly carried out; he was buried, at any rate, in the Beaufort chapel. Lord Beauchamp, the brother of Jane Seymour, and afterwards Earl of Hertford, removed from Kew to London at the

the manor. It is to be noted that most of the spellings point to an "o," not an "e" sound.

expense of Dr. Roland Lee, Bishop of Chichester and Lord President of the Council in the Marches of Wales. In his cavalier manner Henry ordered the bishop to exchange his house in the Strand with Beauchamp. The divine obeyed, but with much lamentation. "If I should take a house of that distance it would be tedious of me so far to seek my lodging. I beg your Majesty to suffer me to enjoy my said house." One quite sees Dr. Lee's point. The Earl of Devonshire, too, lived at Kew; and the Marchioness of Exeter lay at Kew before stealing off to see the Nun of Kent, attired like her servant, while the maid was dressed as the mistress.

All trace of the houses inhabited by these Tudor courtiers has disappeared, though we know from Leland that Kew was a handsome village, "villa elegans." There lived in Elizabethan times Sir John Puckering, Keeper of the Great Seal in succession to Sir Christopher Hatton, in "my poor hermitage," as he called it in a letter to Cecil. He was a pliant person who made himself useful in scenting out conspiracies, and was none too nice in the disposal of ecclesiastical patronage. In August, 1594, his steward drew up a list of furniture in expectation of a visit from the Queen, but it is not known if she made good her promise. On the 11th December of the following year, she came to dinner, and Roland White wrote to Sir Robert Sydney that—

> Her entertainment for that meal was great and exceedingly costly; at her first lighting, she had a fine fan, with a handle garnished with diamonds. When she was in the middle way between the garden-gate and the house, there came running towards her one with a nosegay in his hand, delivered it unto her with a short well-penned speech; it had in it a very rich jewel, with many pendants of unfurled diamonds, valued at £400 at least; after dinner in her privy chamber, he gave her a fair pair of virginals. In her bedchamber he presented her with a fine gown and juppin (petticoat), which things were very pleasing to

her highness; and to grace his lordship the more she of herself took from him a salt, a spoon and a fork of fair agate.

Evidently the entertainment of royalty made holes in ministerial pockets when Elizabeth was queen.

Among the residents at Kew in the reign of James I was the accomplished Lord Harrington, member of the household of Princess Elizabeth who subsequently became famous as Queen of Bohemia and heroine of a lost cause. Otherwise Kew seems to have reverted to its former obscurity. The troubles of the Great Rebellion passed it harmlessly by, though, as we shall see, Chiswick, on the opposite bank of the Thames, by no means escaped unscathed. But then the civil war, like most wars, was capricious in its incidence, and adhered, on the whole, to the highways. Kew lay safely in its corner, only accessible on one side by the ferry.

Sir Peter Lely was the first of the great artists whose names have been associated with Kew. That disciple of Van Dyck, to whose brush are due the opulent portraits of Lady Castlemaine, Nell Gwynn, and the other beauties of the reign of Charles II, had a house on the Green. He bought the copyhold of one Mr. Mountney for £19 per annum. Lely, like most of his profession, was open-handed and careless in money matters, being, says Roger North, "loathly drawn to do anything but paint." Roger was his counsel when he purchased an estate at Dallyton, and tried to settle the torture of emerging scruples by exclaiming, "For God's sake let me be cheated so I am but cheated quickly." Still Lely had the good sense to follow the advice of his legal friends, chief among whom was the Lord Keeper North, Roger's brother, a great frequenter of the society of virtuosos. Their help was the more necessary because his son had been born before marriage, and was therefore illegitimate by the law of England. Roger North

admiringly publishes the letter written by the Lord Keeper to a gentleman in waiting on the Duke of York, with whom, as lord of the manor of Richmond, the decision lay. Mountney, it seems, "gave his pretences to Lely's child, but Sir A. Apsley had his eye on the little estate." "Though I was his solicitor," writes Roger North, "and my brother Keeper of the Great Seal, we had both much ado to get the Duke's grant of this, and at last he gave it me as a boon from him, and I might have kept it for myself, but I always intended it, and so gave it to his [Sir Peter's] son Mr. Lely, who to this day enjoys and lives in it." The house, which was probably a country cottage, stood on the north side of the Green.

CHAPTER II

THE DUTCH HOUSE AND KEW HOUSE

The dairy house—Fortrey, Levett and the Dutch House—It is rented by Queen Caroline—Richmond Gardens—The Hermitage and the Grotto—Stephen Duck—Rocque's maps of the Gardens—Fields and a "Managery"—Kew House and Lord Capel—Evelyn's visits to Kew—Samuel Molyneux—His association with James Bradley—A quack and a widow—Kew House and the Dutch House become one Court.

KEW, thus far, has been associated with great names, but with no local habitations which can be identified to-day. We touch bricks and mortar at last, when we come to the sunny little Jacobean house, standing not far from the entrance to the gardens, which is known for want of a better name as Kew Palace. An earlier building, on the same site, was a "dairy house" belonging, first, to Sir Henry Gate, and afterwards to Elizabeth's favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who was living at Kew when his wife, Amy Robsart, met her mysterious death at Cumnor; and a crypt under the house may be earlier still. Leicester seems to have parted with his toy to Sir Hugh Portman, of Orchard Portman in Somerset, and the owner of the ground on which Portman Square is now built: "the rich gentleman that was knighted by her Majesty at Kew," in 1595, on the occasion of her visit to Sir John Puckering. One of Portman's successors, it is uncertain which of them, sold the dairy house to Samuel

Fortrey, the son of Dutch refugees whose name became anglicized from De la Forterie. He built the existing house in its place; and that achievement is still commemorated by the initials F. S. and C. (Fortrey, Samuel, and Catherine, his wife) and the date, 1631, over the house-door. That is the real reason why the house was known for many years as the Dutch House.*

The Fortreys began in the City, and rose to be landowners in Cambridgeshire and Kent. A second Samuel made some mark as the author of a pamphlet on British commerce, and his son William sold the Dutch House in 1697 to Sir Richard Levett, who three years later became Lord Mayor of London. Levett lived in "the capital messuage called Kew" for eleven years, and was buried in Richmond churchyard. From his will, dated 4 January, 1708, it is evident that he owned another house, a copyhold messuage of the manor of Richmond, which lay a little to the south. His tenant was Sir Charles Eyre, an ex-Governor of Fort William, Bengal, whose weather-beaten and barely legible monument stands in Kew churchyard, and Eyre's widow continued to occupy it after her husband's death. Queen Caroline, the wife of George II, eventually secured the leases of both houses: Lady Eyre's house for herself, and the Dutch House for her daughters. In 1728 the young Princesses are described as living in a "house at Kew over against where Mr. Molyneux lives," and a Treasury warrant of 1733 authorized the cleaning of thirteen pieces of tapestry hanging at the Princesses' house at Kew. Molyneux's house, as will presently be explained, was none other than Kew House or the

* The reason usually given is that the house was built, not by Fortrey but by Portman, who, to fit the necessities of the case, is described as a "Dutch merchant." But the early history of the Kew Palaces has been authoritatively reconstructed by Mr. W. L. Rutton in the *Home Counties Magazine* for 1905.

White House, which about that time passed into the occupation of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

Since mother and son detested one another, they cannot have been the most cordial of neighbours; but Queen Caroline was tempted to acquire the Dutch House, no doubt, because it touched Richmond Gardens, as the southern portion of the grounds was called before the whole was thrown together, and became Kew Gardens as we know them to-day. In them she conducted various fantastic enterprises, her base of operations being the Queen's Lodge or Richmond Lodge, in what is now the Old Deer Park.* To deceive her frugal husband Queen Caroline made him believe, says Horace Walpole, "that she paid for all with her own money, nor would he ever look at her intended plans, saying that he did not care how she flung away her own revenue. He little suspected the aids Sir Robert (Walpole) furnished to her from the treasury; when she died, she was indebted twenty thousand pounds to the King." In Richmond, as in Kensington Gardens, Queen Caroline carried out the ideas of Bridgman, the celebrated landscape gardener.

"Your nonsense" and "childish silly stuff" were the terms applied, according to Lord Hervey's Memoirs, by her candid spouse to Queen Caroline's efforts at ornamental horticulture. It must be confessed that her taste tended to crudity. Her chief erections were Merlin's Cave and the Hermitage or Grotto. The former, as illustrated in Rocque's maps, consisted of three octagonal rooms with beehive-shaped roofs, the whole looking like a Zulu kraal,

* The site of the Lodge has been located by Mr. Rutton about 572 yards north-east of the Observatory. It was originally a keeper's cottage in the Park, but was rebuilt by James Butler, Duke of Ormonde, whose brother the Earl of Arran parted with the lease to George II, while he was still Prince of Wales. This was the scene of Queen Caroline's interview with Jeannie Deans.

with a pretentious Gothic porch tacked on to it. The cave was approached by walks and labyrinths, and contained wax images of Merlin and his secretary, Queen Elizabeth and her nurse, Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII, and Minerva; all taken from life by "the celebrated Mrs. Salmon," attendants of the Court serving for models. The Grotto was regarded by contemporaries as very Gothic, being a heap of stones thrown into very artful disorder, and curiously embellished with moss and shrubs to represent rude nature. The Queen placed in it busts of Boyle, Newton, Locke, Wollaston and Clarke, the last to the indignation of Pope. It was eulogized by Matthew Green under the pseudonym of "Peter Drake, a Fisherman of Brentford." He began—

> "Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace,
> Gives leave to view what beauties grace
> Your flowing banks, if you have seen
> The much-sung Grotto of the Queen."

The Queen made Stephen Duck, the labourer-poetaster, whose verse excited the spleen of Swift, though Pope was kind to him, curator of Merlin's Cave, which contained, amongst other things, a library. His wife, who was housekeeper at Kew, took care of the Grotto. Duck was eventually ordained, and for some five months preached in Kew Chapel, whither he drew fashionable crowds to hear him. Two of the inoffensive creature's daughters were still living in Kew when Phillips visited the village. But George III had long since made a clean sweep of his grandmother's ambitious attempts at ornamental gardening.

Rocque's maps of Kew and Richmond Gardens, published in 1734, 1748, and 1754, though perplexing in some respects, give a fairly clear idea of the appearance of the Gardens during the reign of George II. The Dutch House, from being the

Princesses' house, had become the Princess Royal's house. On the farther side of Love Lane, or Kew Foot Lane, which ran down to the Brentford ferry, was Lady Eyre's old house, now known as the "Queen's house at Kew." Farther south still, Lady Clinton, in her capacity of Keeper of the Robes, had a large house and garden, which in the next reign were occupied by Lady Charlotte Finch, the governess of Queen Charlotte's daughters. All trace of both these buildings has disappeared.

Richmond Gardens filled a spacious triangle with the river on one side, the deer park on the other, and Love Lane as its base. But horticulture was in abeyance over much of the space, since corn waved in numerous fields, while others were under grass, and primitive nature was retained on "wild ground with trees." In the latest map, pheasants are shown as being reared where there had previously been pasturage. A prominent feature, not far from the Hermitage, and near the Syon Vista of the present day, was the Amphitheatre, crowned with a ring of elms. The maps probably exaggerate its importance, but it must have occupied a good deal of ground. Farther to the south were the Royal kitchen and fruit gardens, a dairy house—a feeble imitation of a Greek temple—and a "managery" for captive animals, all clustering round the Lodge. A broad inlet of the Thames, called the Canal, ran into the Gardens opposite Syon House, and the maps indicate numerous ponds which modern drainage has caused to disappear. The exact size of the whole expanse is set forth in a Treasury paper of 1728, when Thomas Greening, senr. and junr., were appointed chief gardeners of the Royal Gardens at Richmond "at the rate of £15 per acre for 68a. 2r. 32p. of the said gardens, and £10 per acre for 11a. 1r. 13p. remainder of same, comprehending the Terrace Walks in the deer park and but little used." The Greenings wished

to include in their agreement the gardens by Kew Ferry, consisting of 1a. 3r. 1p.; in other words, the garden of the Dutch House.

As the Dutch House is of red brick, and its neighbour, Kew House, which formerly stood on the opposite side of a road running from the Green at right angles to Love Lane, was stucco, let us talk of the latter for the present as the White House. In the middle of the seventeenth century the estate on which it was built belonged to Sir Richard Bennet, whose daughter and heiress married Sir Henry Capel, afterwards Lord Capel of Tewkesbury. Capel was a prominent and upright man who died Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1696. His widow long survived him, and, as we shall see by and by, her monument is in the parish church. What concerns us here is that Capel was a great horticulturist, carrying on the traditions of Dr. Turner, who in the previous century had collected the materials for a "Herbal" from his garden at Kew. The Lord Deputy planted several new fruits which he brought with him from France, and was the proud owner of two mastic trees, for which he gave £40 to Versprit, and four white striped hollies, which cost him £5 the tree. Evelyn frequently visited Capel, and noted in his diary that "it is an old timber-house; but his garden has the choicest fruit of any plantation in England, as he is the most industrious and understanding in it." After another visit in the owner's absence, Evelyn went more into detail—

> He had repaired his house, roofed his hall with a kind of cupola, and in a niche was an artificial fountain; but the room seems to me over-melancholy, yet might be much improved by having its walls painted *à fresco*. The two greenhouses for oranges and myrtles communicating with the rooms below, are very well contrived. There is a cupola made with pole-work between two elms at the end of a walk, which being covered by

plashing the trees to them is very pretty; for the rest there are too many fir trees in the garden.

For the orangery and myrtetum Evelyn had nothing but praise; they were most beautiful and perfectly well kept. Capel contrived very high palisadoes of reeds to shade his oranges during the summer, and painted these reeds with oil. The Lord Deputy must be regarded as the first founder of Kew Gardens. The old arboretum, near the main entrance, probably represents the space devoted by him to his horticultural experiments.

The White House presumably developed from timber into stucco in Capel's time. His widow long survived him, and died in 1721. The property then descended to Samuel Molyneux, secretary to George II when he was Prince of Wales, in the right of his wife, Lady Elizabeth Capel, Lord Capel's great-niece. The Gardens maintained their reputation, and were described by Macky in his "Tour through England" as having the best fruit in the country collected by that great statesman and gardener, Lord Capel. Molyneux was in many respects a remarkable man. A liberal allowance of Irish wit made him a most agreeable companion. An active politician, he sat both in the English and Irish Parliaments, and became a Lord of the Admiralty, though he was considered too independent for higher appointments. But Molyneux's chief distinctions consisted in his scientific attainments and alliances with other men of science. In spite of the pressure of public affairs he devoted much time to the study of astronomy and optics. He laboured hand in hand with James Bradley in the improvement of the telescope, and invited Dr. Robert South of Cambridge to live in his house and complete his investigations into the laws of sight. Molyneux erected a private observatory at Kew House, and the

observations made in it by Dr. Bradley and himself between December, 1725, and December, 1727, led to the discovery of the aberration of light. The sun-dial, not far from the entrance of the gardens, records their honourable association. It was placed there in 1832 by William IV, and the inscription runs—

On this spot in 1725 the Rev. James Bradley made the first observations which led to his two great discoveries, the aberration of light and the nutation of the earth's axis. The telescope which he used had been erected by Saml. Molyneux, Esq., in a house which afterward became a Royal Residence and was taken down in 1803.

Molyneux was unfortunate in his medical attendant, who was none other than Nathaniel St. André, otherwise Andrew, an anatomist who earned for himself an equivocal reputation by countenancing the imposture of the "rabbit-breeder," Mary Tofts of Godalming. When Molyneux died in 1728, after a few days' illness, having been seized by a fit in the House of Commons, it was suspected that his end had been brought about by foul means. St. André was in all probability guiltless; but he made matters look as black as he could by eloping with Lady Elizabeth on the night of her husband's death, and eventually marrying her. So loud was the outcry, that Queen Caroline dismissed Lady Elizabeth from her household, and the discredited pair went to live in the depths of the country.

CHAPTER III

A PRINCE, A PRINCESS, AND A FAVOURITE

Frederick, Prince of Wales—The evidence of Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole—The Court at Kew—Feud between parents and son—The Prince banished to Kew—His death—His horticulture—The Princess and Lord Bute—The education of George III—Almon's "Political Register"—Chambers and the Pagoda—The temples of Kew—The menagerie—The Exotic Garden—The second founder of the Botanic Garden.

SOME three years after the St. André scandal, Frederick, Prince of Wales, took the White House on a long lease. The date can be fixed by a Treasury warrant of August, 1731, issued to "George Earl of Cholmondeley, Steward of his Majesty's manor of Richmond, *alias* West Sheen, to grant a license to Nathaniel St. André and the Lady Elizabeth Diana, his wife, to lease her copyhold estate at Kew for life." William Kent was entrusted with a repairing of the house which amounted to a rebuilding, and many of the rooms had to submit to his tasteless decoration. In its final form the White House was long, gaunt and undistinguished, with much ornamental water about it, which has since been drained away into the Pond. At some time after his mother's death, that is after 1737, the Prince apparently occupied the Dutch House as well; his cypher with the Prince of Wales's feathers is to be found on many of the door locks. The intervening tenant seems to have been his sister, Princess Amelia. Before the end of the

reign of George II, at any rate, the White House and the Dutch House had become one Court, and in the latter was quartered the establishment of the young Prince who was to reign over England for sixty years as George III.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, has gone down to history in the slighting Jacobite epigram setting forth that "he was alive and is dead," therefore "nothing more is to be said." What we know of him comes mainly from Lord Hervey, who hated him on personal grounds—and Lord Hervey was a bitter hater—and from Horace Walpole, who disliked him as the centre of the opposition to his father, Sir Robert. Still the most favourable view of his character can hardly represent him as a brilliant specimen of royalty. While preaching his funeral sermon in a Mayfair chapel an ingenuous parson is said to have observed, "His Royal Highness was very generous, but I fear that his generosity has ruined a great many people, while his condescension was such that he kept very bad company." In his letters, Horace Walpole tells an ugly story; how in 1750 the Prince invited Lord Granby and Dick Lyttelton down to Kew; won eleven hundred pounds of the latter, and eight of the former, "then cut and told them he would play no longer, for he saw they played so idly that they were capable of *losing more than they would like*." His amours were notorious, and so were the indignities which he placed upon his plain, suppressed wife, Augusta of Saxe-Coburg.

At the same time existence at Kew Palace was outwardly decorous. Lady Irwin—whom Lord Hervey declares against tangible evidence to have remained Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess in spite of constant ill-usage—thus describes the daily life in 1737—

The Prince is living at Kew quite in private without form,

passes his time wholly with his family whom he treats in so obliging a manner and with such an easy familiarity as makes the attendance very agreeable. Amusements, music, play, walking and whatever amusements can be thought of in the country in a large family of men and women.

The traditions of Molyneux continued; and the learned Dr. Desaguliers, the subject of Hogarth's brush, gave lectures on astronomy which the Prince attended. Handel also appeared and played before the Court; while Pope was on such intimate terms that he made the Prince a present of a dog, and composed the familiar couplet for its collar:—

> I am his Highness's dog at Kew,
> Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

Altogether it is quite possible that the Prince was not so despicable a character as some have painted him.

The hereditary feud between parents and son which discredited the first three generations of the House of Hanover was partly due, in the case of George II and the Prince of Wales, to the fact that the White House at Kew and the Prince's various residences in town were the scenes of much maturing of plans against the Ministry. But sordid questions of cash and personal animosities were at work as well. Lord Hervey's memoirs are full of unedifying stories of how Queen Caroline called at Kew when the Princess was supposed to be ill of the measles, and how she returned no wiser than before, because the room in which the Princess was confined had been purposely kept dark, and so forth. Neither side gave the other any quarter, and the Queen's language was more suitable to Hockley-in-the-Hole than to Kensington.

The quarrel reached its height in 1737, when the Prince hurried off his wife from Hampton Court, at

AUGUSTA, PRINCESS OF WALES

some risk to her life, to St. James's Palace, where she was confined. As soon as the Princess could move, they retired in disgrace to Kew; and rumour had it that Frederick was even excluded from the Gardens, and forced to walk in the road. The plain fact was that he was fond of taking exercise with his wife, Lady Anne Hamilton and Dunoyer, the dancing master, for three or four hours every day in the lanes and fields about Richmond. Lord Hervey rejoiced in the squabbles which were supposed to divide the little Court at Kew, but his sources of information were obviously tainted. He considerably exaggerated, too, the unfilial conduct of the Prince during his mother's last illness. Still the antagonism between father and son, which was mainly political, continued to the last with but little abatement. On the 20th of March, 1751, the Prince died at Leicester House after a short illness, a chill contracted during a walk in Kew Gardens having aggravated an abscess formed by a blow from a tennis ball.

Kew itself has every reason to be grateful to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his Princess. They were both ardent gardeners, and applied themselves, with the assistance of Kent, to the improvement of the seven acres which lay round the White House. They set their friends to work; and Bubb Dodington records that "all of us, men, women and children worked on a new walk—a cold dinner." "The Prince," noted Horace Walpole in 1750, "is building baby houses at Kew."

After Frederick's death, his widow devoted herself to the education of her son, George, who lived in the Dutch House, the society of Lord Bute, and the adornment of the gardens. Horace Walpole's History gives a lively picture of the commotion created by the Jacobite proclivities of the Prince's tutors; his letters, too, allude to the prolonged negotiations which resulted in the quiet and dutiful youth's refusal to

leave his mother for an establishment at Kensington, while accepting an allowance of £40,000 a year. The influence of Lord Bute was believed to have been at work throughout. As Horace Walpole maliciously put it—

> The favoured personage, naturally ostentatious of his person, and of haughty carriage, seemed by no means desirous of concealing his conquest. His brows grew more theatric, his graces contracted some meaning, and the beauty of his legs was constantly displayed before the eyes of the poor captivated princess. . . . Her simple husband, when he took up the characters of the Regent's gallantry (the Regent of France is meant), had forced an air of intrigue even on his wife. When he affected to retire into gloomy alleys with Lady Midleton, he used to bid the princess walk with Lord Bute. As soon as the prince was dead, they walked more and more, in honour of his memory.

"Bute," said Frederick, Prince of Wales, "you are the very man to be envoy at some small proud German Court where there is nothing to do." He had all the drawing-room accomplishments. His acting pleased private audiences; he could design dresses for masquerades; he was considered a good judge of painting and architecture; he even interested himself in geometry and mechanics, and was passionately fond of botany. The control which he and the Princess between them exercised over the mind of the heir to the throne was absolute. George was kept in strict seclusion at Kew, the Princess remarking with some plausibility that the profligacy of fashionable society was such that she declined to contaminate her children by contact with it. He was educated in those maxims of government which Bolingbroke had elaborated in "The Patriot King," maxims which, though excellent in theory, had little real bearing upon constitutional politics. George's intellect was slow to ripen, and the two formal people who watched over him were unfitted to lend it

elasticity. They did their best to impart to him the outer graces by making him a good musician, and having him taught riding and fencing by Angelo. "But what," asks Horace Walpole, "could be expected from a boy locked up from the converse of mankind, governed by a mother still more retired, who was herself under the influence of a man that had passed his life in solitude, and was too haughty to admit to his familiarity but half a dozen silly authors and flatterers?"

As Groom of the Stoll to the young Prince, Lord Bute occupied the house opposite the east end of the church, now known as the King's Cottage, and formerly as the Church House. It was afterwards the residence, first of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III, and secondly of his son Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, who on his marriage moved across the Green to Hanover House. Bute's relations with the Princess Mother created a vast amount of scandal during the last years of George II and the beginning of the following reign, but the gossip current was more imaginative than authentic. Thus a view of Kew Green appeared in Almon's "Political Register" for May, 1767, drawn by some artistic Paul Pry, from the cupola of the church. He gleefully set forth in his identifications of buildings that the house inhabited by Lord Bute "to study in" (King's Cottage) communicated with the gardens by a double row of trees, shading a gravel walk, while Lord Bute's family inhabited a house (evidently identical with Cambridge Cottage) which was shut off from them by a brick wall. On the same side of the Green were a house for the Princess Mother's servants, "commonly called Hell House," and dwellings for Lord Boston, the Princess's Chamberlain, General Graham, Queen Charlotte's secretary, and Pennell Hawkins, one of his Majesty's surgeons.

More "baby houses" rose apace at Kew under the

auspices of Lord Bute. In those days they built temples to friendship, to comings-of-age, to peace, to victory, to anything and anybody. Lord Bute, who certainly made good Dr. Johnson's maxim that a Scotchman will not be long in your company without talking of some other Scotchman, was a patron of William Chambers, an architect, who as a supercargo had visited China, and had studied antiquities in Italy. Between 1757 and 1764 the industrious designer had covered the gardens with classical buildings, some in good taste, others in feeble; had erected the famous pagoda; and had even extended the sphere of his operations beyond the limits of the present gardens to the Old Deer Park, where he built the Observatory.* "We begin to see the tower of Kew from Montpelier Row (Twickenham)," wrote Horace Walpole to Miss Berry in July, 1761; "in a fortnight you will see it in Yorkshire." In its prime the pagoda's ten stories were equipped with eighty dragons, covered with coloured glass, and holding bells in their mouths. But these glories have long since disappeared, and it now stands 163 feet of forlornness, though still, as "The Picture of London for 1808" poetically has it, "commanding a most enchanting prospect over the Paradise of England."

George III continued his mother's work, and "The Picture of London for 1808" gives a good idea of Kew Gardens in their most betempled period, though the sites of many of these wonders can no longer be identified:—

The Temple of the Sun is of the Corinthian order, the saloon is richly furnished and gilt; in the centre of its cove is represented the sun, and in twelve compartments are drawn the twelve signs of the zodiac, in bas relief.

The Aviary contains a large collection of birds of all countries.

* The Observatory stands on the site of a Carthusian monastery, and the land did not become royal demesne much before 1772.

In the Flower-garden are to be seen all kinds of beautiful flowers, and in its centre a bason of water, well stocked with gold fish.

The Menagerie contains Chinese and Tartarian pheasants, and various large and exotic birds, with a bason stocked with water fowl, in the centre of which is a pavilion in the Chinese manner.

The Temple of Bellona is of the proselyte kind; the portico tetrastyle Doric; the metopes alternately enriched with helmets and daggers, and with vases and pateras. The cell is rectangular.

The Temple of Pan is of the Doric order, imitated from the theatre of Marcellus at Rome. The metopes are enriched with oxes' skulls and pateras.

The Temple of Æolus is also of the monopteros figure, and the order is composite, in which the Doric predominates.

The Temple of Solitude stands near the south front of the palace.

The House of Confucius is a building of two stories, from the designs of Guopy. The lower storey consists of one room and two closets, and the upper of a saloon, which commands a view of the lake and gardens. Its walls and ceiling are painted with grotesque ornaments and historical subjects, relating to Confucius. . . .

The Theatre of Augusta is a Corinthian colonnade, situated on a rising ground.

The Temple of Victory stands upon a hill, and was built in commemoration of the victory of Minden. The figure of this temple is circular peripteros; the order is Ionic decastyle, fluted and richly furnished.

Near the Wilderness, in the upper part of the garden, stands the Alhambra, a moresque building, consisting of a saloon fronted by a portico of coupled columns, and crowned by a lanthorn. . . .

The Mosque consists of an octagon saloon in the centre, flanked with two cabinets, finished with a large saloon and two small ones. It imitates in all respects the style of Turkish architecture. Over the doors are Arabic characters, and the top of the dome is crowned by a crescent.

In the way from the Mosque to the Palace is a Gothic building, the front of which represents a cathedral.

The Temple of Arethusa is a small Ionic building, of four columns, situated near the banks of the lake.

The Temple of Peace is hexastyle Doric, and the Cell is richly furnished with ornaments in stucco, in allusion to the occasion on which it was erected (the peace of 1763). The Ruin is an imitation of Roman antiquity, and its design is a triumphal arch, originally of three apertures. The adjacent ground is scattered with fragments.

The Temple of Bellona, more prosaic than proselyte perhaps, still stands near Victoria Gate, with the Temple of Arethusa to keep it company. The Temple of the Sun is a feature near Museum III, and a favourable specimen of Chambers' architecture. The Temple of Æolus, near Cumberland Gate, was rebuilt by Decimus Burton after Chambers' designs; and though the flag-staff stands on the site of the Temple of Victory, there is King William's Temple, erected by William IV on another mound near the Winter Garden to commemorate the martial exploits of the reign of George III, and containing busts of that King, George IV, the donor himself, and the Duke of Wellington. Chambers' "unmeaning falballas" of Turkish and Chinese chequer-work have disappeared, not altogether to the loss of the Gardens, but the Ruin is identical with his Ruined Arch, built in 1759 to make a roadway out of the grounds.

The menagerie, Queen Caroline's legacy, had lost by 1809 many of the attractions it had contained some years previously. In 1786 we find from the Ailesbury Papers, published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, that it included some "beautiful birds (particularly a crown bird), an Algiers cow, and Hindustan bull presented to the Queen; and there was another somewhere, and a beautiful little cow from India, the bull of which was killed to make room for the Hindustan ones; a hog like a porcupine in skin"—vague natural history this.

The Princess Mother began her Exotic Garden in

1760 with William Aiton as her chief horticulturist. Chambers built for her the Orangery, now known as Museum III or the Timber Museum, and great was the commotion when Josias Cunningham, who had been an ensign in the 71st regiment, was arrested on the charge of wilfully damaging the trees. He was found to be mad. To Chambers too was due the hothouse, subsequently known as "the Great Stove," while the famous Smeaton supplied the water power. The Princess was an indefatigable collector, and dispatched her emissaries as far as the Cape in quest of new plants. Francis Masson was the first botanic missionary to set forth from Kew. In the spring of 1762 "all the Duke of Argyll's rare trees and shrubs were removed [from his seat at Whitton, near Hounslow] to the Princess of Wales's garden at Kew, which now excels all others, by the direction of Lord Bute." Of them a Turkey oak and a magnificent cedar still survive. The first catalogue was published by Sir John Hill, under the title of "Hortus Kewensis," in 1768, and subsequent editions were produced by the Aitons, father and son, a dynasty which reigned over Kew until 1841. If to Lord Capel belongs the credit of having founded Kew Gardens, assuredly the title of second founder belongs to the mother of George III.

CHAPTER IV

GEORGE III AT KEW

Death of George II—Seclusion of the Princess Mother—Her death —Queen Charlotte's acquisitions—Kew and Richmond Gardens joined —The King's activities—His Merino flock—Banks and his treasure-hunters—Inhabitants of the Green—The Queen's private garden—Mr. Frame, burglar—The young Princes—Kew in 1776—Amusements of the Court—Royal kindnesses—Childhood of George IV—"Perdita" at Kew—The Prince at Carlton House—Death of Prince Octavius.

GEORGE was out riding when he received the news of his grandfather's death. His aunt, Princess Amelia, sent him word as soon as she was certain of the event, but a German *valet-de-chambre* had been beforehand with her. The Prince of Wales received the note bearing the private mark agreed on between them without a sign of emotion, or without breathing a word of what had occurred. Complaining that his horse was lame, he turned back to Kew. As he dismounted, he said to the groom, "I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary." Such is Horace Walpole's story, which would have more point had the succession been disputed, instead of being received with rapture by Whig, Tory and Jacobite.

During the earlier years of the reign of George III, Kew Palace inevitably suffered eclipse. Keenly conscious of her unpopularity, the Princess Mother shrank from the public eye, and soon ill-health arrived as another cause for seclusion. The Palace continued

to be a centre of popular suspicion, mostly groundless, until she died, as stoically as she had lived, at Carlton House, in February, 1772. The young King and his bride Queen Charlotte spent several summers near her, at Richmond Lodge. But the rapidly increasing family taxed the resources of that establishment, and in 1769 George commissioned Chambers to build a new palace in the turreted style some sixty yards to the north. The death of his mother changed all his plans. The new palace never rose above the basement, the old Lodge was demolished and its gardens and pleasure grounds laid down as pasture. Queen Charlotte, instead, bought the Dutch House from Levett Blackborne, the representative of the Levetts, the price paid being £20,000,* and acquired the White House from the Capels on a long lease, which in 1802 she brought to an end by buying the property outright. Various purchases considerably enlarged the estate. Thus George III acquired some land adjoining the Richmond Road, which had originally been known as Selwyn's Fields. Finally, Kew and Richmond Gardens were thrown into one by the closure of Love Lane, the narrow pathway running between them, which had ceased to be of any value since 1757, when Kew Bridge replaced the old horse-ferry. By 1785 the grounds had assumed their present shape, the boundary starting about 80 yards south of the Pagoda, and dividing Kew Gardens from the Old Deer Park.

The worthy King's activities were prodigious ; he is said to have planned the Dell in order to give the soldiers quartered at Kew some useful work to do. He even watered the garden with his own hands ; cutting down trees, while the little Duke of York carried away the branches. He was perpetually superintending his labourers, and it is amusing to discover that among them was that uncompromising

* The deed bore date 4 July, 1772.

Radical, William Cobbett, who repaired to the gardens in search of employment, with a few halfpence in his pocket and Swift's "Tale of a Tub" in his hand. Though Cobbett is silent on the point, the story that the King intervened in the raw youth's behalf when he was threatened with dismissal is too pleasant for unceremonious rejection; even if Cobbett cannot be said to have repaid the kindness by any pronounced expressions of loyalty. "Farmer George's" agricultural operations extended into Mortlake, where he rented Keel's Farm, and much of Richmond Park as well as the Old Deer Park was put under pasture. Though the real drainage of the Gardens came later—the lake in Syon Vista dating only from 1861 — the King probably did a good deal towards rescuing the lower parts of the grounds from the incursions of the Thames, to which they were from time to time exposed.

George III was one of the first to breed Merino sheep, and imported a large flock to Kew in 1791. It was dispersed by auction in 1810, after his reason had finally left him, and £4,646. 5*s*. was realized on thirty-three rams and seventy ewes. Ten of the rams fetched £1,035. 6*s*., and one beast, a "full-mouthed negrete ram," was sold for £181. 12*s*. Thus the excellent, fussy King when in health amused himself and won the regard of the agricultural interests by riding about, and plying with questions everybody whom he came across. The groves and fields resounded with "What? What?"

In the Gardens William Aiton continued his good work, under the vigilant eye of Sir Joseph Banks, who from 1772 to 1819 acted as scientific adviser to the Royal family. Banks it was who introduced the hydrangea to Kew in 1789, and the fuchsia arrived somewhat earlier. Administrators like Governor Philip of New South Wales, companies like the East India and the Sierra Leone, voyagers like Pitcairne and Bligh, all helped to replenish the Royal Gardens

with new treasures. "Who would not wish," exclaims Scheer, author of the little book, "Kew and its Gardens," "to see some monument erected to Masson, who, from 1774 to 1795, searched all over the Cape, Madeira, the Azores and North America; or to Good, who went to India in 1796 and later to New Holland; or to Menzies, who sailed twice round the world, and ransacked North-Western America, California, Chili and New Holland; or to Caley, Ker, Bowie, and the Cunninghams? All of them were firmly devoted to the hallowed cause." But, in spite of all this botanical activity, the housing of the plants was primitive. The home for the African plants, 120 feet in length, was considered the latest and best thing in horticulture.

In these agreeable surroundings that unsophisticated Court life was spent which has been described to us by the discursive pen of Mrs. Papendieck, the daughter of a German page, named Albert, and the keen observation of Fanny Burney. In her garrulous way the former brings before us the Green and its inhabitants. Lady Charlotte Finch, the Royal governess, and Mr. Kirby, the Clerk of the Works, and father of the edifying Mrs. Trimmer, lived in houses by the Brentford ferry. On the Green dwelt Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, a preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, and a familiar figure in Fanny Burney's diary. Over the Royal stables, now demolished, were Mr. and Mrs. Montagu. "He was riding-master to the Princes, and riding-attendant to the King; and every morning, summer and winter, he had to be in the riding-house in readiness for his Majesty." The houses afterwards occupied by the Dukes of Cambridge and Cumberland were appropriated to Sir John Pringle, the Physician to the Person, and to Cæsar and Pennell Hawkins, Surgeons to the same. The Queen insisted on having two of them always on the spot, to watch over the health of

the Royal children, whose bathing she personally superintended at six every morning. Then there was Dr. Majendie, a Swiss who taught her Majesty English, and Green, her Majesty's gardener.

In this bijou of a garden were orange trees nursed by poor Green, that would in a very short time have yielded fruit as fine as our ripened China orange, if he could have had assistance to rebuild the hothouses to a proper size; but retrenchment to a fearful degree had already begun, and, as this was a private garden of the Queen's, the Board of Works would not undertake it. The Queen could not, and so the fine trees were dwarfed, and Green nearly broke his heart. He offered to pay half the expense, or to give £250, but this could not be suffered.

When similar economies were introduced into the kitchen garden, the gardener, on the suppression of his appointment, committed suicide.

An esteemed visitor at Kew was Mr. Frame, burglar and footpad, whose father had married the widow of the farmer who supplied the Green with milk, eggs and bacon. "Blows and murder belong not to my gang," said that amiable gentleman, "and if I am allowed to take my beer on the Green, and sit with my neighbours without being insulted, I shall take care that no harm happens here." He was always greeted as a friend, and was never refused a trifle.

The annual additions to the Royal family necessitated migrations from the White House, and so the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York moved with their governor, Miss Burney's friend, Mr. Smelt, subgovernors and three housekeepers, the three Miss Ducks, Stephen's daughters, to the Dutch House, which became known as the Prince's House. By and by the Princes William (William IV) and Edward (the Duke of Kent) were placed in what is now Cambridge Cottage, while the Princes Ernest (the Duke of Cumberland) and Augustus (the Duke of

Sussex) were removed to the house vaguely described by Mrs. Papendieck as standing at the top of the Green and identical with King's Cottage. The nursery, meanwhile, was rent by revolution, but the interest has departed from the upheavals effected by the masterful Mrs. Chieveley.

Mrs. Papendieck writes in 1776—

> Kew now became quite gay, the public being admitted to the Richmond Gardens on Sundays, and to Kew Gardens on Thursdays. The Green on these days was covered with carriages, more than £300 being often taken at the bridge on Sundays. Their Majesties were to be seen at the windows speaking to their friends, and the royal children amusing themselves in their own gardens. Parties came up by water, too, with bands of music, to the ait opposite the Prince of Wales's house. The whole was a scene of enchantment and delight; Royalty living among their subjects to give pleasure and to do good. . . . In the country at Kew, after their dinner at four o'clock, the King and Queen would usually have their family around them, in full liberty, and enjoying themselves with their attendants, and often visitors suited to their ages. There were birthday entertainments, dances, fireworks, arranged by Mr. Powel, and a constant variety of amusements adapted to their several tastes, to diversify the usual routine, the elder Princes and Princesses attending the small evening parties of the Queen at Kew, upon the same plan as when in London.

Two years before this, Lady Mary Coke had scornfully remarked that the company in Kew Gardens was "but the second rank of gentry," though the King and Queen were there the whole evening: on an earlier occasion she had great difficulty in getting away from the quantity of carriages on the Green.

The amusements of the Court were limited, and its decorum contrasted strongly with the heavy dissoluteness of the two previous reigns. Cards were not introduced until George III had been on the throne for several years; but the King and Queen eventually played every night, even after his eyesight had become so affected that he could barely distinguish

the suits. At Christmas time Queen Charlotte insisted on a Christmas tree, and she was probably the first person to institute that pleasant custom in this country. Every little guest had a present, and their names were carefully ticketed on their respective gifts. Otherwise life at Kew must have been a trifle dull, the only relief from the monotony of the village being a long and tiring Court at St. James's Palace. Wraxall complained in his "Memoirs" that the King for the first twenty or thirty years of his reign "affected the state of an Asiatic prince, scarcely ever visible except on the terrace at Windsor, or at a levée." Duty took him to the theatre; but he rarely frequented the houses of the nobility, whose expensive habits were repugnant to his own simple tastes. The revolt of the Whigs against the King and their encouragement of the Prince of Wales in his opposition to his father's wishes had their social, as well as political motives.

George III. and his Queen, in their quiet way, were thoughtful and kindly neighbours. They sought out cases of distress, and the King was known to follow two hungry boys to their home; and to rescue a family from want by a present of coals, clothes and food. Both at Kew and Windsor he would call on his friends at unaccustomed hours. Strangers, who had audiences with the King, were fascinated by his simple courtesy. "I never stole a book but once," said his Majesty to Beattie, "and that was yours (the 'Essay on Truth'). I stole it from the Queen to give Lord Hertford to read." Beattie was, no doubt, much more to the Royal taste than Shakespeare; "Sad stuff, what, what?"

The Prince of Wales grew up towards manhood at Kew under the mild tutelage of Dr. Markham and Dr. Hurd. His childhood had been strict; at four years of age he confided to Lady Mary Coke that he did not like his dinner because it was not his "meat

day," and ten years later the fare was still Spartan. Accompanied by his governor and sub-governor, he used on fine summer afternoons to accompany parties of aristocratic friends in boats, with music on board, to the promenade at Richmond, returning for the Queen's party in the evening. He once played a practical joke upon Fisher, the oboe-player, who was fond of his supper, after the concerts given twice a week by the Court. "I have ordered something I know you like," said the Prince; and out jumped a live rabbit, an animal the Germans particularly disliked. It was many nights before poor Fisher could be persuaded to enter the eating-room.

From harmless diversions such as these, the Prince, under the experienced tutelage of his equerries, Colonel Lake and Colonel Hulse, speedily progressed to his *liaison* with "Perdita" Robinson. He first saw her on the boards of Drury Lane, but the scene soon shifted to Kew, with Lord Malden, afterwards Earl of Essex, as the lady's escort. The first interview occurred at the appropriate hour of twilight, after a stealthy passage across the river in a boat. In after years Mrs. Robinson wrote—

> Many and frequent were the interviews which afterwards took place at this romantic spot; our walks sometimes continued until past midnight, the Duke of York and Lord Malden were always of the party, our conversation was composed of general topics. The prince had from his infancy been wholly secluded, and naturally took much pleasure in conversing about the busy world, its manners and pursuits, characters and scenery. Nothing could be more delightful or more natural than our midnight perambulations. I always wore a dark-coloured habit; the rest of our party generally wrapped themselves in great coats to disguise them, excepting the Duke of York, who almost universally alarmed us by the display of a *buff* coat, the most conspicuous colour he could have selected for an adventure of this nature. The polished and fascinating ingenuousness of his royal highness's manners contributed not a little to enliven our promenades. He sung

with exquisite taste; and the tones of his voice breaking on the silence of the night, have often appeared to my entranced senses like more than mortal melody.

Vastly pretty scenes, indeed! Business chiming with sentiment, Perdita, on the receipt of a bond for £20,000, to be paid when the Prince came of age, assumed the position of Royal mistress. But no long interval elapsed before Florizel transferred his affections to another; he wrote a cold letter informing Mrs. Robinson that they must meet no more, and though she insisted on a final interview, it was followed by the cut direct in the park. Worse still, the Royal bond was no better than the Royal word, and though Mrs. Robinson ultimately secured a pension of £500 a year, she was always in difficult circumstances. These circumstances form perhaps the best excuse for her deplorable romances in the style of Mrs. Radcliffe, and still more deplorable poetry in the school of "Della Cruscan" Merry.

When the Prince came of age, he retained the Prince's House at Kew as well as the suite of apartments at Windsor Castle which had previously been allotted to him. But Carlton House became his headquarters; and there he caballed with the Whig Opposition against the Government, and angered his virtuous sire by the company he kept. Kew Palace, meanwhile, was the scene of the death of the little Prince Octavius, who caught cold through being taken into the gardens by the King late in the evening, after he had been inoculated for the small-pox. Loyal attendants lamented him as the flower of the Royal flock, showing every sign of future goodness.

CHAPTER V

THE KING'S MADNESS

Miss Burney's description of the Palace—A strict household—Its members—Loyal Kew—Insanity of the King—His removal to Kew—The arrangements—Suspense of the household—Dr. Willis—Disagreements between the doctors—Addresses of condolence—The King's recovery—Strand-on-the-Green.

MISS BURNEY'S experience of Court life only lasted from June, 1786, when she was appointed one of Queen Charlotte's attendants in succession to Mrs. Haggerdorn, to July, 1791; but her diary conveys more in five pages than does Mrs. Papendieck in five chapters. In the month after she entered the Court, she paid her first visit to Kew, and described the apartments, except the King's, Queen's, and Mrs. Schwellenberg's, as small, dark and old-fashioned; there were staircases in every passage and passages in every closet.

The Kew life you will perceive, is very different from the Windsor. As there are no early prayers, the Queen rises later, and as there is no form or ceremony of any sort, her dress is plain, and the hour for the second toilette extremely uncertain. The Royal family are here always in so very retired a way, that they live as the simplest country gentlefolks. The King has not even an equerry with him, nor the Queen any lady to attend her when she goes her airings.

But there was no escape from the dictatorial Schwellenberg, and the household found it difficult to admit their friends. It appears that the Court

stayed at Kew from Tuesday to Friday in every alternate week, though longer visits were paid in the winter. Various members of the household were quartered in the village, at Princess Elizabeth's house, and elsewhere, as occasion arose.

The portraits in the diary have to be accepted with deductions, particularly when Fanny Burney's dislikes come into play. She loathed Madame Schwellenberg and by no means extenuated her hot temper and vulgarity. From their first passage of arms over the curt presentation of a gown, the gift of the Queen, down to the "scene most horrible," after Fanny Burney had entreated permission to resign her appointment, the Keeper of the Robes received an almost daily tribute of ridicule. Yet she was a devoted, if dour, servant. Fanny Burney appears to have been both puzzled and alarmed by the ebullient "Mr. Turbulent," otherwise the Rev. C. de Guiffardière, French reader to the Queen and Princesses, a copy of whose French readings to his pupils, the gift of Queen Charlotte to Lord Sudely, is preserved at the Palace. "Colonel Welbred," or Colonel Greville, on the other hand, rejoiced in "gentleness, perfect good breeding and a delicacy of manner" she had rarely seen equalled, and they laughed together over Madame Schwellenberg's pet frogs. As for "Mr. Fairly," or the Hon. Stephen Digby, she carried on a prolonged flirtation with him under the cover of conversations on religion and the poets, and was evidently annoyed when he entered into a second marriage with Miss Gunning, or "Miss Fuzilier." To be sure he did not play the game, when he talked to her confidentially on the question of second attachments, and the impossibility of their being as strong or as happy as their predecessors. She gushes over the Princesses, especially over the little Princess Amelia, the King's darling; but makes it clear that Queen Charlotte, though benevolent in

intention, cultivated a truly German strictness of etiquette, and kept her weary attendants on their legs for long hours together.

Kew village was desperately loyal. After Margaret Nicholson had attempted the King's life, the inhabitants, lame, old, blind, sick and infants, dressed in their Sunday clothes, lined the road as their Majesties went through from Windsor. The better class provided a band who played "God Save the King!" when they reached the Green, and ended it with loud huzzas. "I shall always love little Kew for this!" exclaimed Queen Charlotte. This was in 1786.

Two years afterwards, on 29 November, little Kew was agitated by the news that, the King having become violently insane, the doctors had decided that he should be removed thither from Windsor, because of the privacy of the garden. Fanny Burney vividly describes the distress of the Court; the King's rooted objection to the change, and the stratagem by which he was lured to Kew—the stealthy departure beforehand of the Queen and Princesses. When they arrived at Kew, the suspense was extreme as the hours passed and still no King. It was quite dark when a carriage drove into the front court and Miss Burney heard the "much respected voice of the poor unhappy King talking rapidly to the porter, as he alighted from the coach." The Ailesbury Papers supply the detail that on entering the Palace he turned to the left as he used to do to go to the Queen's apartments; but the door was bolted on purpose to prevent him, and the right-hand room allotted him.

The Prince of Wales had made the arrangements, and chalked the names of their occupants on the door of every room. Fanny Burney thus describes the disposal of the household—

> The whole of the ground-floor that looks towards the garden is appropriated to the King, though he is not indulged with its

range. In a side wing is a room for the physicians; destined to their consultations; adjoining to that is the Equerry's dining-room. Mrs. Schwellenberg's parlours, which are in front of the house, one for dining, the other for coffee and tea, are still allowed us. The other front rooms below are for the pages to dine, and the rest of the more detached buildings are for the servants of various sorts.

All the rooms immediately over these which are actually occupied by the King are locked up; her Majesty relinquishes them, that he may never be tantalized by footsteps overhead. She has retained only the bed-room, the drawing-room, which joins to it, and the gallery, in which she eats. Beyond this gallery are the apartments of the three elder Princesses, in one of which rooms Miss Planta sleeps. There is nothing more on the first floor.

On the second a very large room for Mrs. Schwellenberg, and a very pleasant one for myself, are over the Queen's rooms. Farther on are three bed-rooms, one for the surgeon or apothecary in waiting, the next for the Equerry, and the third, lately mine, for the Queen's lady—all written thus with chalk by the Prince.

The Prince very properly has also ordered that one of his Majesty's Grooms of the Bed-chamber should be in constant waiting; he is to reside in the Prince's house over the way, which he is also fitting up for some others. This gentleman is to receive all enquiries about the King's health.

Mrs. Papendieck's description of the arrangements, written years afterwards from memory, differs in several points from Fanny Burney's, but it obviously carries less authority than that of impressions set down from day to day. They both agree, at any rate, that the King was confined from the first, not in the Prince's House, but in the Queen's Lodge, or the White House. It is to be feared that much sentiment has been wasted on the small bedroom in the former, as the supposed scene of the King's madness; a mistake sanctioned by the official guide-book.

Fanny Burney's diary gives a most interesting account of the suspense in which the household lived,

of waiting in long cold passages for news from the sick room, and the sadness of that news when it was at last imparted. But for Mr. Fairly's care the Princesses would have slept in carpetless rooms, and he too provided sand-bags to keep out the wind which blew through the doors and windows of the rickety house. The Schwellenberg was at her worst, and when Fanny Burney ventured to wait for the morning accounts in her parlour, she was told, "Oh ver well! When everybody goes to my room I might keep an inn—what you call hotel." That evening the doors of the parlour were locked; and the authority of the Queen had to be invoked, before the deputy-keeper of the wardrobe had a room to wait in for the morning and evening bulletin. From the outside world came rumours of the impending Regency Bill; and of the indecent efforts of the Prince of Wales and his friend Mr. Fox to assume control over public affairs, and even to deprive the Queen of the custody of her husband.

Still Mr. Fairly was attentive, and with the arrival of Dr. Willis, the clergyman-physician, on 6 December, the health of the King began to improve. A gentler system of treatment was introduced, which included, according to Mrs. Papendieck, the use of musk, apparently for the purpose of producing sleep; and on the 11th Fanny Burney was able to chronicle that the King had taken his first walk in the garden. Before long he covered seven or eight miles a day; and Hannah More relates that one day, when Willis ordered some workmen to withdraw out of sight, the King said, "Willis, you do not know your own business, let the men come back again; you ought to accustom me to see people by degrees that I may be prepared for seeing them more at large." But the King's health fluctuated from day to day, and disagreements occurred between the physicians, Dr. Willis wishing to report amendment, while Dr. Warren was

against it. Fanny Burney's last entry for 1788 ran thus—

> The King went on now better, now worse, in a most fearful manner, but Sir Lucas Pepys never lost sight of hope, and the management of Dr. Willis and his two sons was most wonderfully acute and successful. Yet so much were they perplexed and tormented by the interruptions given to their plans and methods, that they were frequently almost tempted to resign the undertaking from anger and confusion.

During January the King's strength now advanced, and now receded. He remembered every date, and on the 17th said to the page, "Remember that to-morrow is the Queen's birthday, and I insist upon having a new coat." Public feeling was entirely with Queen Charlotte and against the Prince. Mrs. Papendieck describes how, with her little court round her, she received addresses of condolence from the Lords and Commons. "It consisted of the Chamberlain, two ladies of the bed-chamber, two maids of honour, the pages of presence, the three elder Princesses, and their two ladies, all in Court hoops, and the Queen and Princesses in *sacque* dresses." Miss Burney, who describes the ceremony as painful but necessary, had a painful experience of her own a few days afterwards. As she was walking in the gardens, the King spied her, ran her down, kissed her, and detained her for some time in rapid, discursive conversation. She discovered some method in his madness when he asked after Mrs. Schwellenberg and said, "Never mind her!—don't be oppressed—I am your friend; don't let her cast you down!—I know you have a hard time of it, but don't mind her." Fanny Burney reported to the Queen and household in general that the King seemed very nearly himself, and so it proved. He was soon able to receive evening visits from the Queen and two of his daughters; on 18 March he could be seen walking arm-in-arm with

the Queen in Richmond Gardens; the next day the household heard that the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, had announced to the House of Lords that the Regency Bill was put off, the physicians having declared that the King was rapidly recovering. One of his most rooted delusions was that he would pass the remainder of his days, not with the Queen, but with Lady Pembroke. "I am quite well now," he said to Fanny Burney, "I was nearly so when I saw you before—but I could overtake you better now."

Kew rose to the occasion when, on the 10th of March, the King and Queen made a progress through London. The Queen gave orders that the Palace should be illuminated, and Biagio Rebecca, A.R.A., prepared a transparency. On the King's return from London at midnight she advanced to the window, and the Princess Amelia on bended knee presented him with a neat little poem written for the occasion by Miss Burney. Mrs. Papendieck gives us the lines that adorned the gate posts, and an enthusiastic description of the transparency.

> Our prayers are heard, and Providence restores
> A patriot King to bless Britannia's shores!
> Nor yet to Britain is this bliss confined,
> All Europe hails the friend of human kind.
> If such the general joys, what words can show
> The change to transport from the depths of woe
> In those permitted to embrace again
> The best of Fathers, Husbands and of men?

The words were in gold letters on a purple ground transparency, and above each verse was a purple bow with gold ropes twisted to hold it, represented by purple and yellow lamps; the tail pieces were two serpents coiling, also in lamps. On the gates themselves were the crown as high as it could be placed, with a lion rampant above it, admirably expressed in lamps; the arms partly in transparency and partly in lamps, to give the motto distinct; the order of the Garter with that of the Bath under it, and on either side the orders of the Thistle and of

St. Patrick. So well were these devices executed that the mottoes were perfectly distinct, the stars correct, and the ribbons as if they were real. Among these ribbons and orders the date was inserted and G. R. was judiciously and conspicuously brought in.

Evidently Kew could do the thing in style when it chose. But Strand-on-the-Green too had its illumination; and so tasteful was the joint design of Mrs. Zoffany and her three neighbours, that Queen Charlotte stopped her carriage to look at it, and the reflection in the waters of a high tide. On 14 March Miss Burney wrote: "This morning I returned to Windsor, with what different sensations from those with which we left it!"

CHAPTER VI

THE PASSING OF ROYALTY

Decline of Kew—Demolition of the White House—Its last days—Wyatt's Palace—Last visit of George III—Queen Charlotte's death—Kew Palace described—Queen Charlotte's bedroom—Mr. Fitzgerald's collection—The Duke of Cumberland—The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge—Their son, the late Duke—Decay of the Gardens—Sir William Hooker's reign—Gates and greenhouses—The Jodrell Laboratory and North Gallery.

THE Court does not seem to have revisited Kew for some time after the King's recovery. He had possibly taken an objection to the place; at any rate Mrs. Papendieck, referring apparently to the events of 1790, declared how, in spite of the magnificent rides and walks round Windsor, the privacy of Kew and Richmond Gardens was much missed by the attendants. In the following year, however, Miss Burney had her last interview with Mrs. Schwellenberg at Kew, when Cerbera surprised her by an offer of succession to the place of Keeper of the Robes. From Mrs. Papendieck it may be gathered that as the French Revolution gained head the King and Queen spent more of their time in London than before, because they could be more easily guarded there. Besides, visits to Weymouth had become of yearly occurrence, and altogether it seems probable that during the last years of the eighteenth century the importance of Kew declined.

The White House, always too small, had probably become dilapidated as well, and its destruction

impended. Changes were rumoured some years before the event; in 1794 Horace Walpole declared that every one affirmed the King to be building a superb new palace at Kew—"reduced to simple fact, a couple of rooms are erecting there for Prince Ernest." Its demolition actually began in 1802, and within a few years every trace of it, except for some outbuildings, had disappeared. In its last days it had witnessed a scene pregnant of consequences. When the King became aware that Pitt contemplated the relief of Roman Catholic disabilities, he asked General Garth where he could find the Coronation oath. The answer was "In Blackstone," but it was eventually discovered in Burnet's "History of His Own Times." When he had read it, George passionately exclaimed that "he would rather beg his bread from door to door throughout Europe than consent to the emancipation of the Catholics." Another attack of mental derangement followed in the spring of 1801; and as it was necessary to separate him from his family, he was confined for a month in the Dutch House. This was the only time when that building was used as his asylum.

George started building, having summoned to his councils the unspeakable Wyatt, the despoiler of Salisbury Cathedral. Architectural servility designed and Royal simplicity approved a most astounding edifice, castellated, turreted, loopholed, machicolated, crenellated. This was the thing which Phillips called the Bastille,* the rooms of which he asserts to have consisted of no more than a series of large closets, boudoirs or oratories, which had "its foundation in a bog close to the Thames, and the principal object in its view was the dirty town of Brentford." Engravings of the day give a good idea of this Royal folly, which was a curious anticipation of the typical hydropathic establishment of to-day, and which stood

* See page 5.

WYATT'S PALACE, KEW

where is now the nursery depôt. It remained a mere shell, and its building was stopped after George III finally lost his reason. His successor, who had too many architectural extravagances on hand to be particularly tolerant to his father's, ordered its demolition, and by 1827 its last stones had been removed.

Thus the "Dutch House," the oldest of the Royal residences at Kew, survived both the White House and Wyatt's palace. The King and Queen lived on there, sometimes, if the King of Hanover's recollections can be trusted, with only one or two attendants. George III, would, at any rate, entertain a Minister to lunch on the homely diet of mutton chops and pudding. His last visit to Kew seems to have been on 9 January, 1806.

The Queen sometimes stayed at Kew, after the King had become permanently insane, though for the most part she remained at Windsor. After the death of Princess Charlotte had rendered it necessary to strengthen the succession, the Dukes of Cambridge, Clarence and Kent, were married in the Queen's presence at Kew, with some precipitancy. The ceremony in the Duke of Cambridge's case was performed on 1 June, 1818, and was as private as possible "in order to spare her Majesty all unnecessary fatigue," though the Archbishop of Canterbury, who officiated, the Bishop of London and the Cabinet Ministers attended. The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Kent were married respectively in the afternoon and evening of the 11th, when the Archbishop of Canterbury again officiated, and there were present the Regent, the Royal Princess and Princesses, Lord Eldon, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, and Lord Sidmouth, the Home Secretary. Finally Queen Charlotte, after several months' illness, died at Kew, on 17 November, and the "Annual Register" gives us the names of her physicians, Sir F. Millman and Sir Henry Halford;

of the Apothecary to the King's Person, Mr. A. E. Bronde; and of the "females in attendance," Mrs. and Miss Benckendorff. An undated letter of Princess Elizabeth, preserved at Kew Palace, evidently refers to her mother's last illness.

After Queen Charlotte's death, Kew Palace remained desolate until her granddaughter, Queen Victoria, decided that it should be open to the public in commemoration of her Diamond Jubilee. It is well worth a visit, and, thanks to the collections of pictures and furniture, presents a less forlorn aspect than most buildings which have ceased to be homes. The panelling was originally Jacobean, but numerous alterations were perpetrated by the ubiquitous Kent, who was employed by Frederick, Prince of Wales. Among the pictures, mostly of still life, may be noticed in the breakfast-room of George III an excellent example of Seghers, the chief flower painter of the Flemish school, "A Garland of Roses round a Bowl." A fruit-piece by Campidoglio was left by will to George III by Fanny Burney's friend, Mrs. Delany.

Queen Charlotte's bedroom and the scene of her death usually detains visitors longest, partly because of the brass plate put up over the fireplace by order of Queen Victoria, partly because of its pleasing old Georgian furniture. The boudoir is remarkable for no less than three pieces by that rare and—in candour it must be added—sombre painter Withoos. The drawing-room is presumably the "grand saloon" in which the Royal Dukes were married. In it is arranged a collection of prints, drawings, books and other relics of King George, Queen Charlotte and their descendants which, writes their donor, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, it was one of the last acts of Queen Victoria to sanction. It practically amounts to a portrait gallery of that vigorous race, including the little Prince Octavius, whose death materially

contributed to the first madness of George III. Though no specimens are included of the patterns of Roman Mosaics which Horace Walpole records the Queen and Princesses to have worked in 1796, Kew Palace contains specimens of their drawings, Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Langravine of Hesse-Homburg, showing, perhaps, the greatest proficiency. The handwriting of George IV is illustrated by a scrap preserved by Bishop Percy, consisting of the words "conscious innocence," and by more characteristic products of his pen in the shape of cheques drawn on Messrs. Drummond. The simple bedroom of George III bears witness to the Spartan habits of that estimable King.

The Duke of Cumberland lived on at Kew for many years after his mother's death in the enjoyment of the rangership, and the occupation of the large plain house on the Green, which after his departure to occupy the throne of Hanover became known as Hanover House and is now part of the Herbarium.* He was the ablest, but by far the most unpopular of the sons of George III. The loss of an eye in the first battle of Tournay made him hideous to look upon; he was involved in two sinister scandals ending in suicides; his wife, a daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, had been divorced from the last of her two previous husbands, and Queen Charlotte flatly declined to receive her. Greville declared that the information that the Duchesses of Cumberland and Cambridge had met by appointment in Kew Gardens and embraced, enraged the Queen so that she nearly died of spasms. The Duke is remembered as having held High Tory conclaves with Lord Eldon and Sir

* Earlier owners were Peter Theobald, who died in 1778, and Robert Hunter, an eminent London merchant, who died in 1812, and is buried beneath the south aisle of the church. The house is sometimes called Hunter House after him.

Charles Wetherell, Theodore Hook acting as jester-in-ordinary, which, inasmuch as they resulted in the political coercion of George IV, caused him to be loathed by Radicals and Radical journalism. He was not over-loved at Kew, for, though he presented the inhabitants with an elaborate plan of the parish, local patriotism is said to have rebelled against the concerts he gave in Kew Palace, because only German musicians were engaged.

To the Duke of Cumberland's régime succeeded the more genial dispensation of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge. They occupied Cambridge Cottage, whose *porte cochère* extending across the footway made it a familiar object on the Green, in 1838, after the death of William IV had brought the Duke's vice-royalty in Hanover to an end by placing his brother of Cumberland in possession of the throne. Their son, the late Duke of Cambridge, chronicled the event in his diary, and added, "The houses we occupy are very bad, but the place itself is very cheerful." An east wing added to the comfort of Cambridge Cottage, and the Cambridges settled down to that life of quiet domesticity which is agreeably described by Sir C. Kinloch Cooke in his "Memoir of H.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck." The Duke, who closely resembled his father in disposition as well as appearance, readily accepted the position of country squire, and took an active part in all that concerned the village and its inhabitants.

After a life of much public usefulness, the Duke of Cambridge died in 1850, but his widow lived on, partly in Cambridge Cottage, partly in St. James's Palace, until her death in 1889. Thus it was that the Duke of Teck proposed to Princess Mary of Cambridge in Kew Gardens, and that they were married in Kew Church. After his mother's death, the Queen gave the late Duke of Cambridge the cottage for life, on condition that he lived there annually, a stipulation

which it is needless to say, was strictly carried out. The Duke is remembered with affection at Kew, and particularly by the small tradesmen, since he went on the worthy principle of doing a good turn to his neighbours instead of purchasing household necessities at some stores in London. Cambridge Cottage is to become a museum illustrative of forestry.

The later history of Kew Gardens, important though it is, must be briefly dismissed as hardly pertinent to an account of old Kew, and as having been already anticipated with more authority than the present writer can claim by Mr. W. J. Bean. They received some attention from William IV, who in addition to the Temple of Victory, presented them with the Grecian Conservatory, which was removed from Buckingham Palace, and on to which are rather unceremoniously clapped twelve columns taken from the screen of Carlton House, a palace whose *disjecta membra* have been put to strange uses. Unfortunately, the Aiton dynasty outlasted its utility; the son, it may be, was never so competent a gardener as his father had been. His administration, at any rate, received severe criticism in Parliament, and the Gardens stood in imminent danger of being abolished altogether. The younger Aiton, however, was induced to retire on a pension in 1841, and Sir William Jackson Hooker received the appointment. During the remaining four and twenty years of Hooker's life he applied his energies to converting eleven acres of private Royal garden into a botanic garden of seventy-five acres, and shrubberies and pleasure grounds covering 270 acres more. These extensions he was able to make through the patriotic liberality of Queen Victoria, who surrendered to the public, first, three or four acres near the main entrance, then the Royal kitchen garden, and finally the greater part of the pleasure grounds. It is by her wish that the secluded corner known as the Queen's Cottage Grounds remains

in its natural state, a haunt of wild birds carpeted with blue-bells in the spring-time. Queen Charlotte and George III played Darby and Joan under the eaves of the simple thatched cottage, which was built about 1780, and which seems to have been used for summer junketings.

The wrought iron gates at the main entrance, after Decimus Burton's handsome design, were erected in 1846. They replaced a tortuous passage farther to the south by which George III used to enter the Gardens, and gates and a gatehouse set up by George IV, who enclosed a triangular wedge of the Green to make an avenue up to a new palace which he at one time contemplated but never executed. Victoria Gate was not opened until the late reign was drawing to its close. To Burton, too, we owe the noble Palm House, which was finished in 1848 after plans for a similar structure by Wyattville had been abandoned. Its length is 362 feet, its width in the centre 100 feet, and the height 66 feet; the wings are 50 feet wide and 60 feet high. The great screw pine had, nevertheless, to be removed because it would not bear cutting, after it had attained a height of 30 feet and a diameter of 40 feet. Another of Sir William Hooker's projects, which took longer in realization, was the Temperate House, also Burton's; 628 feet in its extreme length, and in the centre 137 feet broad and 60 feet high. Finally, to Sir William Hooker's administrative zeal are due the Economic Museums I and II, which in addition to portraits of famous botanists contain an admirably arranged display of plants that are used as food, clothing, medicine, and so forth. His traditions have been zealously carried on by his son, Sir Joseph (1865–85), Sir W. Thistleton-Dyer (1885–1905), and the present Director, Lieut.-Col. David Prain.

The latest additions to the principal buildings of Kew Gardens are the Jodrell Laboratory, built and equipped by Mr. Jodrell in 1876, and the North Gallery,

wherein are displayed the wonderful collection of floral paintings done by Miss Marianne North in all parts of the world and presented by her together with the building to the nation. She owed much to the encouragement of Darwin, but more to her own indomitable perseverance. The building was opened in 1882, eight years before her days of modest devotion to a single object came to an end. Her autobiography was truly entitled the "Recollections of a Happy Life."

CHAPTER VII

KEW CHURCH AND BRIDGE

A private chapel—Additions and rebuildings—Monuments in the interior—Meyer—Gainsborough's tomb—His residence at Kew—Zoffany—Officials of the Gardens—High life below stairs—Caleb Cotton—Gloucester House—Kew ferry—The toll—The old bridge—Granville Sharp.

KEW Church, of yellow brick faced with red, stands out from the grass of the Green at any time of the year, with the tops of the white tombstones peering over the low churchyard walls. A small private chapel originally supplied its place, which was licensed by Bishop Fox in 1522 at the request of Thomas Byrkis and Ann his wife "for the performance of Divine service and the administration of the Eucharist." In 1769 Kew was constituted a vicarage distinct from Kingston, and not many years afterwards the impropriator, George Hardinge, disposed of the advowson to King's College, Cambridge. The present church stands upon a plot of ground granted by Queen Anne, and Lady Capel was one of the local benefactors who subscribed towards its erection. In its earliest form it consisted of a nave and north aisle with a schoolroom to the south, redeemed from the commonplace by the neat little octagonal clock turret and bold waggon roof. In the later days of George III, the "family" filled the gallery which was constructed at his expense, while the Court sat in the body of the church. The small organ, which by a vague tradition is said to have

belonged to Handel, was a favourite instrument with the King. William IV, in the year before his death, began sweeping alterations in the church; it was enlarged by Wyattville, and provided with two hundred free seats for the poor of the parish and the children of the King's Free School. Later rebuildings and additions, in the shape of vestries and a south transept, have given the church a patchwork appearance, which time and the London fogs will no doubt redeem ere long.

The interior receives an agreeable touch of colour from the memorial windows put up by the late Duke of Cambridge and his sisters to their parents, who lie buried in the vault, and by the parish to the Duchess of Teck. Otherwise the record of departed worth inside the building cannot be said to be of supreme interest. A stately monument, exhibiting a flaming urn under a tinted canopy, weeping boys and cherubs, perpetuates the virtues of Lady Capel, who indeed was a kindly founder of charity schools, besides charging her estate at Kew with the annual payment to the minister of ten pounds, so long as her family continued to enjoy the two pews which had been given her in Kew chapel and the vault she had built there. Another benefactress of Kew, Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, who died in July, 1717, and who, as a granddaughter of James, Duke of Ormond, was buried in the Ormond vault in Westminster Abbey, has a cenotaph to her memory. Several tablets go to show that in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries Kew was, as Guildford is now, a favourite abode of military men and their families. Chief among them are we called upon to admire Brigadier William Douglas, who died in South Beveland in 1747 as Commander of the Forces of Great Britain. John Company is represented by Sir John Day, Advocate-General of Bengal, who died on 14 June, 1808, "a man of great abilities, extensive knowledge, benevolent

disposition, and uncorrupted integrity," which in those days was just as well.

Jeremiah Meyer, the miniature painter, and his widow lie outside the church, close to Gainsborough; but inside is a memorial tablet with his likeness and an epitaph by the amiable, but vapid, Hayley :—

> Meyer! In all thy works the world will ever see
> How great the loss of art in losing thee.

Seriously, the Wurtemburger was an admirable miniature painter, and Queen Caroline showed good taste in wearing his likeness of the King. He married an English wife, Barbara Marsden, and during the later years of his life—he died in 1789—he seems to have been a much respected member of Kew society, with a cottage in the alley running past Hanover House to the river. Mrs. Papendieck asserts that he died through being placed in a damp room when he had called to inquire after the King's health. In another corner of the church a Wedgwood medallion, by the hand of Woolner, hands down the refined, intellectual features of Sir William Hooker.

A plain stone slab, which the pious care of E. M. Ward, the painter, restored and surrounded with a low iron railing, covers the remains of Gainsborough, his wife, and his nephew Gainsborough Dupont. It had been Gainsborough's own wish "to be privately buried in Kew churchyard near the grave of his friend Joshua Kirby; that a stone, without arms or ornament, might be placed over him, inscribed by his bare name, and containing space for the names of such of his family who after his death might wish to take up their abode with him; and that his funeral might be as private as possible, attended only by a few of the friends he most respected." However, when, on 9 August, 1788, his body was taken to the grave from Schomberg House, Pall Mall, the pall-bearers

were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir William Chambers, Benjamin West, Bartolozzi, Paul Sandby, and Samuel Cotes, while Sheridan and his brother-in-law, Linley, the musician, were among the mourners. Mrs. Gainsborough, whom he married when he was nineteen, and with whom he lived happily but for occasional tiffs, which were made up by little letters of reconciliation written in the names of their pet dogs, followed him to the grave in 1798; and Gainsborough Dupont a year earlier. The last, though of considerable capacity as a painter, was content for the most part to surrender himself to his uncle's individuality, and to reproduce his portraits in mezzotint.

Gainsborough's early friendship with Kirby, a fellow East Anglian, who from a house painter rose to be Clerk of the Works at the Palace, evidently first brought him to Kew; and during the last few years of his life he had a cottage in the village. Among the few specimens of his correspondence which have been preserved is a letter written at Kew Green in 1783, in which he exults over a trip to the Lakes, and tells his correspondent, Pearce, that he has just sent him some Worcestershire perry. Otherwise Gainsborough's connexion with Kew is comparatively slight, until he made it his last resting-place.

Zoffany, who lies near Gainsborough under a ponderous monument, was for many years a resident at Strand-on-the-Green, across the Thames, where a beautiful old house still bears his name. The patronage of Garrick, according to one story, dragged from obscurity the adventurous native of Ratisbon who had known what starvation in a Drury Lane garret was like. Zoffany is best remembered anyhow by his spirited portraits of his patron, Suett, Mrs. Pritchard, and other well-known actors and actresses in character, rather than by his pretentious "Interior of the Uffizi Gallery" at Buckingham Palace, or "Death of Captain Cook" at Greenwich Hospital.

Zoffany was more English than the English, and got rid of a German wife to form a connexion with a beautiful young girl of humble parentage whom he educated and subsequently married. Mrs. Papendieck descants on her good looks, good dressing and natural elegance of appearance.

Several of the officials of the Gardens have naturally found their last resting-place in Kew churchyard. Of their number is the elder Aiton, who died on 2 February, 1792, aged sixty-two. Among his pall-bearers were Zoffany, Sir Joseph Banks, Dryander, and Pitcairne. He was followed to the grave many years afterwards, that is in 1840, by Bauer, an Austrian whom Sir Joseph Banks persuaded George III in 1788 to appoint draughtsman to the establishment. The worthy man became celebrated as an artist skilled in exhibiting the minutest details of vegetable and anatomical structure, and an unwearied microscopist. Near him on Kew Green lived another man of science of German birth in Niepce, one of the earliest experimentalists in photography. Bauer contrived to bring his friend's experiments before the Royal Society, but they made little impression on that learned body.

The grave compilers of country histories have all omitted one impressive feature of Kew churchyard; there lie representatives of the very highest of high life below stairs. A simple slab records the career of Richard Gray, State coachman, who, as he died in 1831 at the age of seventy-one, must frequently have driven the First Gentleman of Europe. Think of it! The sorrows of the widow of James Marsh, late head coachman to the Duke of Cambridge, are expressed in rhyme on a tomb towering over that of Gainsborough :—

> Could greedfull love recall the fleeting Breath,
> Or warm affection soothe relentless Death,

Then had this stone ne'er claimed a Widow's tear,
Or told to passing Strangers who lies here;
Here deeply mourned a friend and Partner sleeps
Who knew him, loved him! and who loved him Weeps.

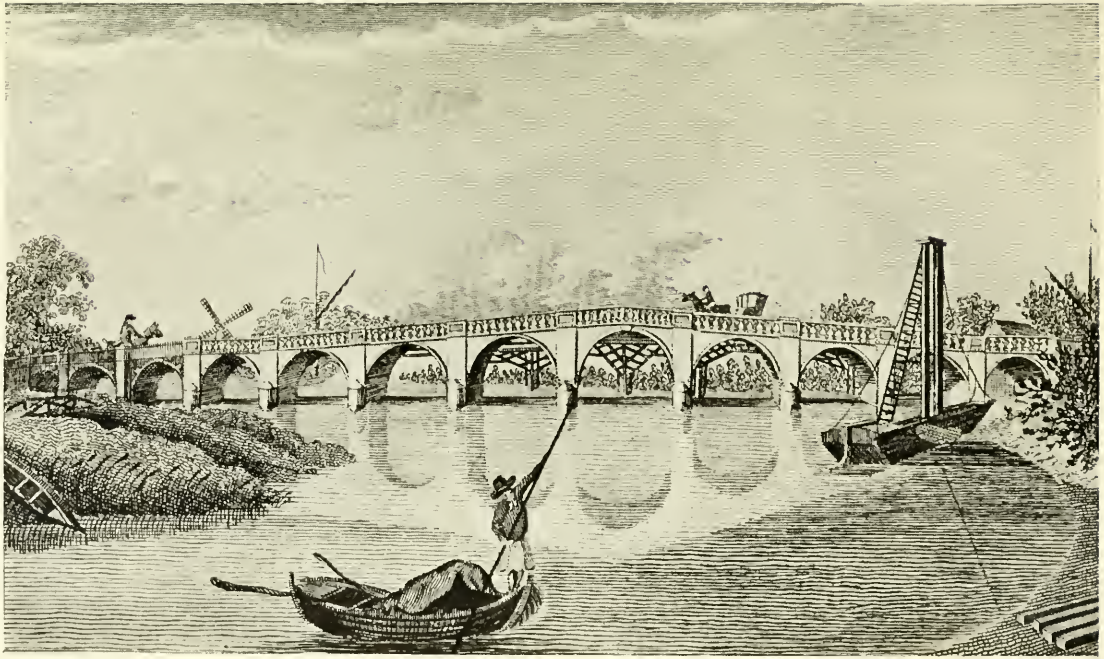
Poetry also adorns the grave of George Dean, for forty years in the service of Ernest, King of Hanover, but it must have been provided by the undertaker. The household of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge has several of its members buried in the churchyard, including the surgeon; Mr. Jesse Shepherd, for sixteen years page to the Duchess, Charles Muller, for thirteen years page to the Duke, and Susannah Sexton, their housekeeper, who, as she died at twenty-nine, must have been full young for the post. Of a functionary of another kind, Jonathan Hiscock, the parish clerk, it is recorded that he died in 1853 at the age of eighty-five, and tolled the knell of a deceased parishioner two days before his own death. Satisfactory evidence as to the salubrity of Kew!

The vicars of Kew cannot be said to call for comment, with one exception. During the greater part of the reign of George IV Kew was afflicted by a decidedly eccentric incumbent in the Reverend Charles Caleb Colton. He was presented to the living in 1818, and forthwith became conspicuous by walking about in a military dress, and going off on the score of economy to occupy squalid lodgings overlooking the burial ground of St. Anne's, Soho. There he wrote "Lacon," the collection of edifying aphorisms by which his name is occasionally remembered, on scraps of notepaper and the blank side of envelopes. Colton dabbled in the wine trade, frequented gambling-hells, and kept very queer company, including Thurtell who "cut the throat from ear to ear" and "battered in the brains" of Mr. William Weir. Such was the state of ecclesiastical discipline, that Colton's successor was not

appointed until 1828, after he had been a five years' absentee in the United States and France. Some five years later he committed suicide at Fontainebleau. "Oh, we parsons, after all, are only finger-posts," was his laconic excuse when reproached with conduct unworthy of his profession.

Having exhausted the associations of the church, we may take a glance up Kew Road, which contains some interesting specimens of early Georgian architecture. Gloucester House, approached by a passage, is the most historical of them, but even so its history rests mainly on tradition. It is thought to date from 1750, a coin of that year having been found in the mortar while repairs were recently in progress. The Duke of Gloucester, brother to George III, used the house as an occasional country resort. It then consisted of a main building and a cottage occupied by the Duke's equerry, Colonel Speed. An adjoining cottage outside the gates was subsequently annexed. On the death of the Duke in 1805, the younger Aiton lived in the house until he moved to Windsor; and after an occupancy by a clergyman called Vine, Mr. Neumegen took the lease in 1840. The family have conducted a school for girls there ever since.

Let us leave Kew by the fine new bridge which was opened by the King in 1904—too fine perhaps by contrast with its picturesque predecessor. They both took the place of a primitive ferry. In 1519 the Earl of Devon paid sixpence toll when he crossed over with his six horses to dine at Mr. Belknapp's place with the Ambassador of Burgundy. The keepership of the ferry was a lucrative affair, and the names of two of its holders have been preserved; John Hale, appointed in 1536, and Walter Hickman in 1605. So matters went on until Robert Turnstall, a more enterprising keeper than his predecessors, was authorized by Act of Parliament in 1757 to build a bridge; but owing to the objections of the barge-



OLD KEW BRIDGE

masters, the site of the structure, partly wood and partly stone, had to be shifted, apparently farther up stream. It was in trying to avoid this bridge by taking the ferry at Richmond, that Horace Walpole and Lady Browne had an adventure, as they were returning from dinner with Lady Blandford.

We embarked and had five men to push the ferry. The night was very dark, for though the moon was up we could neither see her, or she us. The bargemen were drunk, the poles would scarce reach the bottom, and in five minutes the rapidity of the current turned the barge round, and in an instant we were at Isleworth. The drunkennest of the men called out, "She is gone, she is lost!" meaning they had lost the management. Lady Browne fell into an agony, began screaming and praying to Jesus, and every land and water goddess, and I, who expected not to stop till we should run against Kew Bridge, was contriving how I should get home; or what was worse, whether I must not step into some mud up to my middle, be wet through, and get the gout. With much ado they recovered the barge and turned it; but then we ran against the piles of the new bridge, which startled the horses, who began kicking. My Phillis's terrors increased, and I thought every minute that she would have begun confession. Thank you, you need not be uneasy; in ten minutes we landed very safely, and if we had been drowned, I am too exact not to have dated my letter from the bottom of the Thames.

In 1782 Robert Turnstall's son, also called Robert, began to build him another and more durable bridge after Payne's designs, and in September, 1789, it was opened for public use. This was old Kew bridge, which stood for so many years, the delight of artists, but from its steep approaches the despair of waggoners. Before the toll was abolished in 1873 the property was worth buying for £20,000, and in the end the Corporation of the Metropolitan Board of Works wiped out the privilege at the cost of £57,300.

Granville Sharp, the abolitionist, used to go up in his Union yacht of 45 tons burden to Kew, with

music on board; and in 1775 he serenaded the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, and Duke of York. But, somehow, the adventure of "Perdita" seems more in keeping with the romantic glades of Kew than the staid pleasure-making of that estimable man.

PART II
OLD CHISWICK

CHAPTER I

FROM KEW TO CHISWICK

Strand-on-the-Green—Its houses and inns—Joe Miller and Mallet—The Lord Mayor's barge—Grove Park—Grove House and the Barkers—The Granthams—Humphry Morice and his pets—Chiswick church and churchyard—Chiswick Mall.

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS does not disclose how he got back to London; possibly by water, possibly by coach. But we, with Chiswick in view, cannot do better than take its hamlet of Strand-on-the-Green into our peregrinations. This delightful little row of waterside houses is one of the least spoilt corners in the neighbourhood of London; yet out of fifty visitors to Kew, forty-nine pass it by. Strand-on-the-Green gives us the early eighteenth century in its homeliest and pleasantest dress, though its green or common, a continuation of Turnham Green, has long since disappeared. A line of willows formerly lent it a Dutch-like trimness, but now there are more gaps than trees, and those that remain show every sign of decrepitude. One or two well-built houses were obviously inhabited by the quality, what time Strand-on-the-Green was an adjunct to fashionable Kew. Such is Zoffany House, already mentioned; while its neighbours, Arakne and Zachary Houses, look as if they ought to have histories, though local inquiry and much foraging among books of reference fail to associate them with any well-known name.

Joe Miller lived at Strand-on-the-Green for many

years, presumably when he was "resting" from the theatre, since his days were mostly spent in Clare Market and at the Black Jack tavern in Portsmouth Street. He has been forgotten as a capable actor in the plays of Congreve, Farquhar and Colley Cibber, though his name has become proverbial through its impudent association by one John Mottley with a volume of venerable jests. At Strand-on-the-Green, too, lived David Mallet, the Scots poetaster who changed his name from the original Malloch, according to his own account, because not one Englishman could pronounce it, but in the opinion of others because Dennis had made a savage jest on Moloch. His friend Thomson, the infinitely greater poet of "The Seasons," used frequently to walk over to see Mallet, from his cottage standing at the Richmond end of Kew Foot Lane, and Mallet characteristically repaid his affection after his death by claiming the authorship of "Rule Britannia." It was through a trip by boat from Hammersmith Mall to Kew, by the way, that Thomson caught the chill which carried him off.

But the charm of Strand-on-the-Green lies rather in its appearance than in its associations. In spite of the hideous railway bridge, the bend of the river makes a pleasantly picturesque scene; and if modern enterprise presents itself somewhat obtrusively in some motor-boat works, the spirit of the past is preserved in a shambling red-brick malthouse, doomed, it is to be feared, to speedy demolition. From the Chiswick rate-books I extract the names of two former maltsters; Mr. Letherington in 1840, and Mr. Tyllyer in 1859. Then there are two little pot-bellied cottages, boldly entitled "Elizabethan," and quite possibly of that age, and others not much more recent in date wherein the discreet curio beckons alluringly to the casual American visitor. Some single-storied almshouses with tiny gardens stand at right angles to the street. They bear this unsophisticated inscription—"Two of

these houses built by Mr. Thomas Child, one by Mr. Soloman Williams, and one by William Abbot Carpinter for y use of y poor of Chiswick for ever, A.D. 1721. Repaired 1816. James Willson, William Wallis Bayfield, Churchwardens."

Strand-on-the-Green has several cosy old inns; the Bull's Head, vaguely, very vaguely, associated with Cromwell, who is alleged to have stayed there, the Indian Queen, the Bell and Crown, and last but not least the City Barge, gaily picked out with green. Here was the winter mooring-place of the Lord Mayor's Barge, which formed the chief glory of the hamlet. When his lordship and the aldermen took their pleasure on the water, they embarked at Strand-on-the-Green and were towed by horses up to Hampton Court or even to Staines. It must have been a leisurely progress, but creature comforts were provided by the way, the barge containing a state-room, bedrooms and a kitchen. The "Maria Wood," built in 1816, and one hundred and thirty-six feet wide, was considered by Faulkner in 1845 the most pleasing and conspicuous object in the neighbourhood. She was named after the eldest daughter of the bustling Sir Matthew Wood, twice Lord Mayor of London and a demonstrative champion of Queen Caroline. This barge was repaired in 1851 at the cost of £1000, and was sold by public auction eight years later for £410. Her predecessor, built in 1807 for £2579, lasted some ten months longer, and then fetched a hundred guineas. The Lord Mayor and Corporation were rated on their barge, yard, and part of the island or eyot off Kew.

Beyond Strand-on-the-Green lies Grove Park with its station and church, and a district of "eligible building sites" and unfinished rows of houses. At present it is country spoilt; a spick-and-span suburb will, no doubt, eventually emerge from it. In the midst of this raw incompleteness stands Grove House,

with its spacious portico, bearing on the tympanum the arms of the Barker family in relief, its venerable cedars and fine row of poplars. In the reign of Henry IV, says Lysons, the estate belonged to Robert Warner, who sold it to Thomas Holgill. The subsequent ownership cannot be traced until we come to the Barkers, who had settled in Chiswick by the reign of Henry VIII, since in 1540 William, brother to Sir John Bridges, created a scandal by marrying Anne, daughter to William Barker, "before day without banns or license or dispensation, and in the forbidden time within three days before Christmas, and still keeps her in Ambrose Barker's house, though she has been denounced accursed at Paul's Cross." But the good name of the family revived; the Barkers sat in Parliament for the county of Middlesex, and fought on the Royalist side in the Great Rebellion. Two of them, Anne and Thomas, were buried in the chancel of Chiswick church; and, unless those who recorded their merits were insincere flatterers, they did their duty by their neighbours, rich and poor. The Barkers also built the present Grove House, since some of the interior decoration is of the Inigo Jones period, and the date, 1711, is to be read on a stone let into the floor of one portion. The last of the family, Henry by name, died in 1745.

Grove House next passed into the hands of the first Lord Grantham,* who as Sir Thomas Robinson was an able though preachy ambassador at the Court of Vienna on the outbreak of the War of the Austrian Succession, and who put his hand to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Robinson failed miserably when pitchforked by Newcastle into the leadership of the House of Commons. "The Duke," said Pitt to Henry Fox, "might as well have sent his jackboot to lead

* Lysons writes about the "Earl of Grantham," who never existed; and Faulkner confuses the father with the son, the second Baron, who in 1745 was seven years old.

us." Robinson's colleagues combined against him, and the Ministerial majority laughed at his speeches. But he had the good sense, at all events, to resign the seals in a cheerful spirit on the first opportunity, and to decline them flatly when they were offered to him again. He is buried at Chiswick, and so is his son and successor. The latter was a friend of Horace Walpole, who regarded him as "a very agreeable pleasing man" who "possessed solid though not eminent parts together with a knowledge of foreign affairs and of Europe." He was for eight years ambassador at Madrid; and in 1779, when the Spaniards joined the French in hostilities against England, he was taken by surprise, since he had firmly believed in their neutrality. As Secretary of State in the Shelburne Administration it fell to him to defend articles of peace which he had not much share in negotiating, and he took the sensible, though uninspiring, line of saying that they were as good as our situation admitted.

The second Lord Grantham must have sold Grove House some time before his death in 1786, since at least six years before that date its owner was Humphry Morice, son of a governor of the Bank of England and wealthy borough-monger. Horace Walpole, with whom he had tastes in common, frequently dined with him. Morice made considerable additions to Grove House, building a large riding school, and stables for thirty horses. He was well known for his devotion to animals. The younger Colman, in his "Random Records," gives an entertaining account of the very numerous pack of curs in full cry which assailed the visitor on entering the courtyard. Morice sent down to Chiswick all the stray mongrels that happened to follow him in London. Colman continues—

He had a mare in his stables called "Curious," who, though

attended with the greatest care, was almost a skeleton from old age. Many of his horses enjoyed a luxurious sinecure. During the summer they were turned into his park, where, in sultry weather, they reposed beneath the shade of the trees, when a boy was employed to flap the flies from their hides. The honours shown by Mr. Morice to his beasts of burden were only inferior to those which Caligula lavished on his charger.

Morice left England for the last time in 1782, and died at Nice three years later. His love of animals took an inconvenient form when he added a codicil to his will giving to his trustees yearly £600 from his estates in Devon and Cornwall "to pay for the maintenance of the horses and the dogs I leave behind me, and for the expense of servants to look after them," the money not required as the animals died off to be paid to his heiress, Mrs. Levina Luther. If Faulkner can be trusted, though his account of Morice is a jumble of inaccuracies,* the fortunate beasts lived so long that Mrs. Luther was not able to dispose of the property until 1819. Phillips bears him out by the statement that the oldest horse, whether Curious or another, had died "lately"—that is in 1815 or 1816—after enjoying the legacy for over twenty-four years. Anyhow, after the Rev. Robert Louth, a son of the Bishop of London, had enjoyed a brief tenancy, the house came into the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, of whom it is related that he removed the upper storey, not wishing it to rival Chiswick House. The alteration was made subsequently to 1845, when Faulkner published his book, since his engraving of Grove House depicts it with three sets of windows instead of two, as at present; and it added greatly to the dignity of the portico. In the "fifties" the Duke's tenant was a Mr. Thomas Cowan,

* Thus he gives the date of Morice's will as 1790, five years after his death, and is evidently ignorant of the fact that Lord Grantham outlived him.

and the house is now the property of Lieut.-Col. R. W. Shipway, to whose patriotism is due the preservation of Hogarth House from destruction.

After leaving Grove House we go up Burlington Lane, with the high wall enclosing the Chiswick House estate on the left hand, and several rows of newly erected "semi-detached" villas on the other. A few steps through the passage known as Powell's Walk take us into the heart of old Chiswick: the churchyard, the church, and the Mall. But little of the church is early stonework besides the tower, since the nave and aisles were rebuilt and enlarged in 1884, through the generosity of Mr. Henry Smith of the Lion Brewery, by the late J. L. Pearson, R.A., and the chancel was at the same time partly restored at the expense of the Duke of Devonshire. A later addition is Mrs. Coward's memorial chapel to her only son, with its handsome reredos, and a memorial window has been erected to Lord Frederick Cavendish, one of the victims of the Phœnix Park murders. Still the original features of the building have been reverently retained, and in their quiet, dignified way the church and churchyard reproduce the history of Chiswick from the days of the Earls of Bedford, through those of Hogarth, down to the comparatively recent splendours of Chiswick House. Within the building, on the south wall, is the handsome alabaster monument to Sir Thomas Chaloner; without it, Hogarth's tomb, surmounted by its urn; Ugo Foscolo's cenotaph, and the graves of numerous worthies, to the more important of whom we will return later on. The whole forms a thoroughly English picture—or sequence of pictures—with the Messrs. Thornycroft's works and the brewery to preserve the connexion between an aristocratic past and a practical present.

Close to the church are two old inns, the Lamb, and the Burlington Arms, the latter of a much older

date than Lord Burlington's settlement at Chiswick. Beetle-browed and half-timbered, it is a capital specimen of Tudor domestic architecture. A new and cheerful "Roebuck" has recently replaced a straggling Georgian inn, where it may be the Duchess of Devonshire's coachman took his ease while her Grace was at church, and the George and Devonshire is also of the eighteenth century. Chiswick Square, which is not a square, but a tall Queen Anne brick house flanked by two little rows of cottages, is restful to the eye; while in Burlington Lane there are Cedar House, formerly the home of Dawson, the landscape painter, and Fairfax House, much renovated, which tradition hesitatingly asserts to have been the residence of Lord Fairfax, the Parliamentary General.

Chiswick House and Hogarth's house inevitably demand chapters to themselves; and here it will be enough to allude to the general features of Chiswick Mall, which lies to the east of the church. This varied row of mansions, villas, and cottages boasts one exquisite specimen of the early Wren period in Walpole House, but is for the most part Queen Anne or early Georgian, with a few additions of middle Victorian plainness. Screened from the main current of the river for the greater part of its length by willow-covered Chiswick Eyot, and separated from the water by little gardens or paddocks, the Mall bears itself with an air of reproachful superiority to the noise and bustle raging not far from its back doors, happy in having escaped the descent in the world that has overtaken so many of the corresponding houses on Kew Green. In Chiswick Lane, which runs up at a right angle to the main road, stand some picturesque houses with sloping roofs, formerly known as Mawson Row; and that is about all that remains of Old Chiswick.

CHAPTER II

THE CHURCH AND MANORS OF CHISWICK

Origin of the name — The vicars—William Bordall—Three visitations of the church — Vessels and vestments — An armed incursion—Later history of the church—The manor of Sutton—The fishery—Mediæval land tenure—The Brays—Sutton Court—Chaloner Chute—Lord Fauconberg—"A curious piece of antiquity"—The gardens of Sutton Court—Goodman and the College House—Westminster headmasters at Chiswick—The Chiswick Press—The end of the Manor House—James Ralph and the Berrys.

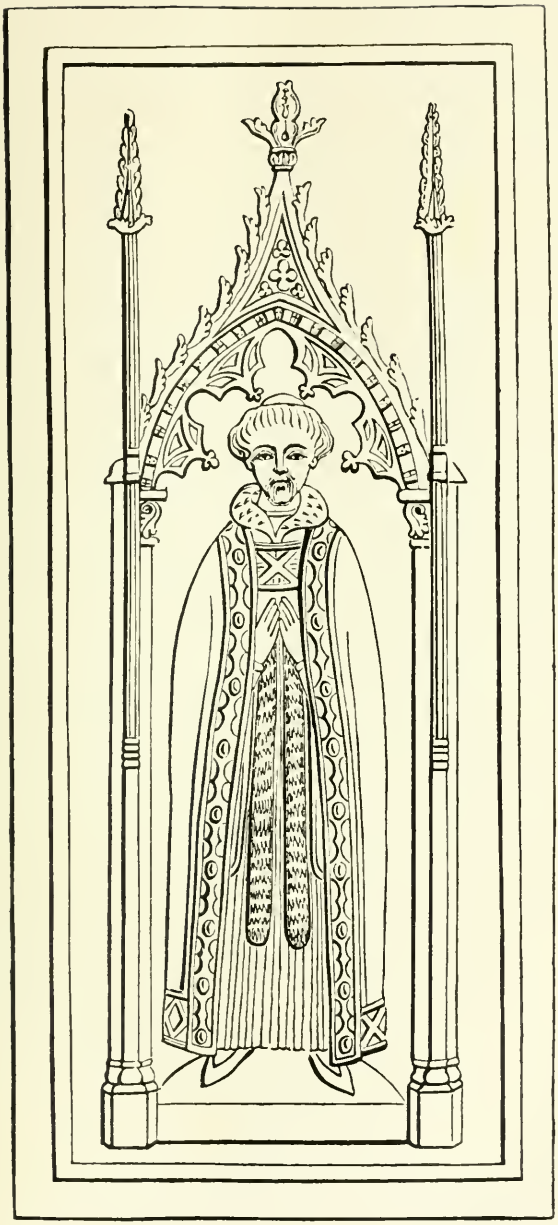
THE early history of Chiswick is more easily recoverable than that of Kew, since its materials have been diligently gathered together by Messrs. W. P. W. Phillimore and W. H. Whitear in their admirable "Historical Collections Relating to Chiswick." The origin of the name is uncertain, though a cheese-fair has been boldly invented to fit the necessities of the case, and Faulkner, though with some misgiving, located it in a field called the Great Downs. Chesil, on the analogy of the Chesil Beach, sounds tempting, but the word most probably means the wick or hamlet of one Ches or Cheese, and Keswick is its harder northern form.

Chiswick originally formed part of the manor and village of Sutton; but, possibly because it was more accessible from the river, it imposed its name on the whole village, and Little Sutton is now a hamlet of Chiswick. It was a prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral,

and as such it was excepted in 1314 from the purveyance of corn and other things for the King's uses. A list of the vicars from 1380, with only one hiatus, is to be found in Messrs. Phillimore and Whitear's book. The Patent Rolls give an even earlier appointment of a prebend, namely that of Philip de Weston in 1338, while the gap in the vicars between 1463 and 1510 may be filled from the same source with the names of Nicholas Dickson and Robert Newbold—a singularly complete record.

William Bordall, who held the living from 1416 to 1435, has left the most permanent name in Chiswick, since he built the bold church tower which is a familiar landmark to the crowds lining the farther bank of the Thames on the boat-race day. The benefaction was duly commemorated by Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford, on a tablet still to be seen in the belfry, and Bordall's brass, on which he was styled "principal vicar of this church and founder of its tower," formerly covered his grave in the nave. Faulkner, who reproduces it in his History, asserts that "it is now (1845) in the hands of the churchwardens." When the neglect of ecclesiastical antiquities which prevailed at that date is remembered, there need be no wonder that the brass has since disappeared.

In the middle ages the life of the hamlet centred in the church. The Camden Society's publications include the records of no less than three visitations of the building, the first of an early date, 1252. We learn from it that the chancel was in disrepair and badly roofed; that there was no pyx for the Lord's Body, or the consecrated wafer. On the other hand, the church was well supplied with missals and psalters, and against "a little silver chalice, shaky and small value," were to be set "five altar cloths, blessed and complete, one of which has an ornamentation of silk." The visitation of 1297 disclosed a much



WILLIAM BORDALL'S BRASS

improved state of affairs. The nave of the church was still badly roofed; the one bier was in bad condition, and the pall for the deceased poor was missing. But the Inquisitors expressed their satisfaction with the condition of the chancel, and its windows well glazed and barred; the church possessed a pyx covered with jewels worked in, together with altar palls and vestments of some splendour.

The third visitation occurred in 1458 and was a thorough business. The Inquisitors discovered that the vicar had let his vicarage, and that the farmer of the prebend did not pay his tithes of milk, cheese and pigeons. The rain dropped within the chancel; its walls were defective, and the glazing of the windows was much broken. Meanwhile the vestments had increased in magnificence; we read too of three pictures of alabaster, one over the high altar and two in the church, besides one cross of silver with relics within, two crosses of copper gilt, two candlesticks of latton, two vials of silver, and two vials of tin. Several of these sacred vessels had disappeared by the time that the Commissioners of Edward VI arrived to make an inventory with an eye to future confiscation. But the times were troublesome and the warning had been ample.

In the reign of Charles I, the parish escaped most of the perils of the time, except when battle raged on Turnham Green, as we shall see in a subsequent chapter. But a brother of the vicar, William Walker, a friend of the Earl of Bedford, came into collision with the Star Chamber, for "being too bold against his majesty in the pulpit." He was allowed to live under the fraternal roof "in better air" before being summoned for sentence by the House of Lords. This was in 1640, and two years afterwards the church had a narrow escape. On 16 August, 1642, Nehemiah Wharton wrote to his late master,

George Willingham, at the Golden Anchor in St. Swithin's Lane—

> This day also the soldiers got into the church, defaced the ancient and sacred glazed pictures and burned the holy rails. Yesterday Mr. Lowe gave us a famous sermon; this day also the soldiers brought down the holy rails from Chiswick and burned them in our town. At Chiswick they intended to pillage the Earl of Portland's house as also that of Dr. Duck, but by our commanders they were prevented.

Dr. Duck, as I shall explain presently, lived in the College House; the Earl of Portland was Jerome Weston, a sturdy Royalist whose estates were sequestered by Parliament in that very year.

Under the Commonwealth three intruded ministers appear to have occupied the church in succession, and the last of them, James Thompson, was not dispossessed until 1662, on the passing of the Act of Uniformity. After that, the history of the Church presents few points of interest beyond the restorations of the fabric, and the extensions of the churchyard, which the Duke of Devonshire considerably more than doubled by a gift of land in 1838. The vicars won no special distinctions, and one or two of them were pluralists. But the Anglican revival has changed that unsatisfactory state of affairs, and daughter churches have of late years sprung up, within hail of the mother building, to which John, surname unknown, had been presented by 1380.

From the church let us pass to the two manors of Chiswick: the Dean's or manor of Sutton, and the Prebendal. As to the first of the two, it has been established that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's were in possession of the manor of Sutton by the reign of the Conqueror, and probably much earlier. As in many other instances near London, the custom of "borough-English" obtained in both manors.* An

* That is, the lands descended to the youngest son, or, in default of issue, to the youngest brother of the owner.

inquisition dated 1181, that is in the 28th year of Henry II, sets forth its liabilities in the time of Henry I.

The manor of Sutton used to account in the time of King Henry and William the Dean for three hides, and paid to the sheriff three shillings, and it still is so, and it pays now to the Canons two full farms with fifty shillings and forty shillings besides. In the Lordship are about sixteen times twenty acres and 10 of arable land. In the meadow are sixteen acres. In the grown wood about 30 acres, and from the fishery the canons have 5 shillings or the tenth fish. There is pasture there for 60 sheep and 5 cows. There are two ploughs there. The lordship is quit from all service. Aluric holds two gara from the lord for two socca. The sum of the money is £8 3*s.* 7*d.* From the fishery 5*s.* From the assart-land 4*d.**

The fishery became so valuable that in 1235 the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's made it over by agreement to the Prior of Merton, who enjoyed a grant from the King. Under this arrangement the men of Sutton and Chiswick were permitted to place forty wears for catching barbels and lamprines only, to the exclusion presumably of salmon, for which permission they were to pay twenty-three shillings per annum to the Prior.

In 1222 an exhaustive inquisition was held on the manor of Sutton, in which all the tenants were given and the nature of their services. The farmer or lessee was one Master Philip de Haddam. It is interesting to discover the names of Goldhawk, a family which is perpetuated in the existing Goldhawk Road; and of three Gunneldas, widows of Robert, Edgar and Sagrim, any one of whom is far more likely to have handed on her name to Gunnersbury than the mythical Saxon dame of noble or even Royal origin

* "Two full farms" means thirty quarters of grain; a "gara" is a division of an acre; "socca" are sacks of corn; "assart-land" is land that has been cleared of timber for purposes of tilling.

who is asserted to have done so. The tenures were of various sorts. Some were held on money payments; thus Ralph de Twiford held 2 acres for 8*d.* for all services. There were payments in kind, such as corn, eggs and fowls. Thirdly, there was labour rendered at shearing time, during the hay harvest, or in the carting of manure either in person or through labourers, hired, sometimes, at the expense of the lord of the manor. All these conditions were laid down in the case of Gilbert the son of Nicholas, who held three acres—

to which Gilbert his grandfather had entry by Theodoric the farmer and now he renders for them 30 shillings and he ought to plough 2 acres in winter and two in Lent; and he ought to sow with the lord's seed which he shall receive from the lord's court house and he shall carry to the field and shall harrow the same; and he shall provide two men with sickles at the lord's expense for food and two men for picking up the hay without their food; and two men on one day and two men on another day for hoeing at the lord's expense once a day; and he shall find two carts or one wagon for carrying hay at the lord's cost for food, and he shall find three men at every boon day and on one day to thresh with two men for carrying to London at one meal at the lord's expense and he shall find two sacks for each farm and he shall lead the manure from the court house on two days, on each day with two carts at the lord's expense for food, and four carts he shall lead from the wood to the court house without any food allowance, and he gives two hens and twenty eggs.

Irish land tenure is simplicity itself compared with these bewildering arrangements; they must have sorely tested the memory of Gilbert the son of Nicholas. On the other hand, William the son of Thurstan held five acres as keeper of the wood, on the simple condition that he disclaimed any right to that appointment.

The Calendar of Patent Rolls sets forth the grant, in 1469, "to Ralph Bury, gentleman, and his heirs of the manor of Sutton by Cheswyke and all lands,

meadows and services sometime of Thomas Bray and now in the king's hands in Sutton and Chesewyke, co. Middlesex, rendering to the king's hands 60*s.* 4*d.* yearly as of old, and 6*d.* in addition." The entry shows, in the first place, that Chiswick had already supplanted Sutton in importance, and, secondly, that the King, Edward IV, had resumed the right of direct presentation. The Brays appear to have settled on the manor as early as the reign of Edward II, and Baldwin Bray had assigned the lease of the manorial estates to Thomas Coveton and others, who seem to have been officers of the chapter of St. Paul's. These frequent changes of occupancy evidently reflect the social upheavals caused by the Wars of the Roses; and the Brays, who had enlarged the churchyard, must have vanished from Chiswick as the penalty of adhering to the Lancastrian cause.

The stately old mansion of Sutton Court, which has recently fallen into the hands of the builder and been replaced by the very latest devices of modern architectural fancy, was the manor house of Sutton manor. The greater part of the structure dated no farther back than the close of the eighteenth century; but remnants of the original house were to be found in the vast cellars, the walls of which, seven feet thick, were continued above ground, and in a chimney-piece of the ornately florid Tudor style. During the Great Rebellion, the manor, by an ordinance of the Lords and Commons, of 12 March, 1643, together with all the property belonging to St. Paul's Cathedral, was sequestered to the Lord Mayor and citizens of London. Chaloner Chute was already the tenant of the house, since he had bought the lease from Thomas Edgar, by whom it had been granted by the Dean and Chapter, and he now purchased it afresh from the trustees of Parliament.

Chute came of an old Kentish family, and through his mother was related to Sir Thomas Chaloner, the

man of science whose fine monument in Chiswick church has been already mentioned. Chute took the side of Parliament, but was a man of singular independence of character. At the bar he was known, says Roger North, as "a man of great wit and stately carriage of himself," who, when he was in the humour, would say to his clerk, "Tell the people I will not practise this term." Yet, when he condescended to take business, the briefs came in with their former frequency. "I guess," comments Roger, "that no eminent chancery practiser ever did or ever will do the like." Chute was a good son of the Church; he defended the Bishops before the House of Lords when they were impeached by the Commons for drawing up a canon without the consent of Parliament; and, later on, he was engaged in the defence of Archbishop Laud. Whitelock writes of him as "an excellent orator, a man of good parts and generosity, of whom many doubted he would not join with the Protector's party, but he did heartily." Chute was at variance, however, with many of Cromwell's proceedings, notably with the expulsion of Royalist heads of colleges from Oxford. When, therefore, he accepted the Speakership in 1659 there were those who suspected that he would never have subjected himself to that place "if he had not entertained some hope of being able to serve the King." His opportunities were, in any case, limited, for he soon had to retire to Sutton Court on prolonged leave of absence, and a deputation from the House, with Lord Fairfax as its head, on going down to visit him, found him "very infirm and weak." In less than a month he was dead.

The Speaker was buried, in fulfilment of the terms of his will, in the vault of Chiswick church "by the body of that excellent woman and pattern of charity and conjugal affection," his dear mother. He also assigned the liberty of that burying-place to the

posterity of his son Barker which he reckoned as his own. This Barker was in fact his son-in-law, and the occupier of Grove House, the estate then marching with that of Sutton Court. The railway now divides them. Though the Barker family had taken up arms for the King, the two households evidently lived on the most affectionate terms. Chute assigned the lease of Sutton Court to his widow, Lady Dacre, and after the Restoration a complicated lawsuit ensued with the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, which was eventually settled by the granting of a new lease to Chute's son, Chaloner, in trust for Lady Dacre.

The next occupier of Sutton Court appears to have been Thomas Belasyse, Viscount Fauconberg, who had married the third daughter of Oliver Cromwell. She was a woman of character, very like her father in feature, and Bishop Burnet declares that she was more likely to have maintained the post of Protector than either of her brothers; according to a saying that went of hers, "Those who wore the breeches became the petticoats better, but if those in petticoats had been in breeches they would have held the faster." Perceiving the worthlessness of her brother, Richard Cromwell, she is said to have exerted all her endeavours for the restoration of the monarchy. Her husband was certainly an active mover in that settlement, for though Cromwell had given him various honorary appointments, he "plainly perceived," as Clarendon put it, "that his son Fauconberg's heart was set on an interest destructive of his, and grew to hate him perfectly." In Fauconberg's case, as in Chute's, religion was probably the deciding factor; with the Protector's acquiescence he had been privately married by a clergyman of the Church of England after the public ceremony. At any rate, he accepted the command of Haslerigg's regiment in the crisis of the Restoration; kept it from mutiny and

was rewarded by being accredited Ambassador to Venice. A judicious observer of the tendency of events, he signed the petition of invitation to William of Orange, and an earldom rewarded his second change of sides.

After his death in 1700, Lady Fauconberg lived on at Sutton Court for some thirteen years. Macky profanely describes her as "a great and curious piece of antiquity," but adds that "she was fresh and gay though of a great age." She bore the character of a pious, worthy woman; constantly attended divine service at the parish church, and bequeathed various legacies to the poor of Chiswick.

Sutton Court, in the days of the Fauconbergs, must have been rather like Kew Gardens. The grounds were full of statues, grottoes, mounds and canals. Gibson thus describes them in 1691 :—

> My Lord Fauconberg's garden at Sutton Court has several pleasant walks in it, but the upper gardens next the house are too irregular. The greenhouse is very well made, but ill set. It is divided into three rooms, and well furnished with good greens, but is so placed that the sun shines not on the plants in the winter, the dwelling-house standing between the sun and it. The *maize* or wilderness is very pretty, with a cypress harbour in the middle, supported by a well-wrought timber frame. The enclosure is wired in for white pheasants and partridges and is a fine apartment, and the timber walk with vines on the sides is very fine when the blue pets are on the pedestals on top of it and so is the fishpond.

The subsequent history of Sutton Court need not detain us long. In 1727 the representatives of the Fauconbergs and Cromwells asigned the lease to Richard, Earl of Burlington, the architect of Chiswick House, and through his daughter and heiress it passed to the Dukes of Devonshire. Its later occupants were unknown to general history, and now the very building has disappeared.

Besides Sutton manor house there were at Chiswick, as I have said, the Prebendal manor, and its mansion, standing to the east of the church on the Mall at the bottom of Chiswick Lane. When the buildings subsequently erected on the site were demolished in 1875, remnants of Norman and early English architecture were brought to the light of day. This second manor house was in all probability the residence of the prebendary, when he visited Chiswick; and Nigel, Bishop of Ely, Cardinal Moreton, and Bishop Bonner may therefore have stayed in it. Later on came Dr. Donne, poet and Dean of St. Paul's, who was presented in 1622. In 1570, however, the prebendary of the day, Gabriel Goodman, Dean of Westminster—"the sad grave man" whom Archbishop Parker considered likely to be "too severe" as Bishop of London—accomplished what he doubtless regarded as a neat stroke of business. He granted a lease of the manor, with the demesne lands, consisting of 140 acres, for ninety-nine years to William Walter and George Burden, in trust, that they should within two years convey the same to the Abbey Church of Westminster. The Dean's object was praiseworthy enough; he wished to erect a sanatorium whither the master of Westminster School, the usher, forty boys and proper attendants should retire in time of sickness. He had his way, but the cost apparently exceeded the estimate, for representations were made to Cecil in 1596, that "the building of a school for her Majesty's scholars at Cheswicke in time of infection, costing us above £800, hath greatly impaired the state of the college." Goodman was allowed to pull down part of the old mansion, and to use the materials in the construction of the College House, as it soon came to be called. The dimensions were to be 64 feet 2 inches from east to west, and in breadth from north to south 20 feet within the walls, and it included a dining-room for 50 persons, and a schoolroom.

To the College House came a succession of headmasters, including the redoubtable Dr. Busby. Their lodgings were in a house immediately to the east of it. Busby presumably continued at Chiswick the process pleasantly described by Dr. Johnson as using his rod for a sieve, so that whosoever could not pass that was not the boy for him, though the accounts of his severity are possibly exaggerated. His pupils wrote or carved their names on the walls, and those of Dryden and the Marquis of Halifax were to be seen at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Dr. Friend was resident at the College House in 1725, he who is perpetuated in the epigram—

> Ye sons of Westminster who still retain
> Your antient dread of Busby's awful reign
> Forget at length your fears—your panic end
> The monarch of the place is now your Friend.

But the constant removes of the school were found to be troublesome, and with the cessation of the plague their necessity ceased. Dr. Nicholl, who died in 1733, was the last headmaster of Westminster to send the boys to the College House, though his successor, Dr. Markham, subsequently Archbishop of York, appears to have occupied the lodgings. The studies at Westminster are called "Chiswicks" to this day, in memory of the building on Chiswick Mall.

The College House fell into a ruinous condition, and was let on a repairing lease in 1788. When Lysons published his "Environs of London," that is in 1810, it was occupied by Mrs. Solieux as a ladies' boarding school, a fact which may well have suggested to Thackeray Miss Pinkerton's immortal establishment on Chiswick Mall, though, as we shall see later on, another house was in his mind. In 1818 it was converted by the Whittinghams into the premises of the celebrated Chiswick Press, and so used until, in

1851, the firm removed to London. The last state of the house was that of a public lecture hall.

Its neighbour, the prebendal manor and mansion house—or rather what Goodman had left of it—disappeared much earlier. Dr. Arthur Duck, Chancellor of the Diocese of London and a zealous Royalist, was once its occupant. An allusion has already been made to his narrow escape from a pillage by the soldiers of the Commonwealth which they were tempted to make through his devotion to King Charles. In the year of his death, 1649, when it had become known as "the ancient house of Chiswick," it was sold by the authority of Parliament; but continued to cumber the ground until, in 1710, having become "very ruinous and necessary to be pulled down," pulled down it was.

A "substantial brick" house arose in the place of the manor house. Here lived James Ralph, an American hack-writer who came to this country with Franklin, and whose poem, "Night," was scathed by Pope in the couplet—

> Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to Cynthia howls
> Making *Night* hideous; answer him ye owls.

Ralph was industrious but venal. His "History of England" is a solid compendium of fact; he scribbled play after play, and having placed his untiring quill at the service of Frederick, Prince of Wales, he allowed himself to be silenced by a Government pension of £300 a year. He and Duck both lie in Chiswick churchyard. In this house, confusedly called the College House by some, was spent the girlhood of the celebrated sisters, Mary and Agnes Berry, the "twin wives" of Horace Walpole, and the hostesses who could bring the wit and high birth of London to their drawing-room in Curzon Street by the simple expedient of lighting the lamp above their

street door. Their house was replaced by modern villas at the same time as the College House was cleared away.*

* This account of the prebendal manor and mansion house and the College House is based on a paper by the Rev. J. Arnott, vicar of Christ Church, Turnham Green, which is included by Messrs. Phillimore and Whitear in their "Historical Collections Relating to Chiswick."

CHAPTER III

OLD CORNEY HOUSE, CHISWICK MALL, AND CHISWICK LANE

Bowack on Chiswick—Arrival of the Russells—Lord Russell of Thornhaugh—The fourth Earl of Bedford—Lord Macartney—Messrs. Thornycroft—Sir Henry Sidney—Sir Thomas Chaloner—The Marquis of Worcester—Chiswick Mall—High House—Walpole House—The Duchess of Cleveland, Becky Sharp, O'Connell and Thackeray—Chiswick Lane and Pope—Dr. Rose—Rousseau and his dog.

MESSRS. THORNYCROFT'S works have much altered the appearance of Chiswick as viewed from the river. When it first came under the notice of topographers it was a mere waterside village. Bowack, writing at the beginning of the eighteenth century, says :—

The Thames taking an oblique course from Fulham to Hammersmith, but gently salutes this place, and several little islands, or eights, so pleasantly scattered in it, considerably weakens its force. The greatest number of houses are stretched along by the Waterside from the Lyme Kiln, near Hammersmith, to the church, in which dwell several small traders, but for the most part fishermen and watermen, who make up a considerable part of the inhabitants of this town.

The lime kiln must have stood where are now the Waterworks, a landmark famous in the annals of many an Oxford and Cambridge boat race, but a remnant of the fishermen's cottages still exists in Church Row, the narrow little alley below the churchyard wall, into which but few visitors to Chiswick

ever penetrate. Most of the houses on Chiswick Mall, it will be noted, were as yet unbuilt, though Bowack, in a rather muddled manner, mentions the existence of the manor house and the College House, and Walpole House must certainly have been in existence.

Bowack's survey is perfunctory; and after describing Grove House he disposes with a vague "here" of a house "belonging to the noble family of Russels which was lately demolished, and upon the spot where the house stood are several tenements built." The Russells, if he is correct, must have moved farther east, for their seat, the old Corney House, stood on part of the site of Messrs. Thornycroft's premises.

Lysons and other historians have failed to discover any trace of the Russells at Chiswick before the reign of Elizabeth. But the "Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII," as calendared by Dr. Brewer, establish an earlier settlement. In 1539 there occurred one of those exchanges which Henry delighted to command. Lord Russell was to have the Bishop of Carlisle's place without Temple Bar, paying £16 a year to the Bishop; the Bishop of Carlisle to have the Bishop of Rochester's place in Lambeth, and the Bishop of Rochester to have Lord Russell's mansion place in Chiswick, Middlesex. This was John, Baron Russell of Chenies, the founder of the family's fortunes, who had been raised to the peerage in that very year. The exchange, which placed him in possession of a most desirable town mansion, which became Bedford House, was only one out of many favours heaped upon him as rewards for social accomplishments and capable service as a soldier and diplomatist, and he was astute enough to keep hold of his estates during the Marian reaction.

In the reign of Elizabeth we find the Russells back again at Chiswick and represented by the

mighty Sir William, subsequently Lord Russell of Thornhaugh. At the battle of Zutphen, says Stow—

> he charged so terribly, that after he had broke his lance, he with his curtle-axe so plaid his part, that the enemy reported him to be a devil and not a man ; for where he saw six or seven of the enemies together, thither would he, and so behaved himself with his curtle-axe that he would separate their friendship.

Sir Philip Sidney, whom he succeeded as Governor of Flushing, bequeathed to Russell his best gilt armour in token of friendship. Russell held that difficult post for three years, and was relieved at his own request "from so beggarly a government where he should but undo himself without hope of service or reward." As Lord Deputy of Ireland he held O'Neill and O'Donnell in check by means of "hunting journeys," with rebels and game as double objects in view. In September, 1602, the evening of his days was honoured by a visit from Queen Elizabeth, who went first to Corney House and then to Ambrose Coppinger's, "who being an M.A., entertained her himself with a Latin oration"—a compliment, no doubt, much to her taste.

Sir William's son Francis, the fourth Earl of Bedford, succeeded him at Chiswick. He was in the opinion of Clarendon "a wise man, and would have proposed and advised moderate courses ; but was not incapable, from want of resolution, of being carried into violent ones, if his advice would not have been submitted to." He took the popular side in opposition to Charles I, but recoiled from extreme measures against Laud and Stafford, attempting rather to mediate between the Parliament and the Court. As he was carried off by small-pox on the day when Charles gave his consent to the attainder of Stafford, Clarendon asserted not unfairly, that "many who knew him well, thought his death not unseasonable, as well to his fame as his fortune." The Earl behaved

liberally to Chiswick, and appears to have been on the best of terms with his vicar, William Walker. Besides the slab erected by the Earl in memory of Bordall, a tablet on the churchyard wall sets forth to this day that—

> This wall was made at the charges of the Right Honourable and trulie pious Lorde Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford, out of true zeal and care for the keeping of this churchyard, and the wardrobe of God's Saintes; whose bodies lay therein buried, from violating by swine and other prophanation; so witnesseth William Walker, V. A.D. 1623.*

Corney House passed through many hands after the Earl of Bedford's death. From his widow it went to the Widdringtons, and one of them left it by will in 1747 to his wife, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was sold to Lady Bateman. It had a notable tenant about that time in Lord Macartney, who spent at Chiswick the last years of an adventurous career. An agreeable Irishman, he came over to London to read for the bar; but instead of being called, he went with Charles James Fox to the Continent, in the capacity half of companion, half of bear-leader. He returned to be regarded as one of the handsomest and most accomplished young men of the day; his good looks won him the hand of a daughter of Lord Bute, and his attainments admission to Dr. Johnson's circle and membership of "the" Club at its foundation. But, though London liked him, Macartney sought his future abroad. He acquitted himself with credit in an embassy to the redoubtable Czarina Catherine, and as Governor of Fort St. George, though too much inclined to overrule the military element, he

* Lysons, who stupidly puts "Duke" for "Earl" and then adds, "This is a mistake," gives the date as 1621. But the figures are plain, and as stated above.

maintained a bold policy against Hyder Ali and his successor Tippoo Sahib. Macartney's great feat was his embassy to Pekin, on which he started in 1792. He failed in his main object, the establishment of a British resident at the Chinese capital, but derived much satisfaction from the sight of "Solomon in all his glory," as he called the Emperor. Lord Macartney was the first British Governor of the Cape, but owing to ill-health he resigned that appointment in 1798. His last years were spent in tranquil retirement at Chiswick, with frequent visits to the survivors of the Johnsonian circle and the Royal and Antiquarian societies. He had a prodigious memory for dates and genealogies, and it was said of him at Turin that he knew more about the French and Italian families than they did themselves. His monument in Chiswick churchyard sets forth his merits with florid eloquence, concluding with the statement that "his superior knowledge, sweetness of temper, amenity of disposition, and lively entertaining disposition, rendered him the delight of his friends and the ornament of society." His widow lived on at Corney House after his death, and must have been nearly its last tenant.

Corney House was demolished in 1832. The name was transferred to the still existing Corney House in Burlington Lane, while Bedford House in the Mall also hands down the connexion of the Russell family with Chiswick. But long after the disappearance of Sir William Russell's house, the gardens, filled with splendid timber, remained, in which Queen Elizabeth had walked. They were cultivated by Mr. Frank Sich, of the well-known brewing firm, and the terrace along the river front and the summer-houses continued in a good state of preservation. Meanwhile a young engineer named John Thornycroft had established himself at Chiswick.

His first launch was built in the studio of his father, the sculptor, and brought to the Thames by way of the canal leading to the Docks. He kept her at various places on the Thames for a year or two, until in 1864 his father bought some land at Chiswick between Corney House garden and Chesterman's old Barge Building Yard. As the business developed they bought up Chesterman's yard and some of the adjacent property consisting of fishermen's cottages. In these works were built the *Ariel* in 1863 and the *Miranda* in 1871, the first small launches constructed of steel, and in 1876 the *Lightning*, the first torpedo-boat for the British Navy. In 1880 or 1881 there was nothing for it but a further enlargement of premises, and the Corney House garden disappeared in the process. Now the torpedo craft have grown so large, that this part of the company's business has perforce been transferred to Southampton.

Lord Russell of Thornhaugh was by no means the only noted Elizabethan whom Chiswick can claim as its own. Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy of Ireland, appears to have had a seat there, since it was the address of his wife, the eldest daughter of John, Duke of Northumberland, in 1574 and 1578. She was the lady who lost her good looks through nursing Queen Elizabeth through the small-pox, and afterwards "chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time than to come upon the stage of the world in any manner of disparagement." A cottage at Chiswick may conceivably have been the place of her retirement. Stile Hall, which until a few years back stood on the High Road at the corner of Wellesley Road, is called Sidney House in some maps, and Mr. Phillimore and Mr. Whitear are inclined to think that the name may have come from an earlier house on the site, occupied by Queen Elizabeth's Lord Deputy.

The last occupier of Stile Hall was Robert Bignell, proprietor of the Argyll Rooms, a quaint contrast.

Sir Thomas Chaloner is associated more definitely with Chiswick than Sir Henry Sidney or his lady. Though his place of residence cannot be identified, the handsome canopied monument, now on the south wall of the church, was erected to his memory after his death in 1615, with the kneeling figure of himself and his wife, the armoured soldiers upholding the curtains, and the tablet setting forth his numerous progeny. The son of a more famous father, Chaloner inherited many of the accomplishments of that warrior and statesman. He was knighted in 1591 while serving with the English army in France. Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign he was dispatched by the elder Cecil to the Court of King James. There he ingratiated himself so successfully, that in the new reign he became manager of the private affairs of Anne of Denmark and Governor to Henry, Prince of Wales, whose household he formed into a "courtly college." Chaloner was chiefly famous, however, for his scientific discoveries. Besides writing a treatise on nitre, he was the first person to work alum mines in this country. While visiting the Pope's mines at Puteoli he noticed the similarity of their vegetation to that on his own estates at Guisborough, Yorkshire. Following up the clue, he imported foreign workmen from La Rochelle, whom local tradition asserts to have been smuggled over in casks and to have been comprehensively cursed by the Pope together with their employer. As the mines proved extremely valuable, Charles I claimed them for the Crown, with the result that two of Chaloner's sons turned Parliamentarians and sat in judgment on their Sovereign. One of them even signed the warrant for his execution, and died accordingly an exile in Holland.

If we cannot be certain where Sir Henry Sidney and Chaloner lived, neither can we be sure of who were the residents about their time in the large house now known as Chiswick Square. But Ogilvy's survey, first published in 1675, with a later edition in 1698, shows that a considerable mansion stood near the church, known as the Marquis of Worcester's House. As so substantial a building cannot have vanished without leaving a trace behind it, I feel fairly convinced that it was identical with the present Chiswick Square. Which Marquis of Worcester lived there? Its owner is usually thought to have been the scientific nobleman for whom, on the vaguest of evidence, the claim has been advanced that he invented the steam engine. But the dates of Ogilvy's survey, and an entry of 1672 in the State Papers Domestic, are against that assumption. The Marquis in question was evidently Worcester's son Henry, first Duke of Beaufort, famous in history for having prevented Monmouth's entry into Bristol by declaring that he would burn the town on the first symptom of disloyalty. He too was the Bezaliel of "Absalom and Achitophel":—

> Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
> Serene his looks, serene his life and thought;
> On whom so largely nature heap'd her store
> There scarce remained for arts to give him more.
> To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
> His second care, that service to conceal;
> Of dues observant, firm to every trust,
> And to the needy always more than just.

Another Restoration personage of some prominence alleged by Bowack to have lived at Chiswick is Sir John Denham. He was a faithful servant to Charles I and Charles II in their troubles, who in his old age fell into misery and temporary madness because his wife became the mistress of the

Duke of York. She died suddenly, and Denham, against all evidence, was accused of poisoning her; a story which Pepys readily believed and eagerly retailed. Denham deserves to be more worthily remembered as the author of "Cooper's Hill," one of the earliest descriptive poems in the language, containing the charming address to the Thames beginning—

"Oh could I flow with thee and make thy stream."

It must be confessed that the evidence connecting Denham with Cooper's Hill is more substantial than his association with Chiswick. Bowack, writing in 1705 or thereabouts, says that he "formerly dwelt here." But as Denham died in 1669 the topographer may have merely been reporting a vague local tradition. His statement is unconfirmed from any other source, and it may be that the Denham who lived at Chiswick was the poet's grandson, also named John.

Chiswick Mall, as it now exists, is at its earliest Restoration, and for the most part Queen Anne or early Georgian, with various modern interpolations. Many of the well-to-do people connected with the place lived, no doubt, on the Mall; but the parish registers do not condescend to details, and no names are conclusively associated with dormer-windowed Bedford House. Its neighbour, Lingard House, is named after the historian, who is believed to have lived there at the beginning of the nineteenth century, for the purpose, no doubt, of consulting London libraries. The present occupant, Mr. Arthur W. Sich, informs me that he saw a list of subscriptions a few years ago in which Lingard was credited with a donation towards the raising of a volunteer corps against Napoleon. The Red Lion inn hard by has a whetstone chained to its doorpost which was transferred from the demolished "White Bear and Whetstone." It has on it the inscription: "I am the old

wheatstone and have sharpened tools on this spot above 1000 years," and, as Mr. Phillimore and Mr. Whitear remark, the last o has evidently been added by some local wag.

Proceeding eastwards past the Eyot we come to Walpole House and Orford House, so-called after their former residents, members of the Walpole family. The Honourable Thomas Walpole, a son of Horatio, Lord Walpole, the object of Horace Walpole's cordial detestation, was presumably one of them, for he is buried at Chiswick. High House, the neighbour of Orford House, was pulled down many years ago. Faulkner declares that it was built by Sir Stephen Fox, but it may be that he only lived there while his Manor House was being finished. High House had, at any rate, an undesirable tenant in the Count of Nassau, who levanted, leaving his Countess to pay his debts, amounting to over £300. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Whittingham conducted the Chiswick Press there, before he occupied the College House.

Walpole House, a beautiful specimen of Restoration architecture, has traditions of its own. That ebullient lady, Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, the mistress of Charles II, is said to have lived there during the last years of her life, after she had made the Court too hot to hold her. It must have been a graceless retirement, though when she was buried on 13 October, 1709, in Chiswick church, the Dukes of Ormond and Hamilton, the Earls of Essex, Grantham and Lifford, and Lord Berkeley of Stratton attended her funeral. But Walpole House deserves to be associated with another adventuress as well, none other than Becky Sharp. Which building on Chiswick Mall comes nearest to the celebrated establishment where Miss Pinkerton, the Semiramis of Hammersmith, the friend of Dr. Johnson and the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone, conducted her

establishment for young ladies? Walpole House undoubtedly; though Thackeray, as always, introduced some mystifying features into his illustrations, and some of the details seem to have been borrowed from Chiswick Square, notably the carriage drive. None the less it is our duty to believe that in the drawing-room of Walpole House Miss Pinkerton composed her billet to Mrs. Sedley, and that Becky flung back the Dixonary into its garden to the great astonishment of Miss Jemima.

At the end of the eighteenth century Walpole House condescended to boarders—"people of rank and knowledge of the world," it is true—and in that capacity entertained Daniel O'Connell and his life-long friend Richard Newton Bennett, while the former was eating his dinners at Gray's Inn. By 1817 the house had sustained yet another change of fortune and became a school for young gentlemen under the charge of the tremendous Dr. Turner, who read the prayers to the boys in tones reminding them of Mount Sinai. Among his pupils was a nervous and unhappy child, so shortsighted as to be bad at games, called William Makepeace Thackeray, just arrived from India. The doctor and his wife, distant relations of his mother, were not unkind to Thackeray, but he disliked the place and made a very half-hearted attempt to run away. Walpole House continued to be a school for many years, though in the fifties it was occupied by Mr. John Watson Allen. Restored to all its old graces, it has until recently been the home of a well-known actor.

Chiswick Lane, which winds up from the Mall past the Recreation Ground to the main road, is associated with beer and literature. The beer remains, but the literature has departed from it. Mawson Row is so-called after the family of Mawson who brewed to such purpose that a son of the house, Dr. Matthias Mawson, died Bishop of Ely. In April, 1716, Pope

and his family settled in Mawson Buildings, then known as New Buildings, "under the wing of my Lord Burlington." There his father died, and in 1719 he left Chiswick, having bought the lease of his famous villa at Twickenham. Local tradition insists that he lived in what is now the Fox and Grapes inn, a corner house of the period, and further that he wrote "all his works" there. He was undoubtedly busy upon his translation of the Iliad, and the "Eloisa to Abelard" must also have been written at Chiswick.

Dr. William Rose, who set up a school in Chiswick Lane in 1758, collected round him a literary circle. He was a close friend of the Berrys and James Ralph, and was associated both by marriage and the pen with Dr. Griffiths, who dwelt hard by at Turnham Green. To live near Rose, Arthur Murphy, a prolific dramatist of the second rank, took a cottage at Chiswick, and surviving him, wrote his epitaph—

> Whoe'er thou art, with silent footsteps tread
> The hallow'd mould where Rose reclines his head,

and so forth. But Rose's chief claim to remembrance is as the friend of Doctor Johnson, who liked him much in spite of his Scotch origin. The Doctor frequently visited him both at Chiswick and Kew, an earlier residence. It was at Kew, when invited to walk in the Royal grounds, that Johnson's Jacobite principles burst forth with, "No, Sir. I will never walk in the gardens of a usurper!" Rose, according to the great lexicographer, was too lenient with the rod, "for what the boys gain at one end they lose at the other." One of his pupils, and son-in-law, Dr. Charles Burney, Fanny's brother, became at any rate an eminent schoolmaster; and Rose's surviving son, Samuel, has a place in literature as the friend of Cowper.

David Hume and Dr. Rose between them seem to

have been responsible in 1766 for the brief settlement in Chiswick of Jean-Jacques Rousseau after he had fled from France on account of his "Emile." Hume placed that unquiet spirit in the first instance with a gardener at Fulham, who proved a failure, and then apparently bethought him of the kindly Rose. Rousseau lived for a few weeks in lodgings near the Doctor, who seems to have been considerably put about by his guest's horror of society on the one hand and the importunity of the blue-stockings who clamoured to be introduced to him on the other. Anon Rousseau lost his dog, which Hume succeeded in getting back for him, and the wit, General Fitzpatrick, who witnessed the scene, used to relate that on the reappearance of the animal the emotionalist burst into tears. Rousseau was only at Chiswick for a few weeks, Hume having found for him a house at Wootton on the Peak.* But he had already conceived those insane suspicions against the good-natured historian which found vent before long in their bitter quarrel.

* Hume, writing to Blair on 2 February, represents Rousseau as having "retired to Chiswick"; he reached Wootton about the middle of March.

CHAPTER IV

THE MANOR HOUSE AND MANOR HOUSE FARM

Sir Stephen Fox—A veteran placeman—An elderly bridegroom—The Manor House and its garden—"Go to Chiswick"—Lord Wilmington—Lady Mary Coke—Manor House Farm—Dr. Horne—Dr. Tuke.

SIR Stephen Fox's name has already occurred in connexion with High House; he also built two houses in Chiswick, both of which have disappeared, the Manor House and the Manor House Farm. They were so called because he became lessee of the Prebendal manor in 1691. Some years earlier—that is in 1685—he bought a copyhold estate, evidently wishing to get together a snug retreat for his declining days. The veteran placeman had feathered his nest very handsomely at the expense of the public. Five years before he purchased the Chiswick estate John Evelyn computed that he was worth at least £200,000 "honestly got and unenvied, which is next to a miracle." But Sir Stephen's confidences to Pepys prove that he was by no means above a practice common in his day: that of playing with the interest of the funds which passed through his hands. From Evelyn we learn the secret of his success: at the height of his prosperity he continued "as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was."

The founder of the Fox family had received a thorough training in the art of managing men. He

began life as a valet in the service of the Earl of Northumberland; he was a director of the ordnance board during the Royalist rising, which came to a disastrous end at Worcester, and he rendered invaluable service to Prince Charles as steward and intelligencer-in-chief to the vagabond court. After the Restoration his fortune was made; and he heaped appointment on appointment. Still he turned his wealth to honourable uses, and the credit of founding Chelsea Hospital, which is frequently assigned to Nell Gwynn, really belongs to Sir Stephen Fox.

Soon after Fox settled at Chiswick, he had to face the crisis of the Revolution of 1688; and he behaved with much astuteness. He had continued to hold his appointments under James, though he had declined a peerage offered on condition that he should change his religion. But he remained quiescent on the landing of William of Orange, and took an early opportunity of kissing the new King's hand and being received into favour. His places were secure for the remainder of his life; and though he wished to retire on the accession of Queen Anne, she insisted that he should lead the procession of the House of Commons at her coronation. In 1703 December married May, for Sir Stephen, though in his seventy-sixth year, "being unwilling," as his anonymous biographer puts it, "that so plentiful an estate should go out of the name and being of a vegete and hale constitution," took to himself a second wife aged six and twenty. This was Christian Hope, the daughter of a Lincolnshire clergyman; a demure young lady of whom it is related that when a letter arrived, addressed to Lady Fox, before her engagement was publicly known, she took it with the laconic remark: "I think it is meant for me." They were married by licence in Chiswick church, and their four children, of whom the elder son, Stephen, became first Earl of Ilchester, and Henry,

the younger, first Lord Holland and father of Charles James Fox, were all baptized there.

William III much admired Sir Stephen's manor house; "this place," he said to the Earl of Portland, "is perfectly fine, I could live here five days"—an expression conveying supreme eulogy. Bowack also praises it as "built after the modern manner, large and extraordinarily well furnished; nor does it stoop for furniture and curious paintings to any house in England." A good painting in fresco was near the south door; the servants' lodgings, coach-houses and stables looked like so many gentlemen's seats; the gardens were extraordinarily fine. From another account we learn that it boasted two yew hedges with rounds and spires of the same, all under smooth tonsure. Not so Evelyn, who, after visiting Chiswick in the days of the first Lady Fox, grimly remarked:—

> I went with my lady Fox to survey her building, and give some directions for the garden at Chiswick. The architect is Mr. May, somewhat heavy and thick, and not so well understood, the garden much too narrow, the place without water, near the highway, and near another great house of my lord Burlington, little land about it, so that I wonder at the expense, but women will have their will.

Sir Stephen died in 1716, leaving by will £40 to the poor of the parish of Chiswick. His younger son Henry, who inherited the property under the custom of borough-English,* sold it to Sir Spencer Compton, the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Lord Hervey has described the succession of ludicrous scenes which occurred on the death of George I. Sir Robert Walpole in hot haste posted down to Richmond, awoke the new King from an after-dinner nap, and broke the news. "Go to Chiswick," was the curt reply, "and take your

* See page 78.

directions from Sir Spencer Compton." Sir Robert went; and "the plodding heavy fellow, with great application, but no talents, and vast complaisance for a Court without any address; whose only pleasures were money and eating," undertook the conduct of affairs. But Compton was compelled to have recourse to his rival's pen to draw up the reply to the King's declaration to the Council; and after considerable delay confessed that he was unequal to so arduous a task as the Prime Ministership. Walpole rewarded Compton's self-effacement with a peerage as Lord Wilmington; and took him into the Government as a harmless and laborious colleague. Wilmington's chance came again after Walpole's fall, and for some eighteen months he was a nominal First Lord of the Treasury. But his subordinates and the public regarded him with contempt, and he is chiefly remembered as the butt of Sir Hanbury Williams's satire. What with Lord Wilmington and Lord Grantham, Chiswick possesses the odd distinction of having been the home of about the two feeblest politicians who have ever pretended to direct the business of the nation.

Wilmington died unmarried in 1743, and his estates passed to his brother Charles, Earl of Northampton. The Earl's youngest daughter, Lady Charlotte Ferrers, was admitted to the Manor House 1755, and her second husband, the Marquis Townshend, sold it to Lord Morton, by whom it was called Morton Hall. Finally it was purchased in 1807, four years before her death, by Lady Mary Coke, daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, the termagant lady whom we have already met at Kew. She it was who separated from her husband, one of the Cokes of Norfolk, after a cat-and-dog life, and who imagined herself to have secured the affections of Edward, Duke of York, the brother of George III, though, as Princess Amelia bluntly told her after his death, he always made a joke of

the affair. Lady Mary believed herself to have been persecuted out of Austria by Maria Theresa, and out of France by Marie Antoinette. She forced a quarrel on Horace Walpole, who had dedicated to her his "Castle of Otranto," and who caustically described her as having "had a hundred distresses abroad which do not weigh a penny altogether. She is like Don Quixote who went in search of adventures, and when he found none imagined them." Lady Mary died at her new acquisition, having lived "in two small rooms in a wonderfully uncomfortable manner with a small tent bed, half sunk in a recess," leaving behind her many decrepit pets and a vast quantity of rubbish.

The Duke of Devonshire purchased the Manor House after Lady Mary's death; and, possibly apprehensive of another eccentric neighbour, pulled it down and united the grounds with those of Chiswick House.

Manor House Farm, in Chiswick Lane, lasted until 1896, a picturesque specimen of the Wren style of domestic architecture with dormer windows and a creeper-covered façade. Sir Stephen Fox built it in 1695, and his coat of arms appeared in the staircase ceiling. Lysons says that a certain Lady Nevil was its tenant in 1725, and in Mrs. Papendieck's days it became a school under the headmastership of the Rev. Dr. Horne "with universal honour and credit to himself." His son Thomas married one of Zoffany's daughters, though "he was extremely plain and not very prepossessing"; they fell out, and "the Horne family interfering too severely and very injudiciously they were never again reconciled." Result, the school diminished, and Thomas Horne, who had succeeded to it, gave it up and retired to his living in the City. This tragedy occurred after the death of the elder Horne in 1824; the marriage of his son and Zoffany's daughter took place in Chiswick church in June, 1799.

A neighbouring tenement was called Horne's Garden after the Hornes so late as 1840.

The Manor House Farm, which after the disappearance of Sir Stephen Fox's house naturally but confusedly became known as the Manor House, was next converted into a private lunatic asylum under Dr. Tuke and Mr. Bell. It is memorable as such in the history of medicine for the humane methods introduced into the treatment of the insane. The house remained in the proprietorship of the family until 1894, when Dr. Seymour Tuke, its present representative, removed into Chiswick House, whither we will follow him.

CHAPTER V

CHISWICK HOUSE

The Wardours—The Earl and Countess of Somerset—A disgraced pair—Lord Pembroke and Lord Paulet—The Duke of Monmouth—Sir Edward Seymour—The Burlingtons—Lord Burlington's villa—Kent and landscape gardening—The statuary, bridge and temple—The Inigo Jones gateway—The Napoleon Walk—Lord Burlington and Gay—Pope at Chiswick House—The fourth Duke of Devonshire—The death of Fox—The menagerie of the sixth Duke—Death of Canning—Visits of the allied Sovereigns and the Czar Nicholas—Harriet, Lady Granville—Garibaldi at Chiswick—Later history of Chiswick House.

SOME obscurity envelopes the beginnings of Chiswick House. Bowack says that it was built by Sir Edward Warden, a name rightly converted by Lysons to Wardour. In Kip's map it appears as a large, double-winged Elizabethan structure with a central court. The Wardours presumably found architecture an expensive hobby, since we discover from the State Papers Domestic that a Sir Edward, presumably a son, who was Clerk of the Pells, inhabited in 1637 a little house with six acres of land, where he resided during the long summer vacation, and that he was much exercised because he was rated at 40*s.*, while Mrs. Saunders, who held forty times as much, was rated at £3, and Dr. Duck, who held more than twenty times, at 45*s.* Wardour was still living at Chiswick in 1668, when his house was known as Brooke House.

The Wardour family got rid of their great mansion to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, the disgraced favourite of James I, who with his countess had been imprisoned in the Tower for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. They were set free in January, 1622, and two years later there is an entry in the State Papers Domestic to the effect that "the Earl of Somerset is pardoned, and has taken a house at Chiswick, but promises not to go near Court." His share in the poisoning of Overbury may be open to question; the Countess's hardly admits of a shadow of doubt. In any case Somerset's arrogance during his brief splendour had been such that his adversaries were but little inclined to spare him. In 1629 his papers were seized by the King's express pleasure, the charge against him being that he had signed a document recommending James to establish arbitrary government, but the birth of a prince, afterwards Charles I, formed a pretext for his pardon.

In the following year, 1631, Somerset wrote to the King with affected gaiety, sending him gleanings of his grapes, the best being all gathered long ago to his great vintage—peaches conscionable good, with all that were left of his plums. If, continued Somerset, the King would provide the writer with a good gardener, he should have a yearly tribute. But these forced jocularities were in vain; the Countess died in disgrace in 1632, and Somerset, in an outburst of paternal generosity much to his credit, had to sell or mortgage his house at Chiswick, with all his plate, jewels and household stuff, to raise a portion of £12,000 for his daughter, Lady Anne, "a most fine lady," who was betrothed to a son of the Earl of Bedford. Their child was the Lord William Russell who perished on the scaffold, and who became in consequence the standing toast of the Whigs.

The property passed into the hands of the gorgeous Philip, fourth Earl of Pembroke, another of James's

favourites, whom pique drove over in the next reign to the Parliamentary side. He appears to have been the mortgagee, and to have sold the premises to Lord Paulet, a son of the intrepid Marquis of Winchester who defended Basing against the Cromwellian army. Lysons and Faulkner evidently confuse him with his father, but the Lord Paulet who was visited at Chiswick by Fairfax in August, 1647, cannot possibly have been the Marquis, who had not used that title for over twenty years, and who was besides a prisoner in the Tower at that time. He was either the eccentric politician who became first Duke of Bolton, and actually went the length of counterfeiting insanity in critical times with a strong bias in that direction to begin with, or his younger brother, John.

Chiswick House next became the property of Lord Ashburnham, and in 1664 a grant of it and all that was in it was made to the Duke of Monmouth, "which cost the King £6000." Lord Crofts, Monmouth's guardian, acted as trustee, and it appears as Lord Crofts' house in Ogilvy's Survey. Those were the days of the young man's splendour; Charles II doted on him, and his legitimation was discussed as an imminent event. Four years later he became Captain of the King's Life Guards, receiving that appointment and the sum of £4000 from Lord Gerard of Brandon in exchange for the "house at Chiswick and certain other lands in the manors of Chiswick, Fulham and Sutton."

Lord Gerard alienated Chiswick House to Lord Radnor, and he in turn sold it to Sir Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons. This was the haughty aristocrat of whom Bishop Burnet wrote that he had a pride so peculiar to himself that "I never saw anything like it." Readers of Macaulay will remember his retort to William of Orange, whom he joined at Exeter. "You," said the Prince, "are of the Duke of Somerset's family." "Pardon me, sir,"

replied Sir Edward, "the Duke of Somerset is of *my* family." Despite his arrogance, Seymour found it expedient in 1682 to sell Chiswick House to the Earl of Burlington. The Somerset Papers, published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, supply a record of the transaction. "Of the Earl of Burlington for the said Edward Seymour (the Speaker's) house and goods at Chiswick in part, £4600."

Thus old Chiswick House, after passing from hand to hand with distracting rapidity, came into the possession of the Boyles. Despite its varied history, it was to endure a good many years longer, for the first Earl, a devoted Loyalist, impaired his fortune too much to be able to indulge in building, and his son, the second Earl, did not long survive him. But with the advent of the third Earl, the famous architect and friend of artists and men of letters, the end came. He succeeded to his father's title and estates in 1702. His energies were at first occupied in altering Burlington House, Piccadilly, and in erecting the beautiful colonnade now mouldering in Battersea Park. But in 1730 he descended on Chiswick House and demolished the greater part of it, leaving, however, as an old print shows, a portion of the eastern side, together with the dormer-windowed stables which, transformed into dwelling rooms, exist to this day under the name of the Grosvenor wing. The round grass plot surrounded by stone posts in front of it also remains unaltered. Granville House in the grounds also belongs to the old order of things.

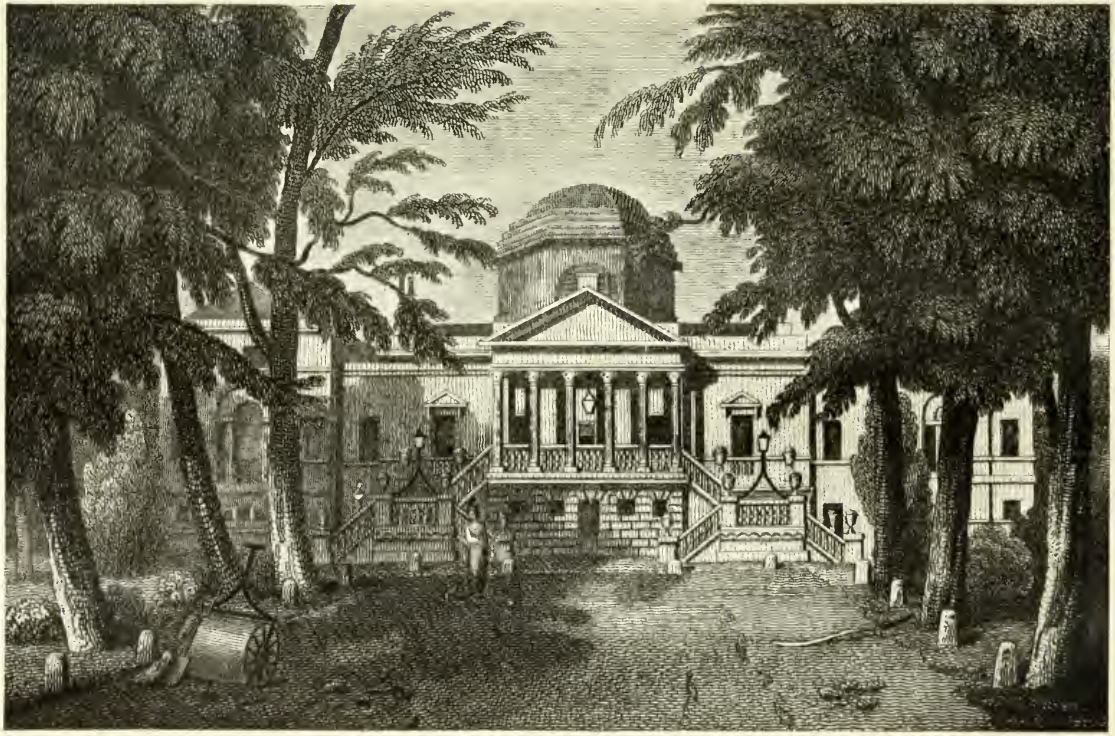
Lord Burlington's villa was built after the model of Palladio's celebrated Villa Capra, near Vicenza. Lord Hervey sneered at it as "too small to live in and too large to hang on a watch-chain," and imagined himself to have annoyed the Burlingtons by a clumsy paraphrase of one of Martial's epigrams—*

* Bk. xii. 50. The epigram refers, of course, to Burlington House, not Chiswick House.

Possessed of one great hall for state,
Without a place to sleep or eat;
How well you build let flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

Sir Thomas Robinson—"Long Sir Thomas," no relation to "Short Sir Thomas," afterwards Lord Grantham—visited it in 1732 with a party consisting of Lady Lechmere, Lord Fauconberg and the Speaker; and reported that "both within and without it is a fine bijou, and much beyond anything of the villa kind I ever saw in my life." In the following year he was there again, and discovered that Lord Burlington had removed all his pictures from London, and made many great and beautiful additions to Chiswick. The gardens were being laid out by Kent, whose notion was to work without level or line.

William Kent, whom we have already encountered at Kew, and whom we shall encounter again at Kensington, was an associate in most of Burlington's enterprises. He had a set of rooms for life at Burlington House, and when he died in 1748 the Earl buried him in his family vault in the chancel of Chiswick Church. But his patron evidently took a just measure of his capacity. Kent's heavy hand is not to be traced, as at Kensington, in the decoration of the rooms, though he worked as the architect of the house under the Earl's directions. The cornices and ceilings are, on the contrary, of Italian workmanship, and have all the lightness and gaiety that mark the art of the early eighteenth century. Kent's fine eye for perspective can be seen, however, in the avenues and glades in the grounds; and the Italian garden, with its antique statuary and rare maiden-hair tree, is a good example of his taste, though it must owe many features to the horticultural Duke of Devonshire, to be mentioned presently. Kent did away with much of the stiffness of the French style, as invented by Le Nôtre, though



CHISWICK HOUSE

to modern minds his own efforts leave a good deal to be desired in the way of spontaneity. Pope expounded the principles of Kent's school in his "Epistle to Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington":—

> To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
> To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
> To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
> In all, let Nature never be forgot,
> But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
> Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
> Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
> Where half the skill is decently to hide.
> He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
> Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

It is all very well for Pope to recommend that Nature shall never be forgot, but what has Nature to do with grots and arches?

In spite of their formality, the grounds are fine, and magnificently timbered with cedar and cypress. Lord Burlington evidently intended them to serve as a museum of taste; for, in addition to the antique statuary he brought back from Italy, now sadly damaged by age and the English climate, he set up the gigantic group of Cain and Abel by Scheemakers and various works by Guelfi, whom Horace Walpole, by the way, considered a most inefficient sculptor. Brewer in his "Beauties of England and Wales" assigns a curious pedigree to some of the statuary. It had originally belonged to the Earl of Arundel, from whom it passed to his gardener Cooper, the cultivator of Cooper's Gardens, Lambeth. He buried it under rubbish, and finally it was presented by Theobald, the Tibbald of "The Dunciad," to Lord Burlington. Many of the "grots" and "hermitages" which formerly adorned the gardens have disappeared, but there remain the graceful Palladian bridge,

and the Ionic temple by the lake, which drew from Thomson the quaint compliment :—

> Lo ! numerous domes a Burlington confess ;
> For kings and senates fit, the palace see !
> The temple breathing a religious awe,
> Even fram'd with elegance the plain retreat ;
> The private dwelling. Certain in its aim
> Taste, never idly working, saves expense.

Lord Burlington's taste worked to some purpose when he brought to Chiswick the grand and solemn Inigo Jones gateway, which stands at the end of the gravel walk on the north side of the house. As the stone tablets on either side of it record, it was built by the architect at Chelsea in 1621, and presented by Sir Hans Sloane, the physician, to Lord Burlington in 1737, the year of Sloane's death. It originally formed the entrance to Beaufort House, at the top of what is now Beaufort Street, and is a fine example of Inigo Jones's strenuous architecture. To Pope the gateway suggested the epigram :—

> Passenger :
> Oh, gate, how cam'st thou here ?
> Gate :
> I was brought from Chelsea last year,
> Batter'd with wind and weather ;
> Inigo Jones put me together ;
> Sir Hans Sloane let me alone ;
> Burlington brought me hither.

Another prominent feature of the gardens, the Napoleon Walk, a yew avenue 160 yards long, received its name, of course, many years later, but probably belongs in date to the age of Sir Visto. Originally there were three converging avenues, each terminated by a building, but two of them have disappeared. That called after Napoleon had its alcove with his marble bust on a pedestal—a silent but expressive commentary on extreme Whig politics.

Lord Burlington admitted to Chiswick House by ticket, a custom of which Horace Walpole approved. Considering the wealth of paintings collected by him, we need not be surprised that he employed some method of discriminating between his visitors. Faulkner gives a catalogue of them; but as they have since been removed to Chatsworth and elsewhere, its repetition would be purposeless. Burlington's fees had the further excuse that large though his income was, his debts were larger. In 1738 he owed over £200,000. But no embarrassment could hinder his fine patronage of artists, musicians and men of letters. He was on the side of Handel in the famous dispute which divided the Court at Kensington from the Court at Kew and Leicester Fields. For some years Gay was domesticated with him, and he too wrote an epistle to Lord Burlington describing how—

> You, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
> Or in your Chiswick bow'r enjoy your friend;
> Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach
> The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach.

But eventually the peevish poet discovered that his creature comforts did not receive sufficient attention; and that the Burlingtons were not sufficiently assiduous in getting him a place. Catlike, Gay quartered himself for good on the Queensberrys.

Pope's admiration for Lord Burlington was, perhaps, his strongest and most sincere feeling. The friendship survived the venomous attack on the Duke of Chandos introduced into the "Epistle to Lord Burlington," and the disingenuous attempts subsequently made by Pope to clear himself from the charge of ingratitude to a generous patron. Burlington was one of the three nobles, the other two being Lord Oxford and Lord Bathurst, to whom the poet assigned "The Dunciad" with the object of protecting himself

from actions for libel. In 1716 Pope wrote of his patron to the painter Jervas that—

> His gardens flourish, his statues rise, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him, whereof I the meanest (next to some Italian chymists, fiddlers, bricklayers and opera makers) am a living instance.

Chiswick House was evidently conducted on easy principles, for on 30 March, 1744, Pope wrote to Lord Orrery that he was going there "not to lie abroad which I dare not, but to dine by myself before their hour and to return in the evening." The end of the long friendship was then not far distant, for on 29 May Horace Walpole wrote :—

> Pope is given over with a dropsy, which is mounted to his head: in an evening he is not in his senses; the other day at Chiswick he said to my Lady Burlington, "Look at Jesus there! how ill they have crucified him!"

Next day he was dead.

Lord Burlington survived his friend until 1753, and one of the last incidents in his reign chronicled by Horace Walpole was the visit to Chiswick of the Violetta, the Austrian dancer who afterwards became Mrs. Garrick. She was taken down by the sister-Countesses of Burlington and Thanet, who were "exerting all their stores of sullen partiality" in competition for her.

After Burlington's death, Chiswick House went to his only daughter and heiress, Charlotte, who was married to William, fourth Duke of Devonshire. This was the Whig grandee who, though devoid of political aptitude, gained much popularity under George II as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland through his personal liberality. The Duke jeopardized his reputation in November, 1756, when, the quarrels between the elder Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle

having thrown the Ministerial combinations into disarray, he was summoned over and appointed First Lord of the Treasury. Horace Walpole describes him as timid, but the fall of his Ministry in the following May was due not so much to his own shortcomings, as to the incompetence of Sir Thomas Robinson, the leader of the House of Commons, whom we have already met at Grove House. As they were next-door neighbours, Chiswick House may well have been the scene of their perplexed councils.

The fourth Duke's eldest son succeeded him in 1764. He was a stolid, ungracious man, who is chiefly remembered as the husband of two beautiful and accomplished wives. The Duke married Georgiana, the eldest daughter of Lord Spencer, ten years after his accession to the title. Horace Walpole's eulogy of her is well known: "She effaces all without being a beauty; but her youthful figure, flowing good nature, sense and lively modesty, and modest familiarity make of her a phenomenon." But her dull husband grew tired of her very soon. The Duchess found consolation in becoming an acknowledged leader of society, and in play, at which she lost large sums in Martindale's rooms. She entertained Dr. Johnson at Chatsworth, though his Toryism cannot have been much to her taste; she was an intimate friend of Fox, Sheridan and Hare, and knew all the moves of the Whig game. Her partisanship reached its height during Fox's famous contest for Westminster in 1784, when she canvassed the mean streets. She continued in the Whig leaders' confidence to the end of her life, and was consulted by Fox during the complications of 1806, though her patriotism was wide enough to allow her to lament the death of Pitt.

Faulkner reproduces a pleasing tradition in his assertion that the terraced ground not far from the

temple was the Duchess's favourite corner in the gardens of Chiswick House, and that she took great delight in improving its beauties. To her influence was probably due the two wings added by Wyatt in 1788—a hazardous experiment that may be pronounced a complete success—and the decoration of the new rooms by Italian painters, whose work is tolerable, though it will not compare with that of the men employed by Lord Burlington. The Duchess was a frequent worshipper at Chiswick church; and as to her debts it is worth while mentioning that they were settled by her husband two years before her death in 1806. The Duke, according to her inseparable companion and successor as Duchess, Lady Elizabeth Foster, behaved with conduct which was angelic.

The Duchess died at Devonshire House, Piccadilly; but two years afterwards her friend Fox passed away at Chiswick House in a sunny little bedroom on the west side of the portico, with an adjoining sitting-room. He was brought down from London in the hope that, among these delightful surroundings, careful treatment might ward off the necessity of a second operation for the dropsy. His nephew, Lord Holland, tells us that the garden and the pictures seemed to refresh his spirits; and that he concurred with Bacon's saying that poetry, sculpture, painting and all the arts of imitation relieve and soothe the mind in sickness, while other occupations fatigue and harass it. But he grew rapidly worse; a young clergyman was summoned to read prayers by his bedside, and on the 13th of September he passed away with the words "I die happy" on his lips. Mrs. Fox, his niece Miss Fox, Lord and Lady Holland and General Fitzpatrick were, with the doctors, those who were with him during the last days. Many years afterwards Sir Robert Adair, the last survivor of Fox's friends, burst into tears on being told by Rogers—the

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

occasion was a party given by the Duke of Devonshire—that he was in the very room in which Fox had died.

Little more need be said about the fifth Duke of Devonshire. He married Lady Elizabeth Foster in 1809; and from her correspondence, which is as clever as that of a woman who refused the hand of Gibbon ought to be, allusions can be gathered of the reception at Chiswick of the news of the battle of Coruña and other fights at the beginning of the Peninsular War. The Duke died in 1811, and his widow spent the remainder of her days in Rome in the character of a Mæcenas of the arts.

The fifth Duke was succeeded by his son William George Spencer, an amiable aristocrat who appears as the most affectionate of brothers in the correspondence of his sister Harriet, Countess Granville. The sixth Duke "opened and aired" Chiswick, as she expresses it. In addition to a herd of deer, he kept a menagerie, including "a few kangaroos, who if affronted will rip up any one as soon as look at him, elks, emus and other pretty sportive death-dealers playing about near it." "The lawn," she wrote again, "was beautifully variegated by an Indian bull and his spouse, and goats of all colours and dimensions." A later addition was a female elephant, whom Sir Walter Scott saw in 1828, wandering up and down under the charge of a groom. He wrote in his diary: "I was never before sensible of the dignity which largeness of size and freedom of movement give to this otherwise very ugly animal." The place and highly ornamented gardens belonging to it reminded Scott of a picture by Watteau. The Duke was, indeed, an ardent horticulturist; and it was owing to him, as we shall see, that the Royal Horticultural Society established itself at Chiswick. He took great interest in his servants, and the intelligence he observed in one of the boys in the garden led to his

rapid advancement. That boy was named Joseph Paxton. At the sale of Heathfield House, on Turnham Green, in 1837, the Duke purchased for the northern entrance of the garden the beautiful wrought iron gates, which now, after a second migration, relieve the wall between Devonshire House and Piccadilly. After a visit to Chiswick, Charles Greville fell from astonishment to astonishment: "God bless my soul! Have you seen anything abroad to compare with Chiswick?"

The sixth Duke of Devonshire played but a small part in politics, though he went to Moscow, in 1826, as special Ambassador for the coronation of the Czar Nicholas, and is said to have spent £50,000 on his mission. He was among the Whigs over whom Canning cast his spell, and through that friendship Chiswick House became the scene of a second illustrious death. The statement has been made that Canning died in the same room as Fox, but that is a mistake; the room is situated on the opposite side of the building, and was described at the time by Bulwer Lytton in the *New Monthly Magazine* as a small, low chamber, overlooking a wing of the house like a backyard—that is the Grosvenor wing. Worn out by a harassing Session, and enervated by a chill caught at the Duke of York's funeral, the Prime Minister was very ill when he came down to Chiswick. He gave himself no rest, and in three weeks he was dead. His devoted wife all but followed him to the grave; for two days the doctors despaired of her life.

The Duke was a purchaser of libraries and a collector of coins and medals. But he was chiefly known for his magnificent hospitality, to which many trees planted in the grounds by his illustrious guests bear witness to-day. In 1814, when the Allied Sovereigns visited London, having achieved as they imagined the final downfall of Napoleon, he entertained the Czar Alexander I and the King of Prussia

with Blucher, Platoff and other mighty men of battle in their suites. In 1842 came a visit from Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Two years later, on 8 June, the Czar Nicholas and the King of Saxony were entertained at what Faulkner, who seems to have been there or thereabouts, describes as "one of the most splendid fêtes ever given in this country." They were accompanied by Prince Albert, and among those present were the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester and Lord Melbourne.

From Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" it may be gathered that the Czar enjoyed himself vastly, and was much struck by the number of beautiful women present. Descriptive journalism was then in its infancy, and it must be confessed that the contemporary accounts of the celebration read tamely. A superb pavilion with the black eagle of Russia and the Royal arms of England emblazoned stood in the grounds. Two bands, the Coldstream and the Royal Horse Guards Blue, played in addition to the Duke's private band, which discoursed music before the guests sat down to breakfast. Covers were laid for only eighteen. After the meal, the Czar held a Court under a cedar-tree, and the company were presented to him by Prince Albert. Four giraffes with their Abyssinian keepers, which had previously been in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and which had been apparently hired for the occasion, were much admired. They figure in the prints of the day, which also give a spirited representation of the Royal cavalcades dashing up to the portico.

The Duke, who died in 1858, left Chiswick House to his widowed sister Lady Granville, one of the last of the really great writers of letters. There she spent the last four years of her life in complete retirement, much occupied in works of philanthropy. "One

year," wrote her son, the late Mr. Frederick Leveson Gower, "she wished to sell the camellias in the hot-houses in order to devote the proceeds to charity, but she had some misgiving whether she was justified in doing so." No one raising any objection, she wrote to a friend, "Dear me, how rich my poor will be!"

The subsequent history of Chiswick House can be briefly dismissed, for though in a sense it belongs to Old Chiswick, it is too recent for documentary evidence. The next tenant was Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, who in the spring of 1864 brought down a famous visitor in the person of Garibaldi. He laid a wreath on the tomb of Ugo Foscolo in the churchyard, and, like many guests of Chiswick House before him, planted a tree in the grounds. Among those invited to meet him were Earl Russell, Lord Clarendon and Mr. Gladstone. The house was next occupied by the Prince of Wales, our late King, and his sons and daughters spent a good deal of their childhood there. The Prince's tenancy lasted for some seven years. Then came the Marquis of Bute, Disraeli's Lothair, who converted one of the sitting-rooms into a private chapel. The present occupiers of Chiswick House are Dr. Seymour Tuke and Mr. C. M. Tuke, who have kept it up with due regard for its traditions. I am indebted to them for much valuable information.

CHAPTER VI

HOGARTH AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

Hogarth's settlement at Chiswick—The state of his art—The cottage and its surroundings—The "March to Finchley" and other works—Hogarth's friends—The "Analysis of Beauty"—Hogarth's quarrel with Wilkes—His death—Hogarth's tomb—Phillips's description of Chiswick—The subsequent fate of Hogarth House—A visit to the cottage—Charles Holland—De Loutherbourg—Brothers and two of his dupes—James McNeill Whistler.

THE greatest name connected with Chiswick is that of Hogarth, whose tomb stands in the churchyard, and whose house, thanks to the generosity of Lieut.-Colonel Shipway, of Grove House, remains intact among the dreary working-class surroundings of Hogarth Lane. A memorable date in the history of the parish is 13 September, 1749, when William Hogarth, of Leicester Fields in the parish of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, was admitted copyholder under the Prebendal manor of Chiswick. His predecessor had been G. A. Ruperty, clerk, who took possession in 1721, and therefore the statement of a later occupant, Dr. Cary, the translator of Dante, that the house was at one time the residence of Sir James Thornhill, will hardly hold water. Thornhill died in 1734, having exercised his mediocre talent in decorating the interior of the dome of St. Paul's. Hogarth received such instruction as he ever had at Thornhill's academy in James Street, Covent Garden, and made a runaway match with his only daughter, much to the knight's resentment.

Hogarth's reputation was thoroughly established when he migrated to Chiswick. The "Harlot's Progress," which, through the intervention of Lady Thornhill, was the means of reconciling him with his father-in-law, the "Rake's Progress," the "Four Times in the Day," the "Strolling Actresses," and his greatest work, the "Marriage à la Mode," had all been painted; while his "Captain Coram" had entitled him to rank among the very highest in portraiture. In the year of his establishment at Chiswick he executed the admirable likeness of himself and his dog Trump, now in the National Gallery.

The cottage, for it is no more, was an ideal spot for a hardworking artist, except for the neighbouring presence at Chiswick House of Kent, whom Hogarth hated with a hatred handed down to him by Sir James Thornhill. It lay in the middle of green fields, not, as now, in a dingy nest of small cottages. The garden gave him great delight, and its famous mulberry-tree, with which he used to regale the village children, still stands and still bears fruit. But his workshop at the bottom of the garden, a wooden shed with a sharply pointed roof, has disappeared, though Faulkner has duly preserved its somewhat utilitarian appearance. The filbert avenue in which he played ninepins has also gone. The little tablets to the memory of his dog and bullfinch were stolen many years since by some impudent thief. The inscription on the latter ran—

"Alas poor Dick!"
1760.
Aged eleven.

with two cross-bones of birds surmounted by a death's head and a heart under the inscription. Hogarth's household appears to have included his mother-in-law, Lady Thornhill, who was buried in Chiswick church on her death in 1757, his handsome and affectionate wife, and her cousin Mary Lewis.

WILLIAM HOGARTH

This is no place for discussing the art of Hogarth. He may be the profound moralist that his sententious age conceived him to be; or his value, as modern criticism is inclined to pronounce, may consist rather in his extraordinary insight into manners and his ingenuity in allegory, both set forth in vigorous if sober colouring and a masterful skill in the arrangement of groups, and in making crowds live and move. It is enough to note that the summers spent at Chiswick maintained his art at its high-water mark for several years. The "March to Finchley," the picture which excited the wrath of George II, because it burlesqued the Guards, was finished in 1750; "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane" in 1751, and the "Election" in 1755. In the intervals of his work the hospitable little man gathered his friends around him, and it takes but small imagination to people his dining-room at Chiswick with the presences of Garrick and Mrs. Garrick, Fielding, Wilkes, the Rev. James Townley of "High Life Below Stairs," and Lord Charlemont, to whom Mrs. Hogarth wrote thanking him for the kindness paid by him to her husband at the close of his life "with an ease and politeness peculiar to yourself." Hogarth was also on intimate terms with the literary circle of Chiswick; with Ralph, and with Dr. Morell of Turnham Green, a laborious editor of the classics and Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, whose variously accented name produced the happy *impromptu*—

Si tu mavis Morelus vocari, sive Morellus.

Hogarth summoned Ralph and Morell, together with Dr. Hoadley and Townley, to his aid in the composition of his "Analysis of Beauty," an unfortunate disputation which involved him in vexatious controversy and subjected him to pictorial satire which galled him sadly. His assistants, it must be confessed, were not able to reduce his ideas to an intelligible shape, and his curved "line of beauty and grace"

lent itself to ridicule. The mistake was the more deplorable because he was still capable of such masterly observations of manners as the four "Election" prints, and the minutely finished little picture generally called "The Lady's Last Stake." Royal recognition came tardily to him in 1757, when he was appointed Sergeant-Painter to his Majesty, George II. But he plunged into another unwise controversy by publishing a print entitled "The Times," in support of Lord Bute. Wilkes, his familiar friend, promptly attacked him with brutal adroitness in "The North Britain"; and Wilkes's henchman, Churchill, followed suit with a cruel "Epistle to William Hogarth." The artist was prompt in his retorts, and though his caricature of Churchill as a bear hugging a club can hardly be called happy, his portrait of Wilkes made the grin and squint immortal. It is satisfactory to know that "the pleasure and pecuniary profit which I derived from the two engravings, together with occasional riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

But Hogarth's work was done. He spent much of his time thenceforth in his workshop, touching up his plates; he executed a portrait of Dr. Morell; and then came the final "Bathos" with its pathetic symbols of his approaching end. On 25 October, 1763, he was conveyed from Chiswick to his house in Leicester Fields, and there died, after a few hours' illness, in the arms of Mary Lewis.

Hogarth's tomb, an adequate if not particularly striking monument, is a familiar object in Chiswick churchyard, and, more than that, is in excellent repair. It was erected by his friends in 1771, and bears Garrick's felicitous epitaph—

> Farewel, great Painter of Mankind!
> Who reach'd the noblest point of Art,
> Whose pictur'd Morals charm the Mind,
> And through the eye correct the Heart.

If Genius fire thee, Reader, stay:
If Nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Dr. Johnson's suggested emendation with its eulogy of "the essential form of Grace" was fortunately not adopted. Mrs. Hogarth long survived her husband; and at her death in 1789 was buried by Hogarth's side. Mary Lewis inherited the property, and with her death in 1808 the Hogarthian dynasty came to an end.

Here we may as well pick up Phillips again, because, despite his pomposity, he gives an excellent description of the society of Chiswick as it existed about the end of the eighteenth century, when Hogarth's tradition was still fragrant. While he was crossing Barnes Common on his way to Kew he caught the distant sound of church bells.—

"Surely," I exclaimed, "they are Chiswick bells!—the very bells under the sound of which I received part of my early education, and, as a schoolboy, passed the happiest days of my life!—Well may their tones vibrate to my inmost soul—and kindle uncommon sympathies. . . . I listened again, and now discriminated the identical sounds which I had not heard during a period of more than thirty years. I distinguished the very words, in the successive tones, which the schoolboys and puerile imaginations at Chiswick used to combine with them. In fancy, I became again a schoolboy—"Yes," said I, "the six bells repeat the village legend, and tell me that '*my dun cow has just calv'd*,' exactly as they did above thirty years since!" . . . My scattered and once-loved schoolmates, their characters, and their various fortunes, passed in rapid review before me;—my schoolmaster, his wife, and all the gentry and heads of families, whose orderly attendance at Divine service on Sundays, while those well-remembered bells were "chiming for church" (but now departed and mouldering in the adjoining graves!) were rapidly presented to my recollection. With what pomp and form they used to enter and depart from their house of God. I saw with my mind's eye the widow

Hogarth and her maiden relative, Richardson,* walking up the aisle, dressed in their silken sacks, their raised head-dresses, their black calashes, their lace ruffles, and their high crook'd canes, preceded by their aged servant, Samuel; who, after he had wheeled his mistress to church in her Bath-chair, carried the prayer-books up the aisle, and opened and shut the pew! There too was the portly Dr. Griffiths, of the Monthly Review, with his literary wife in her neat and elevated wire-winged cap! And oft-times the vivacious and angelic Duchess of Devonshire, whose bloom had not then suffered from the cankerworm of pecuniary distress, created by the luxury of charity! Nor could I forget the humble distinction of the aged sexton Mortefee, whose skill in psalmody enabled him to lead that wretched groupe of singers, whom Hogarth so happily portrayed; whose performance with the tuning fork excited so much wonder in little boys; and whose gesticulations and contortions of head, hand and body, in beating time, were not outdone, even by Joah Bates in the commemorations of Handel! Yes, simple and happy villagers! I remember scores of you;—how fortunately ye had escaped the contagion of the metropolitan vices, though distant but five miles; and how many of you I have conversed with, who, at an adult age, had never beheld the degrading assemblage of its knaveries and miseries."

Occupier after occupier came to Hogarth's house, and left it again, during the last century. The most noteworthy of them was the Rev. H. F. Cary, the translator of Dante and friend of Coleridge and Charles Lamb, who between 1814 and 1826 was curate and afternoon lecturer at Chiswick church. An incongruous intruder later on was "Brayvo" Hicks, the actor, the tremendous hero of transpontine melodrama. In the "fifties," about the period of Hicks's tenancy, the house was owned by a family named Welstead, whose names frequently appear in the parish books as payers of poor-rate. Eventually they parted with the property and the premises fell into utter neglect. At one time it was occupied by a working gardener;

* For Richardson read Lewis; Phillips was not strong on names.

at another by an enterprising dame who kept pigs. Hogarth House has been menaced with absolute destruction not once nor twice; but in 1890 it was saved by Mr. Alfred Dawson, a son of the painter; and in 1902, as the inscription on the brass tablet in the entrance sets forth, it was purchased by Colonel Shipway and preserved to the nation.

The generosity of Colonel Shipway has also presented the house with a capital set of Hogarth's prints and some eighteenth-century furniture; and Mary Lewis's piano by Muzio Clementi, after some wandering about Chiswick, has returned to its old home. In the room on the ground floor are two leaden vases of graceful design which formerly stood on the brick piers of the gateway. This must have been Hogarth's dining-room, and what with its neat panelling and open fireplace it is a comfortable and characteristic specimen of an eighteenth-century interior. Upstairs are the parlour, with its wide and cheerful bay windows, where, no doubt, Mrs. Hogarth gave her friends their dishes of tea, and various bedrooms. Accommodation was limited at Hogarth House, and if the domestic who carried her prayer-book to church was a person of ample proportions, he had reasonable grounds for grumbling at the tiny attic in which he slept.

Hogarth's was not the only epitaph composed by Garrick for Chiswick. In the churchyard lies Charles Holland, the son of a local baker, who won applause at Drury Lane in the plays of Shakespeare and Wycherley. "Garrick at secondhand" was Churchill's terse summary of his acting; and David, who never did things by halves, expatiated in mellifluous style on the merits of his associate. High up by the west door of the church it is set forth that—

If *talents* to make entertainment instruction, to support the credit of the stage by just and manly action; if to adorn society

by *virtues* which would honour any rank and profession, deserve remembrance, let *him* with whom these *talents* were long exerted, to whom these *virtues* were well known, and by whom the loss of them will be long lamented, bear witness to the worth and abilities of his departed friend, Charles Holland.

A massive tomb, designed by Sir John Soane, close to Holland's, covers the remains of another of Garrick's associates, Philip James de Loutherbourg, the scene painter to Drury Lane, who received £500 a year as salary, and left the theatre when Garrick's successor, Sheridan, tried to reduce that sum. This enterprising Alsatian had already made a reputation in Paris before he assayed his fortunes here in 1771. Garrick at once secured his services, and between them they completely reformed the scenery, lighting and costume of the stage. Loutherbourg's Eidophusikon, a series of revolving pictures, was a popular exhibition much admired by Gainsborough, while his versatility was also employed on huge battle-pieces and by no means despicable landscapes.* Unfortunately he was bitten by mysticism; and falling under the influence of the impostor, Richard Brothers, attempted to work cures by faith-healing, as the delusion is now called. On one occasion, when the miracle miscarried, the mob attacked his house, No. 13, Hammersmith Terrace.

Loutherbourg died in 1812, twelve years before another of Brothers's dupes, William Sharpe, the engraver, one of the most successful of the translators of Reynolds. "Fully believing this to be the man appointed by God, I engrave his likeness," was Sharpe's inscription under a portrait of Brothers; and when "the Prophet of the Hebrews" was consigned to a lunatic asylum, Sharpe became a disciple of Johanna Southcote. A more rational faith, in the merits, namely, of Hogarth, made him wish to be

* One of Loutherbourg's finest landscapes is in the gallery at Stockholm. It presumably belongs to his period in Paris.

buried near the painter, and his wish was fulfilled. An engraver of less note, James Fittler, was also buried at Chiswick in 1835. Lastly, on 23 July, 1903, James McNeill Whistler was laid to rest under the ivy-covered wall, and a low railing surrounds his unmarked plot.

CHAPTER VII

THE ENVIRONS OF CHISWICK

Bedford Park—Turnham Green—The "Packhorse and Talbot"—The "King of Bohemia"—The Battle of Turnham Green—Highwaymen and Lord Pembroke—The Assassination Plot—Wellesley Road—Ugo Foscolo and his cenotaph—Sir John Chardin—Arlington House—Annandale House—Linden House—Dr. Griffiths and Bentley—Thomas Griffiths Wainewright—The Royal Horticultural Society—Its last days at Chiswick—Gunnersbury.

SOMETHING remains to be said about the environs of Old Chiswick, as Lysons would have called them: Bedford Park, Turnham Green, and Gunnersbury. The name of the first of them commemorates the connexion of the Russell family with Chiswick, within which parish the picturesque little settlement is partly situated. Bedford Park, however, need not detain us, since it has no antiquities beyond those bestowed on it by builders, in the shape of pretentious road-names, and no confidence can be placed in the "it is said" which connects the old mansion standing between the station and the high-road, and called Rupert House, with the Cavalier commander.

Turnham Green is another matter; Turnham Green, so-called, according to some, after the family of Turbern who were tenants of the manor in the thirteenth century; according to others from the mediæval *turnum*, the court of the hundred or sheriff. Lying astride the high-road from Hammersmith to Brentford, the Green must have seen abundance of

life, though so late as 1675 some scattered houses and a windmill seem to have been the only buildings near it, while a bridge spanned the Bollo Brook which ran into the ornamental water at Chiswick House. An epitome of the early history of Turnham Green is, no doubt, to be found in the old "Packhorse and Talbot" inn, now the stopping-place of trams. The name represents, of course, the condition of things when packhorses were the chief means of transport on the great western road, while the faithful talbot guarded the wares when the traveller was resting. The present building, which has been much altered from its original state, dates from the early part of the seventeenth century. One of its landlords enjoyed the dubious privilege of Jonathan Wild's acquaintance, and was among the witnesses called at his trial. Horace Walpole used to bait his horses at the "Packhorse," when driving between London and Strawberry Hill, and Messrs. Phillimore and Whitear tell us that a local tradition prevails glorifying it as a haunt of Charles Dickens. That may be as it may be.

The "King of Bohemia" was a tavern of even greater celebrity. Originally it was a Tudor mansion, with its gardens and outbuildings. The name would seem to imply that it became an inn as early as the reign of James I, since it is obviously taken from his son-in-law, the unfortunate Elector Palatine and "Winter King" of Bohemia. But locally the inn was associated with a more picturesque figure, the sightless warrior who fell at Cresсy, and it was popularly known in its last years as the "Blind King of Bohemia." As the "Sign of Bohemia" it occurs in the account of an inquest held in 1633, after one John Redworth, attempting in jest to take a staff from John Webb, had contrived to impale himself in the left eye.

Nine years later the "King of Bohemia" and Turnham Green generally were involved in the collision between the forces of the King and the

Parliament known as the Battle of Turnham Green or Brentford. The contemporary account of it, apparently written by some valiant London prentice —there is another by a Royalist officer—sets forth how on 12 November, 1642, Rupert came sweeping down like a torrent and encamped himself on the plain. The trained bands barred the way, and opened fire with their ordnance. But the Prince, "as he is cunning enough to save himself, opening his ranks wide, the artillery did not so much execution on them as was desired." Rupert's guns fired too high, and did no damage. Then the enemy's horse charged, and were confidently met by the pike, though the Prince behaved like a devil rather than a man. Two troops of the Parliamentarian horse arrived on the spur to the relief of the foot; reinforcements including the red regiments or red coats hurried down from London; and despite the furious exertions of Rupert, the Royalist force was driven across the Green to the enclosed ground on the right. There the night was spent in the approved Cavalier style.

> There was nothing but drinking, damning, and roaring in their quarters, cursing their destiny, and the horsemen laying all the blame upon their footmen, calling them cowards, for that they came up no faster, but said that they were afraid of boys and Roundheads; we, in the meantime, after carefully setting our sentinels, and laying out our perdues, fell to our prayers, giving God hearty thanks for our deliverance from those cannibals.

Next morning, after feinting at his opponents, Rupert withdrew through Brentford over the river into Surrey. He left behind him four field-pieces, and eight hundred and odd slain, while of the other side there fell but one hundred and twenty, their country's martyrs. Such was the Battle of Turnham Green or Brentford, which seriously considered cannot be regarded as more than a reconnaissance in

force, since Rupert was far too weak to have penetrated into London.

The "King of Bohemia" is reputed to have been the resort of highwaymen, a credible story when we remember that it was surrounded by common land and open fields. Some footpads, to the indignation of Pepys, attacked Harry Killigrew as he was going by night in a hackney coach from the Park towards Hammersmith to his house at Turnham Green, and wounded him in nine places. Harry was a graceless divine, author of a bright comedy "The Conspiracy," chaplain to James, Duke of York, and master of the Savoy Hospital, which he brought to ruin. Another scene, typical of the times, was enacted on Turnham Green in 1680. The Earl of Pembroke, son of the occupier of Chiswick House, who had been dining with a person of quality, was stopped by the watch as he was driving home in a hackney coach "being somewhat high-flown with wine." He got out of the coach, ran a gentleman of the Court called Smeeth through the body and did the like to Halfpenny, one of the watch. Exclaiming, "I will not thus be killed like a dog," the plucky Smeeth snatched a staff from one of the watchmen's hands and knocked the Earl down, who promptly cried quarter. He was taken into the Cock and Half Moon inn, lectured on his misdeeds by the constable, "at which he seemed little concerned," and suffered to go free. Smeeth died, and Halfpenny was in a fair way to die—but the jury could not agree on their verdict. A later affair was the robbery of Wilkes's champion, Sawbridge, the Lord Mayor of London, and his suite, including the sword bearer, by a single highwayman, as that dignitary was returning in 1776 from a State visit to the King at Kew. Pursuing his enterprising way, the knight of the road stopped the vicar of Kew and eased him of his valuables, including a written sermon.

A death of infinitely greater moment than poor Smeeth's was all but encompassed near Turnham Green in 1696. Readers of Macaulay will remember the story of the Assassination Plot engineered by Sir George Barclay, a Scotch gentleman who had served with credit under Dundee. The plan was simplicity itself. William III was in the habit of going every Saturday from Kensington to hunt in Richmond Park. He drove with an escort of bodyguards through Turnham Green down to the river, crossed by boat, and found another coach and another set of guards waiting for him on the Surrey side. The conspirators determined to attack him on his return, because when he was going he was often attended to the water by a great retinue of lords and gentlemen, but on the way back he had only the escort about him. Macaulay continues—

> The place and time were fixed. The place was to be a narrow and winding lane leading from the north of the river to Turnham Green. The spot may still be easily found. The ground has since been drained by trenches. But in the seventeenth century it was a quagmire, through which the royal coach was with difficulty tugged at a foot's pace. The time was to be the afternoon of Saturday the fifteenth of February. On that day the Forty were to assemble in small parties near the Green. When the signal was given that the coach was approaching, they were to take horse and repair to their posts. As the cavalcade came up the lane, Charnock was to attack the guards in the rear, Rookwood on one flank, Porter on the other. Meanwhile, Barclay, with eight trusty men, was to stop the coach and do the deed.

The growth of Chiswick has rendered the "narrow and winding lane" less easy of identification than it used to be, but it was evidently Turnham Green Lane, now known as Wellesley Road. In Sir Richard Blackmore's contemporary account of the conspiracy it is described as "the lane that turns down from Turnham Green to Brentford," the King

crossing at Kew Ferry. The miscreants determined to be in wait for him until he reached the end next the Green, and there to accomplish their purpose. It is a curious feeling, as one walks down the commonplace thoroughfare, to reflect how desperate men once lurked in hedges and with cunning eyes surveyed the ground. Among the inns frequented by the conspirators was, of course, the "King of Bohemia," in whose ample cellars many of them lay hid. It was the headquarters of Sir George Barclay, while one of the gang declared that so far as he could remember he was sent to the "Woolpack," evidently the "Packhorse." But the conspiracy was betrayed by a Roman Catholic named Pendergrass; the King put off his hunting; most of the chief plotters were arrested, and Barclay escaped to the Continent.

The "King of Bohemia" ceased to be a tavern about the end of the eighteenth century, and was divided up into three private dwellings. In the one nearest Turnham Green died Ugo Foscolo, the commentator on Dante and Petrarch, and, with Alfieri, the creator of modern Italian prose. Bohemia House was the last of many dwelling-places. After his democratic opinions had made his native land and the Continent generally too hot to hold him, Ugo Foscolo came to England in 1815, and was received with much kindness, notably at Holland House. Men of letters busied themselves in getting him work; audiences were impressed by his lectures. But his irascibility and irresponsibility were such that, as Sir Walter Scott noted, he sank from a lion to a bore. Holland House grew sick of him, and he rebelled against Lady Holland: "he would be sorry to go even to heaven with her." His duels, his debts, chiefly incurred by building a villa in St. John's Wood, completed his isolation and ruin. Ugo Foscolo had lost all his friends when, on 10 September, 1827, he

died. He was buried in Chiswick churchyard, and Marochetti's cenotaph records the sequel:—

From the sacred guardianship of Chiswick to the honours of Santa Croce, in Florence, the Government and People of Italy have transported the remains of the wearied Citizen Poet. 7th June, 1871.

This spot where for forty-four years the relics of Ugo Foscolo reposed in honoured custody will be for ever held in grateful remembrance by the Italian nation. Accingar zonâ fortitudinis.

Turnham Green was an integral portion of Chiswick parish until 1843, when Christ Church, a pinched-up specimen of Sir Gilbert Scott's architecture, was consecrated. The society of the two was practically one; Hogarth at Chiswick maintained a frequent intercourse with his friend Dr. Morrell at Turnham Green. But it was natural that a number of important houses with histories of their own should spring up on either side of the high-road, and it is equally natural, or inevitable, that they in turn should have given way to featureless rows of villas and utilitarian lines of shops. Thus Bolton Gardens occupy the site of Bolton House, whose most interesting occupant was Sir John Chardin, the traveller. The journeys of that adventurous Frenchman were made during his early manhood and embraced India and Persia. In 1681 the persecution of the French Protestants persuaded him to settle in this country, where he was well received and appointed Court jeweller. Chardin grew wealthy enough to live for a time at Holland House, and it was not until his later years that he retired to Turnham Green. No memorial to him exists in Chiswick Church, but a tablet in Westminster Abbey bears the happy inscription, "Nomen sibi fecit eundo."

Stafford House, close to Bohemia House, was the seat of the Marquis of Stafford, and was demolished in 1842. Arlington House lasted some thirty-five

years longer, when it and its spacious grounds gave way to Arlington Park Gardens. It was probably named after Lord Arlington of the Cabal, though itself of much later date; and in later years had several tenants of note, among them Nelson's comrade-in-arms, Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who went down in a cyclone with the *Blenheim* off the coast of Madagascar, and the famous opera singers, Mme. Grisi and Signor Mario. Trowbridge's tenancy of Arlington House was presumably from 1801 to 1804, when he had one of his brief spells ashore as a Lord of the Admiralty.

Similarly Annandale House received its name from the family of Annandale. David Hume became in 1745 a member of the household of the Marquis, a shy, irritable, clever man, who was barely sane, and for that reason he is sometimes included among the famous residents of Chiswick. But his connexion with the place, if it ever existed, must have been as brief as Rousseau's. Hume's engagement, which ended in his dismissal, lasted for a little more than a year, and most of the time was spent at Wellhall, near St. Albans. The poor-rate books record the destruction of Annandale House in 1877.

Two pillars in the wall of the vicarage mark the spot where formerly stood the gates of Heathfield House, subsequently removed to Chiswick House, and then to Devonshire House, Piccadilly. The mansion, an edifice of gaunt and triumphant ugliness, as depicted by Faulkner, was probably built by the Earl of Egmont at the beginning of the reign of George III, though there was a house on the site as early as 1747. Lysons traces it through several hands, those of Sir Brownlow Cust, the Speaker's son, who in consequence of his father's services became first Lord Brownlow; and of the Duchess of Devonshire, who presumably bought it as a speculation in 1772 and sold it very shortly to Lord John

Cavendish. He was an upright and accomplished Whig, called by George Selwyn "the learned canary bird" because of his attainments and shortness in stature, and reckoned by Burke as one of his oldest and best friends, who was twice Chancellor of the Exchequer. Cavendish parted with the house after living in it for some twelve years, and it was bought in 1789 by George Augustus Eliott, Lord Heathfield, who had won his place among the nation's heroes by his defence of Gibraltar against the forces of France and Spain and d'Auzun's red-hot shot. The gallant General entertained great ideas about his property, and summoned Aiton from Kew to lay out the grounds. But, as he died at Aix-la-Chapelle in the following year, the presumption must be that his plans did not progress very far. An uninteresting set of occupants succeeded him, and after the house had fallen into utter neglect it was demolished.

The statement that Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, the notorious Jacobite intriguer, ever lived at Turnham Green must be rejected, unless the reference is to some casual residence while he was on conspiracy bent. But another of Mr. Seccombe's "Twelve Bad Men," Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, was intimately connected with the neighbourhood. Linden Gardens still perpetuates the name of Linden House, pulled down in 1878, the home of his grandfather, Ralph Griffiths, LL.D., editor and bookseller, who figures, it will be remembered, in Phillips's account of the worthies of Chiswick. The doctor founded the "Monthly Review," a periodical of some reputation in its day, and in that capacity, together with his bluestocking wife, was a severe taskmaster of Goldsmith, their lodger, who, however, may well have been an exasperating contributor. Griffiths made enough money out of bookselling and publishing to purchase Linden House, and to set up a couple of coaches. He seems to have been an agreeable

man, running over with literary anecdote, and he gathered round him a circle which included Dr. Rose and Thomas Bentley, Wedgwood's partner. Bentley was in failing health when, in 1777, he took up his residence at Chiswick, possibly to be near his friend, and three years afterwards he died. He was buried in Chiswick church, where Wedgwood raised a monument to his memory with a medallion portrait by Scheemakers. Dr. Griffiths survived Bentley by many years, dying in 1803, and he too was buried at Chiswick.

Linden House descended to the Doctor's son, George Edward Griffiths, and he, in an evil hour, invited Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, his nephew, to make it his home. This was in 1828, by which time Wainewright, who had been born there in his grandfather's time and educated at Charles Burney's school at Hammersmith, had made his mark as an art critic in the "London Magazine," as a dilettante and occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy. He became the friend of Charles Lamb, De Quincey and Hazlitt, who seem to have tolerated his foppishness out of consideration for his excellent table. But his extravagance had already involved him in hopeless difficulties, and driven him to his first crime, the forgery of an order on the Bank of England for half the capital of the annuity he had inherited from his grandfather. Within a twelve-month of his return to Turnham Green his uncle died suddenly, and Linden House passed to Wainewright. He then invited his mother-in-law, Mrs. Abercromby, and her step-sisters Helen and Madeline to come and live under his roof. He insured Helen's life for two sums of £3000 and £2000. Mrs. Abercromby opposed his further schemes, and she too died, also suddenly. Finally he migrated to Conduit Street, and there Helen Abercromby also died after a short illness in great agony. But the

refusal of the insurance offices to pay discomfited Wainewright; he fled to France, and returned in 1829 to stand his trial for forgery and to be sentenced to transportation for life to Van Diemen's Land. The remark that he poisoned Helen Abercromby because she had thick ankles is apochryphal; none the less, he was as thorough-paced a villain as our criminal annals can show. A much more reputable inhabitant of Turnham Green was George Robins, the mellifluous auctioneer, whose comments on the affairs of Linden House must have been worth hearing.

Between Turnham Green and Chiswick House lay, within very recent memories, the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society. They were established in 1821, on thirty-three acres of land belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, at a rental of £300 a year. The walled garden, an acre and a half in extent, which had been taken at Kensington in 1818, was abandoned, together with a nursery which had been established at Ealing. Under the energetic presidency of Mr. Knight, a country gentleman of Herefordshire, the society spent over £16,000 in permanent works, while breakfasts at a guinea a head attracted the fashionable world. Unfortunately, the revenues of the Horticultural failed to keep pace with this magnificence; a Government subsidy of £5000 was promised but never paid, and a committee of inquiry, appointed in 1830, reported the society to be seriously embarrassed. Dr. Lindley assumed the direction of affairs, and instituted the flower-shows by way of bringing in revenue. The Duke of Devonshire threw open the grounds of Chiswick House to their visitors. Under Lindley's management the gardens and hothouses, orchid houses, orchards and orchard houses were kept up in the highest state of efficiency, and an attempt was made to establish a school of practical gardeners. But

the debt began to mount up again, and rain and tempest ruined flower-show after flower-show. During the "fifties" desperate efforts were made to re-establish the fortunes of the Horticultural, yet without success. In 1856 the Council were empowered "to take such measures for the re-organization of the Society as they might consider advisable, even though these measures should involve the relinquishment of the garden at Chiswick, and the realization of the property or any part of the property therein."

The garden at Chiswick was not relinquished, but under the presidency of the Prince Consort a fresh start was made at Kensington on ground purchased out of the proceeds of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Relegated to the position of trial and experiment grounds, the garden continued to be actively cultivated, though its visitors were few. But in May, 1904, the Society sold the remainder of its lease, and moved to larger and better situated grounds at Wisley, near Weybridge.

Gunnersbury, a manor of Ealing, has in historical strictness no part nor lot in Chiswick. The name, however, was preferred for the London and South Western railway station to that of Brentford Road, and it has been sanctified by the authority of Kelly's Directory as applied to a thoroughfare.

PART III

OLD KENSINGTON

CHAPTER I

EARLY KENSINGTON

From Chiswick to Kensington—Thackeray's Kensington—Origin of the name—Domesday on Kensington—The Abbot's manor—Simon de Kensington—The Earl's manor—The decline of the Veres—The manor of West Town—Walter Cope of the Strand—The manor of Notting Barns—Abingdon and Kensington—A complicated agreement—Cope acquires the Earl's manor—A misleading document.

THOSE who know their "Vanity Fair" will remember that when Amelia Osborne and Becky Sharp left Chiswick Mall for Russell Square, with black Sambo on the box, they drove through Kensington turnpike, and that a young officer of the Life Guards spying Amelia said, "A dem fine gal, egad." In the days of her widowhood, Amelia, it will also be remembered, renewed her acquaintance with Kensington. From a wonderfully small cottage in a street off the Fulham Road (St. Adelaide Villas, Anna-Maria Road, West) she used to go to walk with her boy or Mr. Sedley in Kensington Gardens; and it was there that Major Dobbin discovered her, after his return from India on board the *Ramchunder*, and missed his opportunity by refraining from a declaration of his passion then and there. Their meeting seems to have taken place near the south front of the Palace.

If we take leave of Amelia and Becky at the corner of Church Street, we shall find ourselves in the heart of Kensington, not a stone's throw from the house in Young Street where Thackeray wrote

"Vanity Fair" and "Esmond," and the other house on Palace Green, where he died after a little more than a year's residence. We are close, too, to the chapel in the Palace, which has been described by the graphic pen of his daughter, Lady Ritchie, in her novel "Old Kensington," and the house in Wright's Lane, where she caused Lady Sarah to dwell.

The parish is difficult to handle topographically, since it is afflicted with inexact nomenclature. Kensington Gardens and Kensington Gore are not in Kensington; but part of Little Chelsea comes within its boundary on the south, and Kensal Green cemetery on the north. These deviations of frontier have been made the subject of fierce controversy, but not to much profit withal. The strife has raged even more hotly over the origin of the name, Kensington, and of Ossulston, the hundred in which it is situated. "Rubbish" and "nonsense" are among the compliments hurled by local historian at local historian. From it all there emerges the satisfying, if not very engrossing, conclusion, that Ossulston is probably the town of one Oswulf; and that Kensington has nothing to do with King, as the profane have it, but means the town of the family of the Kensingas. Be it so; though if Kempsing, in Kent, is taken into consideration it might conceivably mean the town of the Kents.

In Domesday the manor of Kensington is described as follows:—

Aubrey de Vere holds of the Bishop of Coutances Chenesitum. It is assessed for ten hides. The land is ten plough-lands. There are four plough-lands in the demesne, and the villains have five plough-lands which might be increased to six. Twelve have each a virgate there, and there are six villains with three virgates. The priest has half a virgate, and there are seven serfs. There is meadow for the teams of two ploughs. There is pasture for the cattle of the manor. Woods for two hundred pigs and three arpents of vineyard. With all its profits it is worth £10; when received

£6; in the time of King Edward £10. Edwin, a thegn of King Edward, held this manor and could sell it.

From this entry Mr. Loftie has constructed an attractive picture of a community of some 200 or 240 persons, living round the church. Eighteen of them were farmers, six of some substance. The men ploughed and sowed and reaped; the women and children drove out the cattle to the pasture land, which was possibly at Brompton, and the herd of two hundred pigs picked up beech mast and acorns in the woods to the northward.

Poor Edwin, of course, is heard of no more; well had it been for him if he had converted the land into cash. The first lord of the manor, Geoffrey, the bellicose bishop of Coutances, having died in 1093, Aubrey de Vere, the progenitor of the long line of the Earls of Oxford, became tenant-in-chief. In his day the Church got a hold on Kensington. Aubrey's eldest son Geoffrey had derived great benefit from Faricius, the Abbot of Abingdon, who had cured him in three months of a serious disease. But, "there being no medicine against death," as the Chronicle of Abingdon sententiously observes, "another sickness seized upon him, compelling him to depart from life." On his death-bed Geoffrey persuaded his father, with the consent of his mother and brothers, to give to the monastery of Abingdon, the church of Kensington and two hides of 120 acres each, and a virgate or quarter of a hide—that is, about 270 acres altogether. The land lay round the church. Thus the living became a vicarage; the church was known as St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington. The connexion between the monastery and the parish is illustrated by a Patent Roll of 1242, in which year on Wednesday before Easter, Hugh the son of Henry, Peter de Wyleby and Nicholas, parson of the church at Kensington, paid to the King at the New Temple,

London, 100 marks, being the sum promised by the abbot and monastery of Abingdon in aid of his crossing to France.

The Earls of Oxford do not appear to have lived at Kensington, and their hold on the manor was at times precarious. It 1341 it was enfeoffed by John de Vere to Richard de Stoke, clerk, and John Fermer; and in 1385 by Robert de Vere to William, Bishop of Winchester, Henry, Bishop of Worcester and Hugh, Earl of Stafford. Sub-tenants appeared in the parish, chief among them being Simon de Kensington, one of the representatives of Middlesex for the better observance of Magna Charta and the Forest Charter of Henry II. In 1287 an enrolment of release was effected by Emma, late the wife of John de (Kremesse?) near Wallingford, to Simon de Kensington of her right in 12½ acres of land in Kensington, which belonged to John de Ely, her father. In 1335 Simon—evidently a strong believer in having a stake in the country—perpetrated a singularly audacious stroke. He occupied, without the King's licence, a croft called Roncevalcroft, which had been held by the hospital of Ronceval, or Rounsell, at Charing Cross, from John de Vere, eleventh Earl of Oxford. His allegation was that the monks had totally abandoned it; but when Edward III could turn his attention from the wars with France, he listened to the rival claim of John de Cantebrigg, justice in eyre, and confirmed that claim under the tenancy-in-chief of John de Vere. The Calendar of Inquisitions gives the size of John de Cantebrigg's estate as 220 acres.

While the Veres were fighting for various causes, their manor fell into three divisions, in addition to the independent Abbot's manor which had been carved out of it. The bulk of the estates lay near Earl's Court, and the manor house was just beyond the present railway stations. To the west of the Abbot's manor was West Town, and to the north

that of Notting Hill or Notting Barns, so called because of the nut bushes with which the neighbourhood abounded. Each of these divisions constituted a separate manor, but the main distinction was between the Abbot's manor and the Earl's manor. The inquisitions held on the deaths of the various Earls show curious changes in the size of the latter estate —changes which it is difficult to follow. That following the death in 1263 of Earl Hugh, a valiant crusader, gives the total acreage as 265 acres and 21 virgates, of which 100 were wood. The rents of the free tenants brought in £4. 15*s.*; those of the villains, who could be taxed at their lord's pleasure, 59*s.* 4½*d.* Mention is made of the court, that is the court-house with the curtilage and vines, which was apparently let for 3*s.* His successor, Earl Robert, died in 1296, when the acreage was put down at 415, none of it reckoned as wood. The rents of assize of free tenants amounted to 108*s.* 4½*d.* The court-house would seem to be included in the return of "one messuage, with a garden and curtilage, which is worth per annum, beyond repair of the buildings, 4*s.*; and one dove house, worth per annum 2*s.*" Robert, sixth Earl of Oxford, known as the "Good Earl," who died in 1361, owned 523 acres and a half, of which 140 were woodland; while Thomas, the eighth Earl, owned 600 acres of land and 100 acres of wood. The explanation may be hazarded that the increase in the size of the manor is to be accounted for, in the first place, by the exercise of greater care in the survey, and, secondly, by the reclamation of land from the waste, though it will be noticed that the woodland, which lay in the manor of Notting Barns, remained practically fixed at 100 acres.

The Veres went on Crusade; they fought at Crécy and Agincourt. The fortunes of the family were imperilled by the ninth Earl, Robert, Duke of Ireland, the favourite of Richard II, who was attainted by

Parliament, banished, and all his estates confiscated. But his divorced wife Philippa was permitted to resume possession of the manor of Kensington, and the title devolved on his uncle Aubrey. Their fidelity to the House of Lancaster was largely responsible for the uprooting of the Veres from Kensington. John, the twelfth Earl, perished on the scaffold together with his eldest son. The manors of Kensington and Notting Barns were granted to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, "of his inordinate covetyse and ungodly disposition," and John, the exiled Earl, was prominent in the various attempts to overthrow the Yorkist dynasty, which culminated on Bosworth Field. He enjoyed his own again, though in straitened circumstances, when Henry VII came to the throne, and under Henry VIII was appointed Lord High Admiral for life. His nephew and heir, commonly known as "Little John of Camps," from his home at Castle Camps in Cambridgeshire, was the fourteenth Earl of Oxford and last of the Veres, since he died without issue in 1526.

The manor of West Town had long since passed out of the hands of the Veres. It was given in 1284 by Robert, Earl of Oxford, to Simon Downham, his "dear and faithful chaplain." The manor, which extended to the south of the main road, was described as consisting of three crofts; and the manor house, called later on the "old house at Kensington," stood a little to the east of Addison Road in the property first known as "the Moats," as Oak Lodge until 1898, and now as the Oakwood Court Estate. It had disappeared by 1847. The industrious Faulkner succeeded in tracing the ownership, not without gaps in the chain of evidence, but for the most part but little interest attaches to the names. In 1454 West Town passed to Sir William Essex and his wife Edith, and their descendants sold it in 1570 to the

Marquis of Winchester for £1000. He parted with it at a loss to William Dodington, a London citizen, and that astute personage promptly sold it for £2000 to Christopher Barker, Queen Elizabeth's printer, who published no less than thirty-eight editions of the Bible or parts of it. Barker made a bad bargain, for, having held the manor for ten years, he disposed of it for £1300 to Walter Cope of the Strand, an acquisitive man who, at one time or another, became owner of all the four manors into which the original manor of the Earls of Oxford had been divided.

Notting Barns passed away from the Earls of Oxford at the close of the Wars of the Roses, when John, the thirteenth Earl, sold it to Sir Reginald Bray. It was purchased on behalf of the mother of Henry VII, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, who left the property by will to the Abbey of Westminster, with directions that its proceeds should be spent in masses for her soul, and in keeping up the professorships she had founded at Oxford and Cambridge. It comprised a messuage, 400 acres of land, 5 acres of meadow and 140 acres of wood. The Church, however, did not long retain its hold on the manor, since Henry VIII included it in his spoliations of the monasteries; compelled the tenant, one White, to take in exchange the manor of Overburgate in Hampshire, and threw it into the vast hunting-ground which he was forming to the north and west of London. But two years after this high-handed proceeding he died; and Edward VI leased it to the Marquis of Winchester, the subsequent speculator in West Town. That gallant Lord Treasurer, of whom Elizabeth playfully declared that but for his age she could have found it in her heart to have had him for a husband before any man in England, alienated the manor to his Sovereign in discharge of sundry debts — incurred, possibly

through entertaining her at Basing. Elizabeth bestowed it on the great Lord Burghley, Winchester's successor as Treasurer, and on his death his trustees sold it for £2000 to Walter Cope. The latter went through the form of obtaining a pardon for the sum of £6 in consideration that the alienation had been made without obtaining the Queen's licence. But the temptation of a good deal was too strong for Cope; and in the same year, 1601, Cope sold the manor to Sir Henry Anderson, a London alderman, with whose descendants it remained for several generations, after which it passed to the Darby family.

The Abbot's manor was also to pass into the possession of Cope, after it had come into lay hands on the dissolution of the monasteries. The connexion between Abingdon and Kensington had not been altogether without friction, since in 1260 the Bishop of London disputed the right of presentation to the living, and the matter being referred to the Bishops of Salisbury and Dean of St. Paul's, it was decided that the collation should remain in the Bishop of London and his successors. Another complicated affair, the right to the church at Kensington asserted by the Prior of Colne, was decided in favour of the Abbot of Kensington by Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who seems to have acted as arbitrator. The history of ecclesiastical manors was featureless as a rule, and nothing seems to have occurred to shake the hold of the distant monastery on Kensington until the dissolution, when the Abbot's portion of the tithes and demesne lands became vested in the Crown. The tenants of the manor and parsonage at that time were John Graynefield or Grenville and Lettis his wife; and they were allowed to continue undisturbed. In 1562 the manor and parsonage were leased by Elizabeth to Sir Edward Carey, one of the grooms of the Privy Chamber; five years afterwards Elizabeth

Snow, a widow, was in possession, and in 1592 Henry Buttell. In 1595 they were leased to Robert Horseman, and then the inevitable Walter Cope appeared on the scene with an offer to purchase the manor through trustees.

Horseman was sorely unwilling to be evicted; the Queen intervened and settled a compromise. By the terms of the agreement, as given by Faulkner, Horseman bought back for £665. 6*s.* 8*d.*, the fee simple of his house and glebe lands amounting to about 200 acres and the tithes. He also kept "one piece of meadow called 'the Moor' lying on the east side of the said mansion-house, and in which the conduit-head, serving for the Queen's mansion-house at Chelsea then stood." This was the present Palace Green, and the conduit-head was Henry VIII's conduit, purposelessly destroyed in 1871. Two enclosures, lying to the north of the road to Acton, Norlands, whence the present Norland Square, and North Crofts were also retained by Horseman. The rest of the manor, with an orchard particularly specified, went to Cope, who a few years later acquired the parsonage and manor house. Horseman soon parted with his tithes to Robert Gynne for the sum of £990.

Walter Cope had thus acquired West Town, Notting Barns and the greater part of the Abbot's manor. The Earl's manor came to him after a complicated succession of ownerships. On the death of "Little John of Camps" it was held in dower by his widow and mother, Anne and Elizabeth, Countesses of Oxford. It next descended to the co-heirs of the fourteenth Earl, Elizabeth, married to Sir Anthony Wingfield, Dorothy, married to Lord Latimer, and Ursula, married to Sir Edmund Knightley. The last died without issue; and after the King had intervened and there had been litigation in Chancery, "the manor of Kensington or Earl's Court in Kensington" passed to Lord Latimer's third daughter, Lucy Nevill, who was

married to Sir William Cornwallis. Their daughter Anne, the wife of Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyll, succeeded; and in 1609 he, his wife and their trustees disposed of the manor to Sir Walter Cope, "except a customary tenement called Hale House, and certain lands, to the same belonging, in Kensington, not exceeding thirty acres, in the tenure of William Blake, gent."

The amalgamation of the various manors, with the exception of Notting Hill, in one pair of hands resulted in some confusion as to their origin. Faulkner prints a presentment of homage dated 1672, in which the boundaries of the Abbot's manor are thus defined—

> The Manor of Abbot's Kensington extendeth eastward with the bounds of the Parish of Kensington, upon the lands belonging to the manor of Paddington and the manor of Westminster; and north upon the lands belonging to the lord of the manor of Wilsdon, and soe westward with the bounds of said parish, joining to the lord of the manor of Fulham, and southward to the manor of Earl's Court in Kensington.

This is a curious illustration of the way in which the Great Rebellion had obliterated old memories. Notting Hill is treated as if it formed an integral part of the Abbot's manor, which it never did, and among the freeholders appears Sir Richard Anderson, its owner. Possibly he did not care to assert manorial rights against his powerful neighbour at Holland House, who at that time was Robert Rich, Earl of Holland.

CHAPTER II

KENSINGTON PALACE

Arrival of the new landowners—The Finches and Nottingham House—The house purchased by William III—"A patched building"—Wren and Gibbons—Fire and collapse—The Wren wing—Queen Mary's gallery—The Queen's closet—The King's gallery—Queen Anne's garden—The alcove and the orangery—William Kent—Queen Caroline's drawing-room—The cupola room—An artistic protest—The King's drawing-room—Queen Victoria's childhood—The grand staircase—Enlargement of the gardens—Portman's complaint—Lord Essex's bargain—Queen Caroline's innovations—Her menagerie—Bridgman—The Round Pond and the Broad Walk—The kitchen gardens—Henry VIII's conduit—Vanburgh's water tower—The barracks.

THE population of Kensington at the close of Elizabeth's reign was small. Waste land lay on either side of the highways; and the Gravel Pits, through which ran the main road to Acton, were but sparsely inhabited even half a century or so later. A good many acres in the Earl's Court were moorland. But in place of the absentee Veres, the new landowning classes were settling in or near the parish. Sir Walter Cope, while living at the Moats, had instructed John Thorpe to build Cope Castle, which was afterwards to become famous as Holland House. His neighbour, Baptist Hicks, subsequently Viscount Campden, had also established himself on the hill which still bears his name. Somewhat earlier the legal family of Finch became tenants of the Coppings, who owned an estate in St. Margaret's, Westminster, originally part of the Abbot's manor.

The first of the Finches was Sir Heneage, who rose through his obsequiousness to Henry VIII to become Recorder of London and Speaker of the House of Commons. In 1661, twenty years after his death, his youngest daughter, Anne, was married in Kensington Church to Edward, Earl of Conway. Sir Heneage probably bought the Coppings' property, for it was owned by his younger son, Sir John, a celebrated physician and traveller. While journeying from Paris to Lyons Sir John met a Frenchman, married to Miss Scarlett, of Norfolk, who asked him if he had any relations in Kensington, "which he described by nothing so much as the marble conduit," that is, the conduit of Henry VIII. Sir John sold the property in 1661 to his elder brother, a second Sir Heneage. This Sir Heneage, mounting the ladder of promotion with nimble step, became successively Solicitor-General, Lord Keeper, Lord Chancellor, and Earl of Nottingham. He built a house, called Nottingham House, and various purchases rounded off the estate of about 150 acres. Charles II granted to Finch the ditch and fence dividing Hyde Park from his possessions and ten feet beyond it "beginning from the south highway, leading to the town of Kensington, and from thence crossing to the north highway, leading to the town of Acton."

Nottingham House next came into the possession of Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham. He was the leader of the anti-Jacobite Tories in the reigns of William and Mary and Anne, and Swift's "orator dismal of Nottinghamshire"; an upright, if impracticable, politician, lugubrious of aspect. To Nottingham, William III had recourse when he was anxious to find a Royal residence nearer London than Hampton Court, and yet out of the smoke of the town. Rumour was busy in May, 1689. "It is said," wrote a correspondent of the Cecils, "that the King has bought the Earl of Nottingham's house at

Kensington where he will reside all the winter." He had already inspected Holland House, but for some reason it was not to his taste. The Earl closed with his offer of 18,000 guineas, and the sale was announced on 18 June, 1689. The Court came into residence on 24 December, after six weeks spent at Holland House.

Sir Christopher Wren was commissioned to enlarge the house, and new gardens in the Dutch style were laid out to the south. Two pieces of red brickwork, surmounted by stone vases, mark the northern extent of the improvements in which King William and Queen Mary interested themselves. The vases are identical with the "flower-pots of Portland stone" described in the Treasury Papers as the work of Gabriel Cibber, the son of Colley Cibber, and the creator of the two well-known statues which stand outside Bedlam. The authorities are undecided as to how much of Sir Heneage Finch's mansion remains; but Faulkner is probably correct in regarding the west front of the courtyard, the north wing, and part of the south side as belonging to the original building, though they are no doubt a good deal transformed. In February, 1691, Evelyn wrote—

> I went to Kensington, which King William bought of Lord Nottingham and altered, but was yet a patched building, but with the gardens, however, it is a very neat villa, having to it the Park, and a strait new way through this Park.

This description seems incompatible with any plan of general rebuilding. The Treasury Papers confirm that view of the case, since they are largely concerned with "altering the old house and repairing it," together with such operations as "digging foundations of garden walls, digging down banks, carrying away earth and rubbish, and carrying away earth and soil." The dingy little chapel, so admirably described by Lady Ritchie in "Old Kensington," was

already in existence; it was, indeed, evidently built not for Royalty but for a pious nobleman's family, such as were the Finches. In 1697 Wren estimated that £65 had been spent on the stables, and that the repairs necessary there would amount to £35. The western façade also belongs to the old order of things, for it is not long before the Board of Works is found protesting against the bad condition of the tower at the entrance of the court of Kensington Palace, while "the clock therein" was "so old and decayed that it cannot be repaired." Nottingham House, it must be remembered, had not been long standing when William and Mary took it over, and so far as fabric went was probably sound enough.

Sir Christopher set vigorously to work, with the incomparable Grinling Gibbons and others to assist him in the decoration of the interior. From the Pipe Office accounts for July, 1700, I extract this interesting item—

> Grinling Gibbons, carver, for work done in the new gallery building, in the King's Great and Little Closet, in the rooms under the King's apartments in the King's gallery and other places about the said palace; £839. 0*s*. 4½*d*.

When the increase in the value of money since Gibbons' day is taken into consideration, this pay must be regarded as not ungenerous. But the Audit Office accounts, which present matters in less detail, take a decidedly prosaic view of the great artificer. Gibbons is lumped together with one Alcock, whose fame as a carver cannot be said to have endured; nor do the officials appear to have set any greater store on his graceful cornices, than on such an item as "rubbish taken from the north and west side of the house and laid in the old gravel pit."

The results of the Wren and Gibbons partnership narrowly escaped destruction at the very outset. In November, 1691, a fire broke out which, said the

"London Gazette," burnt down the stone gallery, but was happily stopped before it reached their Majesties' apartments. Two years previously Narcissus Luttrell had chronicled the falling in of the new lead roof attended by some loss of life; the Queen herself was there but a little before.

Wren's additions and alterations must have been in progress during the greater part of William's reign. The part that is indisputably his consists of the tall three-storeyed building abutting on the west side of the south front. Since 1897, when through the generosity of Queen Victoria the State rooms were thrown open to the public, the interior can be freely visited. It is approached by a path that used to be called Brazen-face Walk, leading past Queen Anne's Orangery, of which more anon. The visitor ascends the broad and deliberately simple staircase with its fine oak wainscoting, known as the Queen's or the Denmark staircase, after Queen Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark, into Queen Mary's Gallery. Here is more wainscoting by Gibbons and his assistants, a chimney-piece and two fine looking-glasses of the same date. The places of honour in the collection of pictures have been duly assigned to Queen Mary in royal robes, with the parapet of Hampton Court in the background, and to William III in royal garter robes, both by Kneller. But several of the other portraits are interesting, notably one of George II in old age, with its remarkable resemblance to the later likenesses of his grandson, George III, and Opie's Rembrandtesque presentment of the venerable Mrs. Delany. Two small rooms succeed: the Queen's closet, in which have been placed pictures of old London, of topographical rather than artistic importance, and Queen Anne's private dining-room, where, no doubt, she imparted her confidences to the redoubtable Duchess of Marlborough, and afterwards to the Duchess's supplanter, Lady Masham.

Among the portraits in this room are those of Queen Anne's stolid husband, Prince George of Denmark, and of her son, the Duke of Gloucester, a bright, good-looking boy with the Stuart brow and eyes. Queen Mary's privy chamber, a spacious, wainscoted room, contains Kneller's portrait of Peter the Great.

But the most impressive part by far of the Wren wing of Kensington Palace is the magnificent King's Gallery, 96 feet in length, 21 feet 6 inches in breadth, and over 19 feet high. The effect of its exquisite proportions has been spoilt by an overpoweringly decorated ceiling, the handiwork of Kent; but now that the fine cornice by Grinling Gibbons has been relieved of sundry Georgian coats of paint, much of the original beauty of the gallery has returned to it. On the walls is a collection of pictures illustrating the history of the British navy; while over the chimney-piece is a map of north-western Europe with a pointer which, communicating with the vane on the roof, enabled William III to know the direction of the wind while seated at the fireside. This contrivance, as readers of Macaulay will remember, enraptured Peter the Great, when that intelligent barbarian paid a surreptitious visit to Kensington Palace.

Queen Anne made no substantial additions to the Palace itself, though the Treasury Papers show that Wren was still at work on it, but she took keen interest in its gardens, and added about 100 acres to them from Hyde Park. Under her direction, London and Wise, horticulturists of great repute in their day, laid out thirty acres to the north of the Palace, a hundred men being daily employed in levelling and planting. The garden, when finished, won the praise of Addison in No. 477 of *The Spectator*.

> Wise and London are our heroick poets, and if, as a critic,

I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of the part in the upper garden, at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and variable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for, as on one side of the wall you see this hollow bason, with its several little plantations lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator who has not heard of this account of it, would think that this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space, which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with anyone who had walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it, which I have here mentioned.

It was in Queen Anne's reign that Wren designed the handsome Alcove, bearing her monogram, which formerly stood near the south end of the Broad Walk. It was removed some time since, and for an unknown reason, to its present position near Lancaster Gate, after it had served, so the story goes, as a chapel for the French refugees during the Revolution. Wren's too is the noble Orangery to the north of the Palace, an almost unique specimen of early eighteenth-century brickwork. The Treasury Papers for June, 1704, contain his estimate of £2599. 6*s.* 1*d.* for building a greenhouse at Kensington, which by September had come down to £1560. The south front of the exterior, with its four pillars and Doric pediment, is dignified, but studiously reserved as to its decoration. Wren allowed himself greater freedom in planning the interior, placing Corinthian pillars against the wall of the centre compartment, and surmounting them with an elaborate entablature; while the circular pavilions at either end are supported by fluted

pillars of the same order. The hand of Gibbons carved the festoons above the panelled niches. Queen Anne filled the house with oranges, lemons, and myrtles; but after the Court deserted Kensington at the beginning of the reign of George III it was abandoned to neglect. Resuscitated in the "twenties" as a storehouse for exotics, it was again left to decay, and at one time stood in danger of demolition; a fate from which the public indifference rather than the public indignation presumably saved it. A waste to the south of it has recently been converted into a charming sunken garden, quite of the period.

Let us have done with the history of the building and the gardens before we pass to their inhabitants and frequenters. On the accession of George I professional cabals did their woast, and Wren's ascendency came to an end. He was replaced, after a short interval during which his disciple, Hawksmoor, appears as clerk of the works, by the commonplace Kent, who built a new set of State rooms in a characteristically commonplace way, so far as their exterior was concerned. Within he gave full play to his genius for the *baroque*. The first of his rooms, Queen Caroline's drawing-room, is entered from Queen Mary's privy chamber. It boasts a stupendous ceiling, loaded with gilding and adorned with a painting of Minerva accompanied by History and the Arts, which age has happily toned down. The chimney-piece and furniture, also designed by Kent, are by no means amiss, and the general effect is one of undeniable, if overblown, magnificence, helped out by the contemporary French and German portraits on the walls. There stalks the Royal madman, Charles XII of Sweden; and there sits the Pompadour, represented by Drouais' brush as peacefully engaged at tambour-work, and looking for all the world as though she had never so much as heard of the Bastille.

In the cupola room Kent surpasses himself. The domed ceiling is of blue and gold, adorned by patterns by no means unlike a succession of cauliflowers; gilded too are the walls; the doorways and chimney-piece are of marble. Six gilded statues of classical divinities occupy the niches, while over the chimney-piece is a marble group in low relief by Rysbrach, representing a Roman marriage, pleasing but not very appropriate. One imagines that the statuary is his as well.

The decline and fall from Wren and Gibbons to Kent did not go, it is satisfactory to discover, altogether without protest. In 1722, Nesbitt and Rambour, presumably decorators, were ordered to report on the Great Chamber, and report they did. The perspective was not just; "the principal of the work which consists of ornaments and architecture is not done as such a place demands." Nesbitt added on his own account that the boys' masks, mouldings, etc., far from being well, he had seen few worse, for such a place. Sound men, Nesbitt and Rambour!

The King's drawing-room represents Kent as decorating away with unflagging industry. The cornices of the ceiling are heavily ornamented, and a projecting oval frame surrounds the simpering figures of Jupiter and Semele. The walls have been hung with portraits of George III and his family by Benjamin West, P.R.A., interesting as records, deplorable as art. Beechey's picture of George III reviewing the Tenth Dragoons in Hyde Park in 1797 also looms large; it might be Austerlitz at least. The King's privy chamber, robbed, it would seem, of all its former glories, contains Mr. Jerningham's instructive collection of old prints of the Royal parks and palaces.

The following rooms are associated with the early years of Queen Victoria. In the nursery stands a glass case containing her first pair of shoes, her

wedding bonnet, and the uniform she wore when inspecting the troops on their return from the Crimea. In her bedroom are her toys and dolls' house. A return is then made to the Wren portion of the Palace; the King's Gallery, already described, and the presence chamber, distinguished by Wren's panels and cornices, Gibbons's beautiful chimney-piece, and Kent's ceiling in imitation of Roman designs. As there is less of his individuality in this room than elsewhere, it is his most successful achievement.

The grand staircase is Wren's, altered by Kent. The decorative scheme is tolerable; the figures grouped in four compartments behind a balustrade cannot be commended. They represent a curious medley: yeomen of the guard, courtiers, male and female, Ulric, a German page of George I, a page of Lady Suffolk's, the two Turkish servants of George I, "honest Mahomet," extolled by Pope for his charities, and Mustapha, and "Peter the Wild Boy," a defective creature who was discovered in the Hanover woods, and who died at a great age on a Hertfordshire farm. The ceiling is cumbrously decorated in Kent's familiar manner with plaster frames and ill-drawn figures. In addition to three groups of musicians and their audiences, Kent has modestly introduced himself and "a female of a very pleasing countenance," an actress to whom he was much attached. George II, who built the rooms in the north-west angle as nurseries for his children, was the last sovereign to make any addition to Kensington Palace.

Much difference of opinion exists about the original size of Kensington Gardens. Mr. Loftie stoutly maintains that their dimensions have never been altered; Faulkner declares that Queen Caroline, the wife of George II, took in 300 acres from Hyde Park; a statement for which he produces no evidence, and which on the face of things must be an exaggeration. The fact of the matter would seem to be that

QUEEN CAROLINE

100 acres or thereabouts were added to the Gardens, and that they were thus enlarged some time before the death of Queen Anne. On 23 August, 1713, Henry Portman, the Ranger of Hyde Park, presented a memorial to the Lord High Treasurer, the Earl of Oxford, setting forth his grievances. He had to pay £30 a year out of his own pocket for a man to look after the fish-ponds, kill the moles and do other labouring work. The Queen had forbidden any liquor to be sold by the three gatekeepers, which was their chief support. Then there were Her Majesty's orders directing Portman to place a man at the turnpike gate letting into the road at Kensington. Portman complained that he was £100 a year to the bad through these innovations. As a final appeal he added: "And ever since that near 100 acres of ground has been enclosed from the Park by Kensington, the Proffit I had by the Herbage of the said Park is much diminished." *

Portman does not give the date of the enclosure, though it evidently occurred during his tenure of the Rangership; a period, in his own words, "of about ten years." No attention appears to have been paid to his memorial. Oxford was in the thick of his struggle for supremacy with Bolingbroke, and soon there followed the intrigue and counter-intrigue which raged round the deathbed of Queen Anne. George I may have been too busy in providing for his German courtiers to pay attention to an English official. But by the beginning of the following reign, one of Portman's successors, the Earl of Essex, had succeeded where he had failed; and more than that, the Ranger of Hyde Park had driven a capital bargain with the Treasury. He received an allowance of

* In the printed calendar of the Treasury Papers the reading is "the Park of Kensington," to the confusion of the sense. But I have examined the original document at the Record Office, and the wording is clearly "the Park *by* Kensington."

£200 per annum for the under-keepers of Hyde Park, and £200 more "in consideration of the loss of herbage on that part of the said park which is laid into His Majesty's gardens at Kensington." This is an explicit statement; and in the absence of any evidence of a later enclosure, we may assume that the reference is to the 100 acres taken into the gardens during the reign of Queen Anne.

To Queen Caroline, the wife of George II, with Sir Robert Walpole aiding and abetting, is usually ascribed the making of Kensington Gardens as we know them to-day, with their Round Pond, which is not round, their Broad Walk, whose avenue of noble elms has been sadly despoiled by storms and the Office of Works, and their stately converging vistas. To her, too, is attributed the misdirected energy which abolished the yew hedges and formal beds of William III to the south of the Palace, though Queen Anne's improvements were allowed to remain until a prosaic age decided that they should be replaced by tame expanses of grass. Much, no doubt, was due to Queen Caroline's reforming ideas, as put into execution by that indefatigable landscape gardener, Bridgman. The Mount, with a little revolving temple on its summit, which stood until comparatively recent times not far from where the Albert Memorial is now, dated from her day. So do the Serpentine, which was formed out of a string of six small ponds, through which ran the Westbourne, and the works to carry off the waste waters in winter time and after heavy rains.* Queen Caroline also established a menagerie in the "paddock," consisting

* The Serpentine belongs rather to Hyde Park than to Kensington Gardens. On 6 October, 1730, Charles Wither, Surveyor-General of Woods and Forests, received £1500 on account for laying the six ponds in Hyde Park into one, and £1000 in the following year. It is first mentioned as the Serpentine River in 1736, having been previously known as the Great Canal.

of two tigers, two civet-cats and some Indian birds, to which were added a leopard and a lion. The allowance for the tigers' food was 16*d.* a day; but Field, their keeper, complained that they were so unruly that he spent most of his time in tending them. The experiment does not seem to have endured long.

The principal features of Kensington Gardens, however, with the exception of the Serpentine, were undoubtedly begun by George I in the last years of his reign. Thus in 1728–9 Bridgman applied to the Treasury for £600 in further part of the contract dated 21 April, 1727, for works ordered by the late King in the gardens at Kensington.* The whole contract was for £5000; and Bridgman, who evidently held ready money in considerable regard, drew £600 more a little later, and again £1000 "in part of his imprest of £5000 for finishing the Royal paddock at Kensington." The paddock was evidently identical with the park, as opposed to the flower garden. In February, 1728–9, the Chelsea waterworks, while presenting a memorial to the Treasury in favour of an annual allowance for maintenance and repairs, observed that "upon the finishing of the great basin in the Paddock at Kensington, which is about 9 acres," in other words, the Round Pond, "they laid pipes and filled said basin." It had been filled with water, they triumphantly explained later on, ever since midsummer, 1728. These works were undertaken "on a grant from his late Majesty to make a reservoir in Hyde Park, in which grant it is stipulated that the said governor and company and their successors shall, if required, supply his Majesty's royal palace and gardens in Kensington with such water as shall be necessary." The Round Pond, then, if made under George II, seems to have been planned under George I.

* George I died on 12 June, 1727.

And what of the Broad Walk, so constantly associated with the name of Queen Caroline? Well, we find the Lords of the Treasury assenting in May, 1729, to the payment of £100. 6*s*. 3*d*. to Wise and Bridgman for "keeping such part of the new gardens at Kensington, as was finished at the time of his Majesty's [George II's] accession." That part included "5 acres, 30 perches of grass and gravel finished on those parts of the great walks parallel to the old gardens, and that lie north of the lawn beside the palace." The upper end of the Broad Walk, I take it, had been begun by the time that George II ascended the throne. St. Gouver's Well, however, seems to have remained a wayside fountain, much esteemed for its supposed medicinal qualities, until, in 1866, that energetic Chief Commissioner of Works, Lord John Manners, incased it with stonework.

The truth would seem to be that Queen Caroline zealously carried out the plans originally sanctioned by a father-in-law who held her in but small esteem; and that, if feminine influence is to be sought, the inspiring genius must have been the Duchess of Kendal or Lady Darlington. The Treasury Papers are full of details about the new gardens and the great New Plantation, though they can hardly be called explanatory. There seems reason to believe, too, that Queen Caroline developed the Royal kitchen gardens which stretched to the south and west of the Palace until the ground was more profitably covered with the well-built houses of Palace Gardens. It was under her directions again, that Bridgman constructed the sunk fence or haha with its bastions which still forms the boundary of the Gardens on the farther side of the Serpentine—a device invented by him.

Below the Palace, in what is now called Palace Green, George II and his Queen left things pretty much as they were. This space, as we have seen,

had originally been known as the Moor, and on it Henry VIII had built about the year 1536 a conduit, for supplying Chelsea Place, the house at Chelsea which he used as a nursery for his children, and which was afterwards a dower house for his widow, Catherine Parr. This house eventually came into the hands of Sir Hans Sloane, but an earlier owner, Lord Cheyne, had to bring an action-at-law against his neighbours, the Beaufort family, who endeavoured to deprive him of the use of the water. The conduit, an excellent specimen of Tudor brickwork, was in good preservation when Faulkner wrote, that is about 1820. But it was allowed to fall into neglect, and was eventually demolished in 1871.

The disappearance of another erection on the Green, Vanburgh's water-tower, is less to be regretted. This was a stupendous edifice over forty feet high, with turrets, a machicolated parapet and all the other frippery of sham mediævalism, built in the reign of Queen Anne for the supply of the Palace. It was not only pretentious without, but within as well, for the situation was found to be too low, and after lying heavy on the earth for many years, it was pulled down, so far as I can discover, about the year 1830. The cottages and stables standing in a row on the south side of the Green were originally barracks, and preserve recollections of the military pomp of the Palace, when it was still a Royal residence. The Life Guards' House, however, in which the cavalry were quartered, fronted the high-road, close to the turnpike. There, no doubt, lived William's Dutch soldiers, until the Tory majority in the House of Commons ungraciously decreed that they should be sent back to Holland.

CHAPTER III

THE COURT AT KENSINGTON PALACE

William III—The King and Lord Buckhurst—High life below stairs—Queen Mary—Last years of William III—Queen Anne and Lady Marlborough—"A weary traveller"—George I and his favourites—The King's character and appearance—Tickell on Kensington Gardens—The Court of George II—Lord Hervey's Memoirs—"Snubbed and resnubbed"—"Dramatic Scenes in Court"—State of the roads—Queen Caroline's death—Arrival of Madame Walmoden—Her contest with Lady Deloraine—Last years of George II—Horace Walpole's comment.

NONE of the Courts of the five Sovereigns who made Kensington Palace their home can have overflowed with gaiety. Even Macaulay's large capacity for hero-worship fails to redeem William III from the character of a glum and unfaithful husband, who neglected his wife for an ugly mistress, Elizabeth Villiers, and Dutch favourites; and whose heart was at The Hague, while his asthmatic body was at Kensington. He was surrounded by Dutch servants and Dutch guards whom he could trust. Some of them found graves in Kensington churchyard, for instance, "a Dutch soldier, killed by one of his countrymen"—in a tavern brawl, no doubt—"6th July."

William's saturnine temper was known to surrender to childish innocence, as when, on being summoned to tea by little Lord Buckhurst, he placed the boy in his cart and drew him along the King's

Gallery to the room where were seated the Queen, Lord Buckhurst's aghast grandmother, Lady Northampton, and the company. The episode, together with its sequel, the intervention of the exhausted and asthmatic King to save the youngster from the Dowager's wrath, are pleasant to recall as one paces the noble room. But the saying went at Court that the King thought as much as the Queen talked and the Princess Anne ate.

Those interested in the minutiæ of Courts may care to know that the first housekeepers at the Palace were Simon de Brienne and Mary his wife —presumbly French refugees—who received £375 by way of salary. To them succeeded Lowman and his wife, and later came a German, Jane Kien. To descend still farther below stairs, we may study, if we please, in the House of Lords MSS., the warrant for the rat-killer's livery and his bill for destroying vermin at Kensington. The Royal corn-cutter also wore a livery. In 1700, Mr. Stone, a substantial, well-affected apothecary at Kensington, succeeded Mr. Hammond in the service of their Majesties. In the days of the Jacobite plots it was well that the apothecary's disposition should be ascertained.

Mary was naturally high-spirited, and liked to have clever people about her. She appreciated Congreve's comedies and Burnet's gossip. With her affections absolutely fixed on her husband, she endured his infidelities with meekness; and in his absences conducted the affairs of the nation with discretion, though stateswomanship was by no means to her taste. From her vexations she sought refuge in religion, and was no contemptible theologian; while her piety and charity were unaffected and unostentatious. Kneller's hard manner cannot altogether disguise the handsome amiability of her appearance. Mary was at the height of her

popularity with the country when her short life came to an end. In affecting language Macaulay has described how she was seized with an illness which Radcliffe, the able but blunt, declared to be small-pox; how she then locked herself into her closet, and set her papers in order; how William, his affection declaring itself at last, remained night and day at her bedside; and how, having received the sacrament from Archbishop Tenison, she sank rapidly. The Privy Council was in a neighbouring room, and the Duke of Leeds removed William, almost insensible, from the sick-room just before she expired. Sorrowing crowds meanwhile thronged all the entrances to the Palace; and the streets were packed again when Mary's remains were carried through the gates to lie in state at Whitehall.

Left a widower, William confined himself more than ever to the society of his Dutch intimates. Yet he had his happier hours, and the Countess of Rutland described him at Kensington in 1701, "making his legs to the ladies," and going from the gold to the silver table; he made himself most agreeable, though observed not to talk much to ladies. At Kensington, too, he had his hour of danger, since the first idea of the conspirators who hatched the Assassination Plot was to attack the Palace by night, scale the outer wall, and storm or fire the building. At Kensington came the end, after his horse Sorrel had thrown him, through stumbling on the fateful molehill at Hampton Court. He returned to Kensington by coach; the broken collar-bone had to be reset owing to the jolting of the roads; he directed State affairs so long as his rapidly declining strength permitted, and then died, with Auverquerque, Albemarle and Portland about him.

Anne's association with Kensington Palace also lasted until her death. It was interrupted during Mary's lifetime by the open quarrel between the two

sisters, a quarrel largely created, there can be no doubt, by the bitter tongue of Lady Marlborough. The Court retaliated by inflicting indignities on the Princess and her husband, such as the withholding of a military salute when Prince George went to Kensington to pay his respects. But Anne's affectionate inquiries during Mary's fatal illness healed the breach; and when she waited on William after the funeral she was treated with extraordinary civility.

On her accession, Kensington became Queen Anne's favourite home. She herself drove her open carriage through the park, "furiously, like Jehu," as Swift wrote to Stella. Deprived by death of her children, she centred her affections on her stolid husband, and on her imperious and rapacious favourite, the Duchess of Marlborough. It was a placid, domestic Court, save for the intrusion of State intrigues and the ebullitions of "Mrs. Freeman," in which wit and learning counted for little, and generous eating and drinking for a good deal. In 1707, the Duchess made the momentous discovery that she was being supplanted in the Royal favour by her cousin, Abigail Hill, who came often to the Queen, when the Prince was asleep; and was generally two hours every day in private with her. But she was officiously sympathetic during the Prince's fatal illness, and when he died in Kensington Palace on 28 November, 1708, she persuaded Anne to go to St. James's. Two years afterwards the final rupture occurred; the Duchess, admitted to the Palace after a significant delay, experienced the crushing rebuff, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none."

The remainder of Queen Anne's days was troubled by constant attacks of gout, and by the storm and stress of domestic faction. She laboured for peace, and received Mesnager, the secret agent of the French Court, at Kensington, telling him that she prayed God he might succeed in his good work.

With the Duchess of Somerset as Mistress of the Robes, and Mrs. Hill, become Lady Masham, as Keeper of the Privy Purse, she had more amenable attendants about her than the tempestuous Sarah. But her health compelled her to live much in retirement, and her palaces were almost deserted. For her, as for Mary and William, the end came at Kensington. "I believe," wrote Dr. Arbuthnot, one of her physicians, to Swift, "sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death was to her." The accuracy of the dramatic story that the Whig Dukes of Somerset and Argyll checkmated the machinations of the Tory Cabinet for placing the Pretender on the throne by forcing themselves on its deliberations seems open to question, since no plan of action can be proved to have existed. The Dukes probably exercised their rights as Privy Councillors, and joined the conclave in the natural order of things. At any rate, all chance of a Stuart restoration disappeared, when Lord Shrewsbury was recommended to her as Lord Treasurer, and the dying Queen placed the staff in his hands. Still she lingered on; and all the arrangements for the proclamation of King George had been made when at last, on Sunday morning, 1 August, 1714, she died.

Under George I, Kensington Palace, besides being transformed by Kent, became the roost of various favourites, female and male, who were hated by the nation and scorned by the aristocracy. When the King landed in England, there accompanied him his master of the horse, Baron Kielmannsegge and his wife the Baroness. In hot pursuit followed the King's other mistress, Fraulein von Schulenburg. "Good people," cried one of them, on being abused by the mob, "why you abuse us? We come for all your goods." "Yes, damn ye," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too." They were comfortably housed, and few more business-like

documents have ever been printed than the Baroness Kielmannsegge's directions to Vice-Chamberlain Coke for the furnishing of her house at Kensington, written in excellent French. A tone of official preciseness pervades it, and at its close comes the courteous intimation that the Baron sends his regards.

George I was grotesque in his gallantries; Charles II was not. The honours and benefactions in money and land which George heaped on his Hanoverian favourites may not have been much more injudicious than the peerages, estates and offices bestowed by William III on his Dutchmen. Still, the country revolted from the combination of profligacy and corruption, and ignored the virtues of courage and straightforwardness which their foreign ruler undoubtedly possessed. Walpole, over a bowl of punch, could appreciate his ability, but men and women of fashion were alienated by his dislike of display and the stiffness of his manner. He had to be approached through his mistresses, and politics hinged on the support given by the Schulenburg, become Duchess of Kendal, to Townsend and Walpole, and the protection extended by the Kielmannsegge, created Countess of Darlington, to Carteret. Far from refined in his tastes, the King was simple in his relaxations, which consisted chiefly in shooting at Richmond and walking in Kensington Gardens, no doubt with a Hanoverian courtier at his elbow. We can imagine him, from Horace Walpole's description, in his later years, "an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall; of an aspect rather good than august; with a dark tie wig, a plum coat, waistcoat, and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings the same colour, and a blue riband over all."

The walks of George I in Kensington Gardens went uncelebrated. But his handsome and gracious daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales—*cette diablesse*

Mme. la Princesse—found her eulogist in Thomas Tickell, the friend of Addison. His poem "Kensington Gardens," published in 1722, opens thus:—

> Where Kensington, high o'er the neighbouring lands
> Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric, stands,
> And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
> A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
> The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
> To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.
> Here while the town in damps and darkness lies
> They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;
> Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
> Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
> Where rich brochades and glossy damasks glow,
> And chints, the rival of the showery bow.
> Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
> Sometimes, surrounded by her virgin band,
> Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
> Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest
> Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause deny'd,
> And charm a people to her father's side.

Tickell proceeds to describe Queen Anne's garden:—

> That hollow space, where now in living rows
> Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,
> Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,
> A common pit, a rude unfashioned cave.

He then, unfortunately, launches out into a story, described by Dr. Johnson as "fiction unskilfully compounded of Grecian deities and Gothic fairies. Neither species of these exploded beings could have done much; and, when they are brought together, they only make each other contemptible." The insipid tale of the loves of Kenna and Albion, the jealousy of Azuriel, and the vengeance of Neptune is undeniably a thing to yawn over. But, happily for us, Mr. Barrie has peopled Kensington Gardens with other beings

than these: Queen Mab, the Duke of Christmas Daisies and the rest, who are the friends of Maimie Mannering and Peter Pan.

The Court of George II is more intimately known to us, perhaps, than any Court in English history. In addition to the pungent commentary of Horace Walpole in his letters and memoirs, there is the intimate observation of Lord Hervey, in his capacity of Vice-Chamberlain of the Household and the intimate friend of Queen Caroline. The picture is far from amiable, though the full force of the writer's dislike is reserved for the rival Court of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Lord Hervey shows no mercy to the irascible, tyrannical little King, who openly installed Mrs. Howard, the prudent, amiable and deaf, as his professed mistress, and spent three or four hours in her company every day. The Queen, "knowing the vanity of her husband's temper, and that he must have some woman for the world to believe his mistress, wisely suffered one to remain in that situation whom she despised and had got the better of, for fear of making room for a successor whom he might really love, and that might get the better of her." Ignoring Mrs. Howard, she set herself to rule her husband without his knowledge, and to steer his mind in the interests of Walpole. "And who do they say governs now?" asked the unsuspicious King after passing the two Charleses, William III and Anne under contemptuous review. But to retain her hold on the King she lived a life of drudgery, "which few besides herself," wrote Lord Hervey, "could have had patience to support, or resolution to adhere to."

She was at least seven hours *tête-à-tête* with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion,

and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it . . . she used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to (unless it was to sleep): she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken.

So the days wore on. The Queen, whose conversation was more vigorous than refined, permitted herself to criticize with considerable freedom the physical appearance of the Prince of Orange, the husband of the Princess Royal, whom nature had cursed with a round back and short legs, while her wrath against her son was exhibited without any semblance of disguise. She confided her inmost thoughts to Lord Hervey, whom she called "her child, her pupil, and her charge," and often said, "It is well I am so old or I should be talked of for this creature." Together they discussed the retirement of Mrs. Howard, who had become Countess of Suffolk, but who ended by boring the King, and was unkindly treated in consequence. Together they talked over the King's absences in Hanover, where he contracted an infatuation for Madame Walmoden, every step in which he promptly related to the Queen. George returned in high dudgeon; and in his liveliest manner Lord Hervey sets forth how he countermanded the alterations made by the Queen in the hanging of the pictures in the great drawing-room at Kensington; how he snubbed her,

who was drinking chocolate, for being always stuffing; the Princess Emily for not hearing him; the Princess Caroline for being grown fat; the Duke [of Cumberland] for standing awkwardly; Lord Hervey for not knowing what relation the Prince of Sultzbach was to the Elector Palatine; and then carried the Queen to walk, and be resnubbed in the garden.

Lord Hervey's two *jeux d'esprit*, a "Poetical Epistle to the Queen" and "Dramatic Scenes in Court on a Report of Lord Hervey's death," give a vivid idea of the Court in the King's absence at his beloved Heerenhausen. The language he attributes to the Queen is astonishingly free, and he does not scruple to exhibit her imperfect English and warmth of temper. As for the underlings he urged:—

> Let envious Brudnal her great friends abuse
> And Little Titch with lower scandal souse.

These were Mrs. Brudenel and Mrs. Tichborne, two of the Bedchamber Women.* But the Queen and Princess Emily, or Amelia, are also represented in the "Dramatic Scenes" as receiving the news of Lord Hervey's death with cynical indifference, though Princess Caroline, "on whose virtuous heart" Horace Walpole believed him to have made a deep impression, displayed concern. The conversation was conducted in a mixture of French and English with just a dash of German. Much the cleverest scene is that opening Act II.

Scene.—*The Queen's dressing-room. The Queen is discovered at her toilet cleaning her teeth; Mr. Purcell dressing her Majesty's head; the Princesses, Lady Pembroke and Lady Burlington, Ladies of the Bedchamber, and Lady Sundon, Woman of the Bedchamber, standing round. Morning prayers saying in the next room.*

1 *Parson* (*behind the scenes*). "From pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,"

2 *Parson.* "Good Lord deliver us!"

Queen. I pray, my good Lady Sundon, shut a little that door; those creatures pray so loud, one cannot hear oneself speak. (*Lady Sundon goes to shut the door.*) So, so, not quite so much;

* I have read somewhere that Mr. Relph, the well-known comedian, first styled himself "Little Tich" by way of contrast to the Tichbourne claimant. Lord Hervey's anticipation of his stage-name is curious.

leave it open for those parsons to think we may hear, and enough shut that we may not hear quite so much. (*To Lady Burlington.*) What do you say, Lady Burlington, to Lord Hervey's death? I am sure you are very sorry.

Lady Pembroke (*sighing and lifting up her eyes*). I swear it is a terrible thing.

Lady Burlington. I am just as sorry as I believe he would have been for me.

Queen. How sorry is that, my good Lady Burlington?

Lady Burlington. Not so sorry as not to admit of consolation.

Lord Hervey's jests on Chiswick House and Burlington House were, of course, the cause of Lady Burlington's wrath, but he makes her talk with point. He is not so successful in bringing out the bluff joviality of Walpole, whom Swift accused of being "a prater at Court in the style of the stews." But in the third Act, scene the great drawing-room, all the courtiers standing in a circle, Lord Hervey makes good fun out of the imbecility of Lord Wilmington and the hesitating utterance of the Duke of Newcastle.

In 1736, while the King was absent in Hanover with Mme. Walmoden—much to the indignation of his subjects—he desired the Queen to remove from Kensington to St. James's so as to be in touch with Ministers. Lord Hervey, in a letter to his mother, supplies a singular commentary :—

The road between this place (Kensington) and London is grown so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean, and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud. There are two roads through the park, but the new one is so convex and the old one so concave, that by this extreme of faults they agree in the common one of being, like the high-road, impassable.

Several entries in the Treasury Papers show that Lord Hervey had not exaggerated the state of affairs.

In 1730 the sum of £841. 6*s*. was issued to the Paymaster of Works on account of repairing the road leading to Kensington through Hyde Park. This was presumably the convex new road. Eight years later the Trustees of the Kensington turnpike sent a memorial to the Treasury setting forth that :—

> The road at the East entrance of the town of Kensington to the old gate leading into Hyde Park by the wall of his Majesty's gardens is exceeding bad in winter, and as it were one continued slough, notwithstanding great quantities of screened ballast laid on it annually by the said Trust for the last twelve years. It is apprehended there is no method to effectually repair it but by raising said road and paving it with substantial pebbles.

The Treasury Papers do not disclose if this brilliant anticipation of Macadam ever came to anything. Probably not.

The Queen remained at Kensington, bickering with the Prince of Wales, who occupied a wing of the Palace, and playing quadrille with her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Scultz, in her private apartment, except on Mondays and Fridays when she held public drawing-rooms. At last the King arrived, having been delayed many days by storm, and even reported lost, to the unconcealed anxiety of his own Court and the barely concealed joy of the Prince's following. The rapid ripening of the feud between the parents and their son has been already touched upon ; and as it did not much concern Kensington Palace, I need not refer to the unsavoury topic again. The tempest still raged, when the Queen was taken ill, and despite such drastic medicines as Daffy's Elixir, snake-root, and Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial grew rapidly worse. The Court was then at St. James's, and there on 20 November, 1737, she died, after the King had exhibited that "mixture of brutality and tenderness," as Lord Hervey calls it, which so sorely scandalized Thackeray.

Queen Caroline dead, was soon forgotten. In his coarse way, Sir Robert Walpole said: "I'll bring Madame Walmoden over, and I'll have nothing to do with your girls; I was for the wife against the mistress, but I will be for the mistress against the daughters." There were others like the Dukes of Grafton and Newcastle who thought that the Princess Amelia might be employed by the Minister to secure the King's ear, and she by all accounts would have jumped at the position. But Walpole had laid his plans, and had the brutal assurance to tell the Princesses that, pending the arrival of Madame Walmoden, he would advise the Princesses to encourage Lady Deloraine, because "people must wear old gloves till they could get new ones."

Early in the following year Madame Walmoden arrived, and her charms were chronicled by Mr. Windham, a correspondent of Charles, third Viscount Townshend.

> Madame Woolmoden is in Pall Mall with her husband, but is at Kensington several hours in the day; she has fine black eyes and brown hair and very well shap'd; not tall, nor low, has no fine features but very agreeable in the main. She appears at the drawing-room like one that has been used to the courts of Princes. It is not doubted but that she will soon have an apartment at Kensington.

Windham's prediction proved correct; a suite of rooms was assigned to her which had been previously occupied by Lady Suffolk. A divorce soon ridded her of her husband, and in due course she became Countess of Yarmouth. But she had at first to contend against the charms of Lady Deloraine, who had been governess to the younger Princesses, and whom Lord Hervey described at five-and-thirty as "one of the vainest as well as one of the simplest women that ever lived, but to this wretched head there

was certainly joined one of the prettiest faces that ever was formed." Lady Deloraine's reign seems to have been brought to an end by an incident characteristic of the times. With much gusto Horace Walpole described, in 1742, a fracas at Kensington Palace. One of the Princesses pulled a chair from under Lady Deloraine, "and she being provoked that her monarch was diverted with her disgrace, gave him just such another fall." Mme. Walmoden was, therefore, in the ascendant, but hers was none too splendid a slavery. She suffered from the ague, and was forced at one time to keep a constant fire in her room against the damp. In Lady Suffolk's time, says Horace Walpole, the room grew mushrooms. It was suggested that other apartments were available. "*Mais pas pour moi*," sighed the favourite.

Thus George II grew old with none too good a grace. To his credit it must be said that he was less conspicuously under female influence than his father before him. Madame Walmoden exercised but little political power, though the haughty Pitt was not above paying her his respects; and she sold a peerage or two. As the reign neared its glorious close, Kensington Palace was, no doubt, the scene of many momentous conferences between the Sovereign and his Ministers, but they can with difficulty be disentangled from contemporary memoirs and letters. The King had a superstition that he would not die at Kensington Palace; but die there he did, and Horace Walpole conjectures that he came to his end through a chill caught while reviewing the troops from the wall of the gardens. When all was over, Horace Walpole went to inquire after Princess Amelia and Lady Yarmouth. He waited for half an hour in a lodge with one of the favourite's footmen; "I would not have waited so long in her room a week ago, now it only diverted me." As for the Countess, she

prudently retired with her spoils to Hanover, and died there five years afterwards, though Thackeray includes her in the portrait gallery of "The Virginians" among the fashionables of Tunbridge Wells.

CHAPTER IV

LATER YEARS OF KENSINGTON PALACE

The Court leaves Kensington—Deserted saloons—The Macaronis and the Beaux—The crowd in the Gardens—Luttrell's "Letters to Julia"—Princess Sophia and the Princess of Wales—The Duke of Sussex—The Duke of Kent—Birth of Queen Victoria—Wilberforce and Sir Walter Scott—Queen Victoria's girlhood—Her education—The Queen's accession—The Duchess of Kent—The Duke and Duchess of Teck—John Wilson Croker—"Lines written in Kensington Gardens."

THE splendour departed from Kensington Palace with the death of George II. His grandson and successor disliked and never inhabited it, though shortly after his accession he appointed Sir John Hill as gardener, with the handsome salary of £2000 a year.* At that time Horace Walpole's sister was housekeeper; and in 1764, on her promotion to Windsor, she was succeeded by Miss Rachel Lloyd. That lady was fond of cards, and gave loo parties which were frequented by Lady Holland and Lady Mary Coke. Her scandalized eye perceived the Duke of Gloucester, with his equerry, riding over all the walks what time he was in disgrace at Court through his clandestine marriage with Lady Waldegrave. The King, meanwhile, had stripped the State rooms of their pictures, which were removed to St. James's. In 1768, Princess Amelia, attended by

* See p. 29.

Lady Mary Coke, visited the deserted saloons. The latter commented thus—

> There is not much left, indeed; the bed Queen Anne died in is taken away, and likewise Queen Mary's. One could scarcely imagine it would have been worth his Majesty's while to have removed beds that have been there so long. . . . It is all so changed that there is hardly any knowing it again.

Thus Kensington Palace relapsed into slumber and dust; the home of officials, like Lord Hertford, the Lord Chamberlain, who had lodgings there in 1770, until George III revived it by quartering various members of his numerous family in different portions of the building.

The desertion of the Court made but little difference during the rest of the eighteenth century to the popularity of the gardens. In 1773, the Macaronis ran races there every Sunday evening "to the high amusement and contempt of the mob," wrote Horace Walpole; "and yet the mob will be ambitious of being fashionable and will run races too." In 1781, Sheridan, in his prologue to "The Miniature Pictures," described how—

> Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains.
> The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,
> Where white-robed Misses amble two by two
> Nodding to booted beaux—"How do, how do?"
> With generous questions that no answer wait,
> "How vastly full? A'n't you come vastly late?
> Isn't it quite charming? When do you leave town?
> A'n't you quite tired? Pray can we set you down?"

In May, 1793, Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Lord Minto, wrote to his wife—

> All I know of the country is Kensington Gardens, where I walked on Sunday with La Porte, one of my French schoolfellows. It is really extremely pretty: but its rusticity was in some degree diminished by the resemblance of the entrance and the battle to

get in to the pit door when Garrick acted. It is literally hardly safe for a woman.

Even in 1806 Lord Kenyon reported to Lady Kenyon that he walked in Kensington Gardens and saw—

the extreme crowd there about 3 o'clock and between that and 4. The most conspicuous figure was Mr. Skeffington, with Miss Duncan leaning on his arm. He is so great an author, that all which is done is thought correct and not open to scandal. To be sure they looked rather a comical pair, she with only a cap on, and he with his curious whiskers and sharp shallow face.

Skeffington was an indifferent playwright and prodigious fop, the butt of Gillray and Byron.

By 1822, when Luttrell published his sprightly "Letters to Julia," Hyde Park Corner had supplanted Kensington Gardens as the rendezvous of fashion, and the man-about-town wrote about—

> The vulgar folks, who run
> To thy fair gardens, Kensington;
> To tread on verdure and inhale
> The freshness of the western gale.
> Who hasten to the calm retreats
> Of those alcoved old-fashioned seats,
> Where vows uncouth in babbling rhymes
> Betray the loves of former times
> With dates exact of Beauties reckoned
> So killing—under George the Second.
> Where Cockneys duly taught that fame
> Howe'er achieved is but a name,
> Have proved they had it in their blood,
> By tampering with the unconscious wood
> To be immortal—if they could.

Queen Anne's alcove will be searched in vain for these Cockney inscriptions, and Luttrell evidently alluded to some humbler seats which have since disappeared. But certain phases of London life which

time and change will never obliterate are hit off by Luttrell in the injunction to—

> mark what formal parties flit
> In silence by, or primly sit
> On the same bench, too doubtful whether
> Huddled by chance or choice together.
> 'Twere hard, methinks, their fate to brook,
> Were they not happier than they look.

This was a change indeed from the days when the Broad Walk was crowded by rank and beauty and fashion. Nor was the hospitality of the gardens confined in their great days to English people, since Chateaubriand enjoyed their repose in the years of his exile; and after the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, Madame Recamier created a sensation by appearing in them dressed *à l'antique*.

Among the children of George III who made Kensington Palace their home was the blind Princess Sophia, whose life of blameless resignation came to an end in 1848. Her last years were spent in strict retirement at York House, a pretty Georgian building on the east side of Church Street which was demolished in 1904. Princess Sophia's eccentric sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales, had apartments assigned to her in the Palace in consequence of a Cabinet minute dated 21 April, 1807. This step was taken after the "Delicate Investigation" had cleared her of serious misconduct during her residence at Blackheath, though she was thought to have committed indiscretions. Becoming a popular heroine, she received in the grand drawing-room a congratulatory address from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Sheriffs. On public occasions the Princess could be dignified, but her parties in the Palace were of the rowdy order, though she could appreciate men of wit like Rogers, Lord Dudley and Canning; and she took pleasure in doing extraordinary things, with no other object

apparently than to astound her attendants. She used to talk to old people in the Gardens and ply them with questions about herself, or start out on long expeditions through the Bayswater meadows and along the Paddington Canal, to the undisguised alarm of the lady-in-waiting. For other scandal the veracious pages of Lady Charlotte Bury's journal may be consulted. The Princess removed to Connaught Place in 1814; but she still retained her rooms in Kensington Palace when, later in the year and in an evil hour for herself, she decided on leaving England, after which the Royal Borough knew her no more.

The other Royal establishments at Kensington Palace were those of the Duke of Sussex, who applied to the King for rooms in 1810, and the Duke of Kent. The first of the pair occupied rooms in the older portion of the south wing, and had the good taste to collect a library of over fifty thousand volumes, which included the finest collection of Bibles in the world, and the complete Bipont and Delphin editions of the classics. After his death it went to the hammer. The Duke was a popular Prince, much given to presiding at public dinners. He approved of the socialistic schemes of Robert Owen, and his strongly Whiggish opinions found expression in his signature of the protest of the small minority in the House of Lords against the deportation of Napoleon to St. Helena. Lord Albemarle, who was the Duke's equerry, describes him in "Fifty Years of My Life" as having been the essence of punctuality, sitting down to breakfast every morning on the stroke of nine. He died in 1843, and was buried by his own wish in Kensal Green cemetery. His widow, created Duchess of Inverness, was allowed to occupy his rooms until her death thirty years later.

The Duke of Kent, though not particularly interesting on his own account, is of moment as the father of Queen Victoria. The extravagance of his Royal

brothers seems to have been visited by George III on this unfortunate son, whose meagre allowance kept him in a state of chronic impecuniosity. Apartments in Kensington Palace were granted him by the King in 1801, and he occupied them two years later, after his abrupt recall from Gibraltar, where he had reduced a mutinous garrison to discipline by methods of injudicious severity. From the Palace he addressed eager appeals for public employment, which were coldly rejected by the Duke of York, as Commander-in-Chief, and by Lord Castlereagh, writing on behalf of George III. Thence too came in 1815 a representation of his embarrassed circumstances sent to the Regent, but curtly answered by Lord Liverpool. There was nothing for it but to hand over three-fourths of his income to trustees and retire to Brussels, where, as readers of the Creevey Papers will remember, he imparted some odd confidences to that vivacious little man. The Duke returned to England to marry the widowed sister of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg; but his necessities drove him abroad again, and but for a timely loan, his daughter would have been born in Germany. The little Princess, however, made her appearance at Kensington Palace on 24 May, 1819. The room is under the King's Privy Chamber, and a brass plate records the event.

The Princess, who lost her father when she was eight months old, had a simple childhood. She had just celebrated her first birthday when the benevolent Wilberforce paid his respects to the Duchess. "She received me," he wrote, "with her fine animated child on the floor by her side, with its playthings of which I became one." Later, when she was nearly nine, came Sir Walter Scott—

> I was very kindly received by Prince Leopold, and presented to the little Princess Victoria, the heir-apparent to the Crown as

things stand. . . . This little lady is educated with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, "You are heir of England." I suspect, if we could dissect the little heart we should find some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter.

Many eyes were fixed on the little Princess as she took a ride through the gardens on a donkey given her by the Duke of York, or came skipping along the walks. Lord Albemarle could see her watering her flowers, and impartially distributing the contents of the pot between them and her feet. Charles Knight, the publisher, could watch her as she breakfasted in the open air, and became enthusiastic on the training of this Royal girl, "that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye." But looking back upon her childhood in after years Queen Victoria described it as "rather melancholy." The Duchess of Kent maintained a Spartan discipline; the Princess never had a room to herself until she was nearly grown up, and when expeditions were made from Kensington to Ramsgate or Tunbridge Wells she took her lessons in the governess's bedroom. Those lessons did not come easily; Queen Victoria tells us that she baffled every attempt to teach her the alphabet until she was five, when she consented to learn her letters through their being written down before her. However, three bishops reported favourably on her religious instruction when she was nearing eleven, and she was gradually and cautiously introduced to public life.

Thus the Princess grew up at Kensington under her mother's care, and kept aloof from the Court, much to the resentment of William IV. She became a bold horsewoman, and enjoyed dancing and concerts, the play and the opera. Her uncle Leopold, who became King of the Belgians in 1830, formed her mind, and imparted to her a keen interest in foreign

affairs. She was acquainted with London society, chiefly of a Whiggish type, and her cousin, Prince Albert of Coburg, made his appearance at a ball given by the Duchess of Kent, again to the indignation of William IV, who favoured a marriage with a son of the Prince of Orange.

At six o'clock in the morning of 20 June, 1837, came the awakening of the young Queen by her mother and the intimation that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Lord Chamberlain, had arrived and wished to see her. She thrust on a dressing-gown, and received them, not, as the generally received account has it, in the drawing-room downstairs, but, as her journal states, in her sitting-room, that is, apparently, in the ante-room leading to the bedroom. Her first council was held in what was then called the red saloon, a low room with pillars, immediately beneath the cupola room. The episode has been immortalized by Wilkie at some expense to historical accuracy in the matter of costume, while Greville's touching account of the scene is too familiar to need quotation in this place. The Duke of Wellington said that if the Queen had been his own daughter, he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.

On 13 July the Queen, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, departed from her early home. But she frequently revisited it, and vigorously resisted the arguments for the pulling down of the Palace which were advanced from time to time by parsimonious Governments. While the State rooms were given over to dust and decay, the Duchess of Kent continued to hold apartments in the Palace until her death in 1861.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck lived in the Palace after their marriage in 1866, occupying the greater part of the same suite. Their daughter, now Queen Mary, was born in the "Nursery" on

27 May, 1867, and thus Kensington Palace can claim to have become famous as the natal place of two Queens of England. The Duke and Duchess gave up their apartments in 1883; "you can guess the wrench that it will be to us," wrote the latter. Their parties were frequented by many Royal and distinguished personages, and notably by Disraeli. "What are we waiting for?" asked the Duchess when the Eastern question was in a highly critical condition. "Mutton and potatoes, ma'am," answered the Prime Minister, after deliberately consulting the *menu*. Meanwhile Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne had established themselves in another wing, and to the accomplished daughter's chisel is due the graceful statue of Queen Victoria in her youth which stands, appropriately enough, between the Palace and the Broad Walk.

In the Palace, near the Duchess of Kent and her daughter, lived for many years John Wilson Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty and *Quarterly* reviewer. His rooms were given him by George IV, to whom he was a useful purveyor of news and adviser on things in general. His papers record that he sometimes dined with the Duchess; and in August, 1828, he gave a party which included Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, a future commander-in-chief in Sir Henry Hardinge, Theodore Hook and Chantrey—a distinguished company. Croker spent his time between Kensington and his house at West Moulsey, where most of the "slashing articles" seem to have been composed which excited the wrath of Disraeli, and the editing done which drew down on him Macaulay's onslaught. In his last years he made Kensington his permanent residence, and was there until a few days before his death in 1856, while visiting a friend at Hampton. His widow lived on in his rooms, and died there in November, 1880.

Kensington Gardens have ceased for the best

part of a century to be the resort of fashion. As Lady Ritchie puts it in "Old Kensington," the "shabby stream of progress" has passed them by. Even the opening of the State rooms to the public has not materially changed the character of those who frequent on a week-day the paths made by George I and Queen Caroline. There are the extremes of life: children with their nurses and the elderly, sometimes with their nurses too. Here and there, notably in the neighbourhood of Watts's vigorous statue, "Physical Energy," a recumbent figure may be seen realizing Matthew Arnold's "Lines Written in Kensington Gardens":—

> In this lone, open glade I lie,
> Screened by deep boughs on either hand;
> And at its end, to stay the eye,
> Those black-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand!
> Birds here make song, each bird has his;
> Across the girdling city's hum.
> How green under the boughs it is!
> How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

Those pine-trees, by the way, are becoming sadly decrepit.

The Great Exhibition of 1851 hardly concerns Old Kensington, though it was held close to the boundary of the Gardens; and I may be excused for the same reason from dilating on that unfortunate specimen of mid-Victorian art, the Albert Memorial.

CHAPTER V

THE CHURCH AND THE CHARITY SCHOOL

In the days of the Stuarts—Notable residents—The quality at Kensington—Bowack's eulogy—The old church—Early vicars—A "terrier" of the church—An intruded vicar—Restorations and demolitions—The monuments—A buried aristocracy—Monuments in the churchyard—Kensington church bells—An eighteenth-century sermon—Worshippers at Kensington—The charity school.

THE advent of a Court at Kensington inevitably changed the character of the parish. Hitherto it had been no more than a country village dominated by a few large houses such as Lord Campden's on Campden Hill and Lord Holland's in Holland Park. The yearly average of baptisms and burials had risen, indeed, from $6\frac{4}{5}$ and $7\frac{2}{5}$ in the decade 1539 to 1549, to $52\frac{4}{5}$ and $98\frac{1}{10}$ respectively in the years from 1680 to 1689. But Kensington was but lightly touched by great events in the days of the Stuarts. During the Civil Wars we find Lord Denbigh incurring a debt of £274. 9*s.* 10*d.* for quartering his troop on the place, and that George Harrison, the constable, arrested some Fitzgeralds for creating a riot, presumably in the King's interest. The Great Fire, too, only affected Kensington to the extent of covering its gardens with the ashes of papers, linens and plaster-work, blown thither by the tempest; and the Plague seems to have been directly accountable for but twenty-five deaths.

Among the residents under the Commonwealth

was the Dowager Lady Conway, who described herself as a stranger at Court, where the Lord Protector had "induced the Spanish habit and port." William Walwyn, auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster, also lived in the parish at that time, and petitioned Cromwell on behalf of his brother Fulke, a decayed merchant of London; "his felicity is daily to serve God in the church on his knees, by which he has taken such cold that his legs are much worse." Another frequent worshipper in the same church after the Restoration was the Earl of Anglesey, described by Burnet as "a man of grave deportment." A figure more characteristic of the times to be seen in the streets was that of Samuel Pepys, who was wont to frequent "the Grotto" tavern and gardens, where the singing pleased him admirably, though the roads were dangerous and he spent *6s. 6d.* on coach hire.

Such are the scattered notices of Kensington between the days of Elizabeth and those of William III and Mary to be discovered in State papers and memoirs. No sooner had Nottingham House become Kensington Palace than the parish began to be famous. The air of Kensington was considered as healthy as Hampstead's, and by 1716 the people of quality living at Kensington and Chelsea far outnumbered those inhabiting Covent Garden, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, Red Lion Square, Queen Square, Ormond Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields or the Strand. Foreign ambassadors resided in Kensington Square, but many courtiers had to be content with lodgings either in the village itself or the Gravel Pits. In 1709 the Duchess of Marlborough complained that "a very great lady used part of my lodgings without any kind of difficulty or ceremony. Her education," she added, "is not of the best and all that she does is suitable to it." The gravel from the pits was considered so valuable that Lord Mar, a friend of Queen

OLD KENSINGTON CHURCH

Anne, had it conveyed as ballast in ships of 500 tons to make his walks at Alloa.

Gallant Lord Cutts, the bravest man in the British Army, lived hard by in a "retreat"—possibly on Campden Hill—and courted Elizabeth Pickering, who became his second wife, with the compelling appeal, "My thoughts are solely devoted to you, except such as have no share in the things of this world." Writing in 1705, Bowack triumphantly exclaimed that since King William III had been pleased to ennoble Kensington with his Court and Royal presence—

> it has flourished even almost beyond belief; and is inhabited by gentry and persons of note; there is also abundance of shopkeepers, and all sorts of artificers in it, which makes it appear rather like part of London than a country village. It is, with its dependencies, about three times as big as Chelsea, in number of houses, and in summer time extremely filled with lodgers, for the pleasure of the air, walks and gardens round it, to the great advantage of its inhabitants.

The parish church, which was replaced between 1869 and 1881 by Sir Gilbert Scott's grandiosely handsome example of the so-called "Gothic revival," assumed the homely form which old residents in Kensington remember well in the reigns of William and Mary and Anne. No engravings appear to exist of the still earlier building or buildings, though Faulkner prints an inventory of the goods made in the reign of Edward VI in which the most interesting items are a Bible, apparently Miles Coverdale's, and Erasmus's "Paraphrase of the Gospels." He also gives visitation articles in the reign of James I, whence it may be gathered that though the vicar, Richard Elkins, was a zealous priest, the education of the parish was in the hands of two poor men, of honest behaviour and sound of religion, who sometimes had some few scholars and sometimes none.

Of Elkins's predecessors the most remarkable

were "Sir" Roger atte Med, a man of substance in the fourteenth century, chaplain of the chapel of Saint Brandwood at Willesden, who owned lands in Kensington, Westbourne and Knightsbridge; and "Sir" John Parsons, who contrived to keep his pulpit through the religious changes of the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI and Mary. Parsons's curate, Sebastian Harris, was of a less accommodating disposition, and appeared before the Vicar-General for having in his possession "Uno Dissidentium," containing the doctrines of the Lutheran heresy, and the New Testament, translated by William Hechym, a name acutely identified by Mr Loftie with William Hytchins, one of Tyndale's *noms-de-guerre.*

A "terrier" of the tithes, glebe and vicarage, dated 1712, states that Lord Campden ceiled the great chancel, gave the east painted glass window and the rails of the communion table since destroyed, while the Earl of Warwick and Holland frequently repaired the chancels, and therefore claimed the right of burial in them for his family, a right evidently conceded under protest. From this assertion of authority trouble ensued, for the Earls enlarged it into a right to present to the vicarage. In 1641 the point was gained in the case of their distant relative Dr. Hodges, who was a celebrated preacher before Parliament, one of the Assembly of Divines and a Covenanter. Out of loyalty to his patron, however, Hodges attended him on the scaffold, and must have had friends among the Royalists, since in the year after the Restoration he became Dean of Hereford.

On the death of William Wigan in 1700, the claim of presentation was advanced in a startlingly audacious manner. One Robert Talbot, clerk, prevailed by a considerable sum of money—so scandal asserted, at least—with the steward of Lord Mohun to procure his lord to obtain of Edward, Earl of Warwick and Holland, the succession to the living. (Was it from

this incident, by the way, that Thackeray was inspired to introduce Lord Holland as Mohun's second in the duel in "Esmond"?) But to return to the interloping Talbot. On the day after Wigan's death he tolled one of the bells as if he had been legally inducted, and went into the reading pew to officiate, though a clergyman that sat near him desired him to come down, the Bishop of London's secretary and Lord Fauconberg's chaplain having been appointed that day to the duties of vicar and reader. Whereupon—

> Mr. Talbot, not regarding what was said to him, began to read the service, but with so much trembling and confusion, that he could pronounce no more than some of the sentences, the exhortation, confession, absolution, and the Lord's prayer, and that in such an abrupt manner, as not to be well understood by the congregation, and then speaking to Mr. Tilly, the clerk, to set a psalm, whilst that was singing, beckoned to Mr. Horneck, who sat in the gallery, to come thence, and go up (as it was conjectured) into the pulpit to preach, but he not being disposed to remove from the place where he was, Mr. Talbot quitted the reading pew, and Mr. Tonn, the Earl of Warwick's bailiff, having spent some time in going from pew to pew, to advise, as it was supposed, with several that were concerned for the Earl's imaginary right, what was best to be done; the congregation in the meantime wondering what was further designed, went at last to the vicar's pew, and told the two clergymen before mentioned, that if they were appointed to officiate, they might proceed without any further obstruction, and they did that day what the Bishop ordered them.

The Bishop of London cut the knot by presenting his domestic chaplain, John Millington; and though Lord Warwick cited the new vicar to appear before the Dean of Arches, and even tried to persuade his tenants to withhold their tithes, he subsequently abandoned his futile claim.

A good deal of pulling down and rebuilding of the church went on towards the close of the seventeenth century. The whole body of the fabric was recreated

in 1696, though the old Gothic tower, described by Bowack as made of flint and rough stone with little art or order, remained until 1772, when it disappeared. On the first occasion King William gave £300, the Princess Anne £100, Earl Craven £100, the Bishop of London £50, and the Earl of Warwick £40, the whole charge amounting to £1800. But the money was ill-spent, for in less than seven years the north and south walls began to crack. They were therefore rebuilt and strengthened by buttresses and a new roof was superimposed. There were further repairs, alterations and underpinnings in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But until it gave way to Sir Gilbert Scott's creation, old Kensington church remained substantially the same: an unpretending but by no means unpleasing brick building, with a squat battlemented tower surmounted by a wooden turret.

Within it was equally plain, except for some humble attempts at decorating the ceiling. Heavy galleries supported by stout pillars ran round the north, south, and west sides. Its chief ornament was the pulpit, of inlaid wood, decorated with the monograms of William III and Princess Anne, which has happily been retained in the present church. The Communion plate, too, remains, and includes a beautiful cup, dated 1599, adorned with escallop shells in repoussé work, besides numerous pieces of the seventeenth century. Lady Ritchie recalls the general scene: "there was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging from the gallery, the light streaming from the brown saints over the Communion table . . . the wooden pew with its high stools through which elbows of straw were protruding."

The rebuilding of 1696 was accompanied by a destruction of the old monuments, but Faulkner has recorded the inscriptions on a few of them, mostly commemorating the family of Meawtis who lived in the parish as early as the reign of Edward V, and one

of whom, John Meawtis, rose to be secretary to Henry VII and Henry VIII. Subsequent restorations have been less thorough-going; and so St. Mary Abbot's and its graveyard contain a goodly collection of tablets and tombs. Some of the gravestones, removed from their original places, stand forlornly against the churchyard wall, but then the "Gothic revival" was never too ceremonious.

On the whole it cannot be said that the dead who have been buried in or around Kensington parish church have been particularly notable. Members of the Phillimore and Colby families, long connected with the place, lie or lay within the building; and so do, or did, several Henshaws, of whom Thomas was Ambassador at the Danish Court and the friend of Evelyn. Medicine was represented by Dr. Warren, physician to George III, who frequently figures in Fanny Burney's account of the King's madness. The drama interred its writers there in the two Colmans; the elder, co-author with Garrick of "The Clandestine Marriage," the younger, author of "The Heir at Law," who were buried side by side in the vault. But of the aristocracy of Kensington not many are known to have found their last resting-place within the church. Two of the Godolphins were buried in it, and several of the Riches, Earls of Warwick and Holland. Addison's stepson is invested by the sculptor with the garb of ancient Rome, and endowed by the stone-mason with virtues which cannot be said to be discoverable in what little has been authenticated of his short life. Tablets beneath his monument record the deaths of Edward, the last holder of the title, his countess and only daughter. They stand in a chapel on the south side of the church. Another youth, "of great parts and hopes," whose richly decorated tablet is placed in the south aisle, is Colin Campbell, son of the Earl of Breadalbane and Mary, Countess Dowager of Caithness. A tablet bears the name of James Mill,

the historian of British India, and the father of the better-known John Stuart Mill. The elder Mill lived at Maitland House, a Georgian building on the east side of Church Street which was destroyed in 1904. Chantrey has two monuments to his credit, that to Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Hutchins, a Peninsular veteran, and a bust of Dr. Rennell, who was vicar of Kensington from 1816 to 1824. A bust by Bell has been placed at the west end in memory of Archdeacon Sinclair, vicar of Kensington from 1847 to 1875, and the originator of the present church.

The monuments in the churchyard, which was considerably enlarged in 1814 by ground purchased from Stephen Pitt, the owner of Campden House, are of some interest. Among them formerly stood that to Courtin, the traveller and friend of Sir Hans Sloane, by the chisel of Grinling Gibbons, which was destroyed—apparently during the "restoration" of 1796. Courtin is also commemorated, though not, I should say, by Gibbons, in the north porch. Reginald Spofforth, the glee-composer, died at Kensington in 1827, and was commemorated by a tablet on the outer wall of the old church; and it is worth mentioning that Horsley, his successor in that class of music, was for many years a resident on Campden Hill. Other tombstones record the lives of James Elphinstone, a schoolmaster and friend of Dr. Johnson; Bellamy, the founder of the Whig Club and a silk-mercer, and Gunter, the founder of the famous confectionery firm. Jortin, the most considerable of the vicars of Kensington in the eighteenth century, and the author of a "Life of Erasmus," lies, according to his own injunctions, under a flat stone. "Mortalis esse desiit, Anno Salutis 1770." A tomb by Chantrey covers the remains of Canning's eldest son, and some frigid lines by the statesman record the merits of yet another young man who was prematurely cut off. Not far away lies Mrs. Inchbald, "whose writings

will be cherished while truth, simplicity and feeling command public admiration," and a beautiful, lonely and curious woman.

The bells of Kensington church were cast by Janeway of Chelsea in 1772. It may be questioned if they have been rung in celebration of national events more zealously than the peal they displaced. Thus the parish books, as quoted by Faulkner, show that in 1685 the ringers were paid 12*s.* when the news came of Monmouth's being routed; 1*s.* 6*d.* in 1691 "when the news came of Limerick's being taken, and 'twas false," whereas 15*s.* was disbursed "that night when the true news came, for faggots for a bonfire at Little Chelsea and for drink." The bells rang for William's victories; for those won by Marlborough and Peterborough under Anne; and again when the Queen made her speech for the peace. The ringers had 13*s.* 4*d.* when King George was proclaimed, but only 6*s.* 8*d.* when he went through the town. Their emoluments rose to 13*s.* 4*d.* when the King and Princes went to Hampton Court and back again. We may suspect that so long as the Court remained at Kensington, opportunities for tintinnabulary displays of loyalty were seldom neglected.

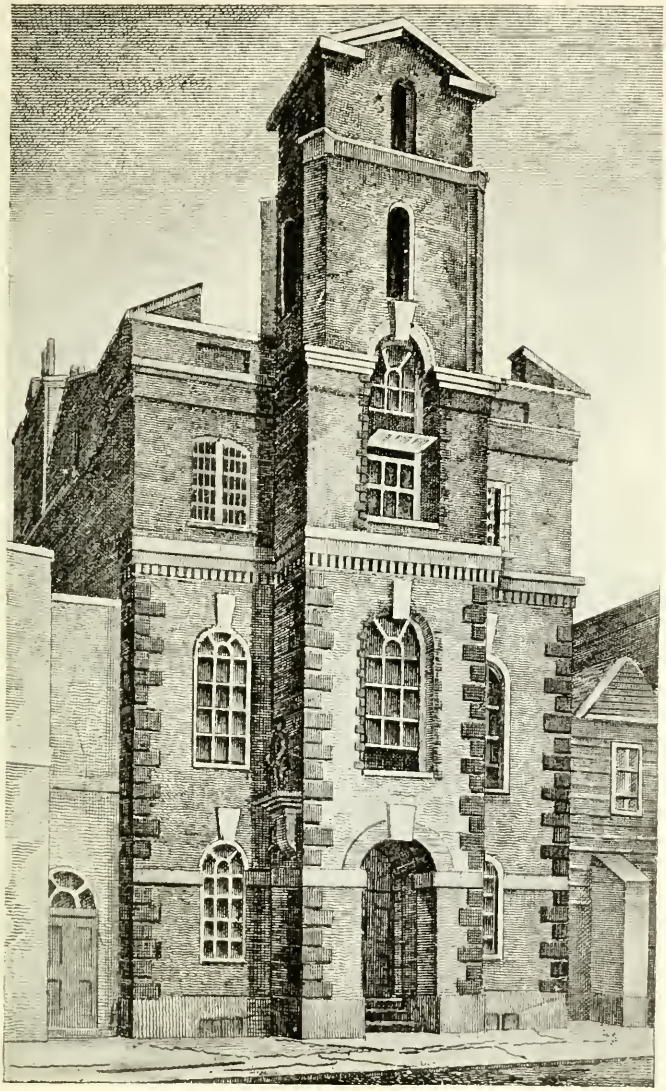
In the eighteenth century the old parish church had its regular worshipper for some years in Lady Mary Coke, who criticized the sermons with freedom and point.

> The clergyman did not preach a sermon to please me; I like practical discourses from the pulpit, and not historical digressions. He began by saying that the Virgin Mary was of Royal extraction but not having sufficient to support her pedigree, was in a low estate. Whether any of his congregation will lead a better life for his informing them of these two circumstances I really can't tell, but I thought he might have said something more to the purpose.

Among later worshippers were William Wilberforce,

who resided, as we shall see, at Kensington Gore, and who frequently sat in the pew belonging to the Holland House family. Canning, who lived at Gloucester Lodge, was often to be seen in the Royal pew, and another attendant at the church was Coke of Norfolk, the celebrated agriculturist. "Professor Nassau W. Senior, the political economist," says Edward Walford, the author of "Old and New London," "though living so far distant as Hyde Park Gate, might also be seen, in company with the late Mr. Thackeray attending the early service; but neither of these eminent writers, it is said, rented a pew in the church. Lord Macaulay, too, while living at Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, regularly attended here during the last two summers of his life."

A few yards beyond the church and between it and the new school and vestry hall stood until a few years back a curious building. Had you been asked to guess the architect, you would probably have hazarded Vanburgh, and you would have been right. It was a red-brick two-storeyed edifice, surmounted by a heavy square tower, with apertures for bells. These were the old charity schools, founded in 1645 by one Roger Pimble, but not substantially endowed until 1708, when Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark took interest in the institution. Educational ideals having a good deal changed, the school has given way to the new town hall. But the two statuettes of a charity boy with a pen and scroll inscribed "I was naked and ye clothed me," and a charity girl presenting a prayer-book still exist, having been placed over the doorway of the new school.



KENSINGTON NATIONAL SCHOOL

CHAPTER VI

CAMPDEN HILL

Old and new—The old vicarage—Campden House—Baptist Hicks—The Noels—William, Duke of Gloucester—His regiment—Lady Burlington—Lord Lechmere—Stephen Pitt—The last days of Campden House—Little Campden House—Bullingham House—Orbell's Buildings—The last of the Pitts—Sheffield House—Observatory Gardens and Sir James South—The "Dukeries"—The Phillimores—Argyll Lodge—Macaulay's last years—His death—Church Street and the Mall—Campden Hill Place and Campden Hill Square—Aubrey House—Lady Mary Coke.

A WALK up Church Street and round and about Campden Hill reveals, nowadays, an amount of change distressing to those who can remember the Kensington of Thackeray, still more so to those who would like to recall the Kensington of Tickell and Addison. Nearly all the old buildings have gone—York House and Maitland House, for instance, which have already been incidentally mentioned—Little Campden House remaining amongst the stupendous and gorgeous "Mansions" and "Gardens" to testify to an age of quieter taste. Such substitutions of the new for the old are of course inevitable; and they make, no doubt, for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But when posterity comes to ask the Victorian and Edwardian epochs what they found by way of architecture, and what they left behind them, those ages, so illustrious in other respects, will be a good deal at a loss for an answer.

The old vicarage, with a fine Georgian front towards its grounds, and a plain, sensible front towards the street, was demolished in 1877 to make way for the road running to Brunswick Gardens. It appears to have been built in 1774, and to have replaced a building with lattice windows, which served as well for the court house of the Abbot's manor. The clergy found it profitable to let their pleasant house from time to time, especially when the Court was at Kensington, for its tenants in the reign of Anne were the Earl and Countess of Mulgrave. A vicarage had probably occupied the site ever since Aubrey de Vere had alienated a portion of his manor to the Abbot of Abingdon.

Gone too within the last ten years, though its garden remains, is Campden House, the most famous, save one, of all the Kensington mansions. It was built, as I have already mentioned, by Baptist Hicks, whom tradition asserts to have won the land on which it stood from his friend, Sir Walter Cope, over the card-table. This Hicks was a mercer who carried on his business at the White Bear in Cheapside, and who made himself acceptable at Court by lending money to the Scotch nobles in the train of James I. His "accommodations" gained him the honour of knighthood, but he had the good sense to stick to his shop, with the result that he died Viscount Campden of Campden in Gloucestershire, and is said to have left his two daughters £100,000 apiece. The house on which he laid out his wealth was in the more restrained Jacobean style, and its elm avenue ran down to the High Street. In the great dining-room with a fantastic stuccoed ceiling the third Lord Campden entertained Charles II. A rhyming epitaph, preserved to us by Strype, asserts that the first holder of the title combined in himself the three virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity. He and his widow were certainly great benefactors to the parish, since

CAMPDEN HOUSE

they both left £200 to be invested for the benefit of the poor of Kensington.

Campden House went to their son-in-law Edward, Lord Noel, who "enjoyed the title," as the peerages feelingly remark, of second Viscount Campden. His son Baptist, the third Viscount, was so pronounced a Royalist that his fine for delinquency was set at over £19,500, and he actually paid £9000 by way of composition. He was also arrested in 1651 and forced to enter into a bond of £10,000 for himself, and to find two sureties of £5000 each, not to do anything to the prejudice of the Commonwealth. Campden was four times married, in spite of his misfortunes; and his fourth wife was the daughter of as fine a Royalist as himself, namely Montague Bertie, Earl of Lindsay, and Lord Great Chamberlain. The veteran died at Campden House on 25 July, 1666. He had fought through the campaigns of the Great Rebellion from Edgehill to Naseby; he acted as one of the King's Commissioners in the Isle of Wight, and he was one of the faithful four who accompanied the Royal corpse to Windsor.

The Noels in the next generation became Earls of Gainsborough. They do not seem to have lived much at Campden House, which had, however, some notable tenants. First, in 1691, came Princess Anne, who hired the house after Lord Craven's house at the Gravel Pits had proved to be too small for her, and lived there for some five years, for the health of her son William, Duke of Gloucester. This was the unfortunate boy whose life was probably sacrificed through the forcing of his intellect. He had pragmatic Bishop Burnet for tutor, who after taking him through the Scriptures, geography, Greek and Roman history, and Plutarch's "Lives," explained to him "the Gothic constitution and the beneficiary and feudal laws" for nearly three hours a day. "This was both easy and delighting to him," wrote the

Bishop. The Gothic constitution—whatever that may have been—and the beneficiary and feudal laws for a boy under eleven! King William assisted the disastrous process by having the heir-presumptive examined once a quarter by various members of the Government.

But the recollections of the poor boy which have to do with Kensington are for the most part of a less depressing character. At Campden House he drilled the village boys, twenty-two strong, and accoutred in paper caps and wooden swords. There was even a great day when he paraded two companies, amounting to ninety all told, outside Kensington Palace before William III, who relaxed his grimness so far as to give the boys twenty guineas, and to an able drummer of six years old two pieces of gold. The visit was returned next day, and the little soldier, quite equal to the occasion, ordered his four cannon to be discharged before the hero of the Battle of the Boyne. There was, however, a not unnatural sequel, that his warriors made their prowess felt when they were off duty. They "would challenge men, and fall on many people as they came to and from Kensington to London, which caused complaints."

The Duke of Gloucester died of fever in 1700, and four years later Campden House had another occupant in Lady Burlington, born Noel, to whom the property had descended. Her son Richard, the third Earl, therefore passed several years of his boyhood there, before he acquired fame as the architect of Burlington and Chiswick Houses. But in 1721, presumably on her death, the Boyles parted with Campden House and its neighbour, Little Campden House, a Wren-like addition which had been built to accommodate the household of the Princess Anne.

The purchaser was a member of the *noblesse de robe*, Nicholas, subsequently Lord, Lechmere. He had previously been a tenant of Holland House, and

so must have had ample opportunity of scrutinizing his acquisition. Lechmere, who filled in succession the offices of Solicitor-General, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Attorney-General, has a certain serious importance as one of the Whigs of the Revolution who were the objects of the idolatry of Edmund Burke. But he is better remembered as the butt of Swift's wit in the mock-heroic ballad, "Duke upon Duke," after he had displayed more circumspection than valour in a quarrel with Sir John Guise, due apparently to an invitation to whist having been declined on the score of gout—

> The Duke, in wrath, call'd for his steeds,
> And fiercely drove them on,
> Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy stones,
> O Kingly Kensington.
>
> . . . .
>
> Back in the dark by Brompton Park
> He turned up thro' the Gore
> So slunk to Campden House so high
> All in his coach and four.

Lord Lechmere, like many other great lawyers, seems to have left a cryptic will, for his death, in 1727, was followed by a prolonged lawsuit which was decided in favour of his heir-at-law, Edmund Lechmere. The property was purchased by Stephen Pitt, who appears to have been no relation of the statesman, despite the coincidence that Lord Chatham's "sister and counterpart," as contemporaries called her, the Hon. Mrs. Ann Pitt, Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline, and Privy Purse to the Princess Dowager of Wales, died on 9 February, 1781, at the Gravel Pits. Anyhow the Pitts set themselves, in modern business slang, to "develop" the estate, themselves living for awhile in Little Campden House. The lower part of the avenue was sold to the parish

as a burial-ground in 1814; the beautiful gateways, two piers surmounted by dogs, were removed.

Campden House was for many years a boarding-school for young ladies, among its pupils having been the interesting Maria Fragnani, whose parentage was disputed by George Selwyn and "Old Q," and who was afterwards married to *the* Marquis of Hertford. Later on it became a private residence again, and was in that condition when in 1862 it was gutted by fire. After standing ruinous for some years, it was rather clumsily restored in the "seventies," and enjoyed a second lease of life until the fiat went forth that it should be replaced by Campden House Court.

Little Campden House has been more fortunate, and a peep through the gate in Gloucester Walk discloses its high-pitched tile roof and the garden plot in front. It is now the home of a well-known portrait painter. Faulkner states that the "late Duchess of Cumberland" lived there for several years. As his work was published in 1820, this particular Duchess must be the lively lady, known earlier as Mrs. Horton, who died in 1803, and who also enjoyed Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Park. A later tenant was the actor, Alfred Wigan, who is still remembered by old playgoers as Hawkshaw, the detective, in Tom Taylor's "Ticket-of-Leave-Man."

To the south of Campden House stood, until a few years ago, Bullingham House, but it has been replaced by Bullingham Mansions. The name was given to it, without much rhyme or reason, in the last stages of its existence, after an old Kensington family, one of whom became Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol in the reign of Elizabeth and was buried in Kensington church. It was really several houses thrown into one, and was known earlier as Orbell's Buildings, from the holder of the copyhold lease. Orbell's daughter was married to Stephen Pitt, who thus became possessor of what must have been a very

desirable Naboth's vineyard. The death of her mother, Mrs. Orbell, is stated in the parish register as having occurred on 1 November, 1727.

In the same year Orbell's Buildings were rendered illustrious by the death of a much more notable person, namely Sir Isaac Newton. In January, 1725, the aged philosopher, after he had been seized with a violent cough and inflammation of the lungs, took lodgings there for the benefit of his health. A fit of gout came to the rescue, and his friends asserted that he was stronger and clearer in memory than he had been for some years. He was able to attend the meetings of the Royal Society, and to entertain an occasional guest. But the fatigue of going to the Royal Society and paying visits to London brought on a violent attack of the stone; and after enduring great pain without a cry or complaint he died on 20 March, 1727. Two days before the wonderful man had read the newspapers and carried on a long conversation with his doctor. The last journey of all was inevitably from Orbell's Buildings to Westminster Abbey.

The later history of Orbell's Buildings can be traced by means of the Kensington rate-books. In 1800 they had become Pitt's Buildings, and had been divided into four houses. A Stephen Pitt, presumably a son of the original Stephen, appears in the rate-books for 1824, and again in 1837. Three years later the name was changed once more, from Pitt's Buildings to Bullingham Place. The family continued to live in Kensington, and, as it would seem, in Bullingham Place for a good many years longer, since a Mrs. Pitt was rated on a house and stables in Church Lane so lately as 1850.

Everywhere on Campden Hill new names commemorate old buildings; and since we cannot have the old any more, it is just as well. Sheffield and Berkeley Gardens perpetuate the memory of Sheffield

House, which disappeared about 1850. The original house seems to have belonged to Jane Berkeley, known as Lady Berkeley, though she was the daughter of a baronet, who devised it in 1617 to Robert Sheffield, subject to a charge of ten pounds per annum for the benefit of the poor of Kensington. The estate passed through many hands, and Sheffield's almshouses were built upon a portion of the property. But they were demolished by Thomas Robinson, gardener to George III, whom Faulkner dubs Esquire, and who must have been a man of substance, since he built unto himself a new mansion.

Observatory Gardens hands down the eccentric memory of that notable astronomer, Sir James South. He settled on Campden Hill in 1826, and there equipped a building for the observation of the heavens. Troubles ensued over a twelve-inch lens made by Cauchoix of Paris and mounted by Troughton and Simms. South was dissatisfied with the result and refused to pay. There followed an action-at-law in which he was beaten. The irate astronomer thereupon broke up the instrument, and sold the fragments by public auction on 21 December, 1842, at the price of old metal. Before the sale Kensington was placarded with a manifesto addressed to "shycock toymakers, smoke-jack makers, dealers in old metals, collectors of and dealers in artificial curiosities," and to members of the Royal Society who had recently been enlightened by the Astronomer Royal's exposure of the profound incapacity of English instrument-makers. Sir James was present in the highest spirits at the dispersal of the metal, but his money losses and the worry of the legal proceedings nearly drove him out of his mind. His career as an astronomer was practically at an end, though an equatorial and other instruments remained mounted in his observatory until after his death in 1865. He was a bellicose controversialist, and though

frequently right in his matter, he generally contrived to err in his manner.

The secluded district popularly known as "the Dukeries," and lying between Campden Hill Road and Holland Park, forms part of an estate which has been in the Phillimore family since the time of the great-great-grand-father of the present baronet, Sir Walter Phillimore. They came from Cam, a village in Gloucestershire, and the first of the race, so far as Kensington is concerned, was Robert, who died in 1779. He is thought to have lived in a house near the site of Campden House Court. The property is mentioned in the marriage settlement of his eldest son; and originally included part of what is now the waterworks, with Campden Hill Road as its eastern, and Holland Road as its western boundary. There was also a portion on the southern side of the High Street, with Allen Street and Phillimore Terrace, which has passed to the children of the late Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore.

The earliest inhabitants of the houses in the Dukeries cannot be certainly identified. But the rate-books bear out Faulkner's statement that in 1820, "the first is occupied by John Gillow, Esq., the second was lately in the occupation of the Marchioness of Hastings; the third of George Battye, Esq., a magistrate of the county; the fourth is the residence of Major Colgrave." Of them, Gillow's house would appear to be identical with Holly Lodge, famous as Macaulay's home; and Major Colgrave's with the present Moray Lodge, the residence for many years of bygone Marquises of Bute.

The Marchioness of Hastings in 1820 must have been the wife of the man who made a figure in history as Governor-General of India. I take her house to be that known first as Bedford Lodge, then as Argyll Lodge, and now as Cam House. It received its first name when the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, after

whom Bedford Walk is named, was the tenant. She built the large drawing-room, and put into it the white and gold chestnut panelling which she had brought from a château in France. Aided by Sir Edwin Landseer, she laid out the formal garden. The Duchess abounded in hospitality, her guests frequently coming of an afternoon and staying until the following morning. Pasture fields stretched down to Phillimore Place, and in them she used to give syllabub parties.

The late Duke of Argyll has told in his "Autobiography" how, in 1852, he purchased the villa with its four acres of land and two very old oaks. "The birds settled everything." The reed-wren, black-cap, willow-wren, and nuthatch, eventually deserted the ground. "But the starlings," he continues, "are as lively and busy as ever, and the cushat has become so tame and familiar that its delicious voice is familiar at all hours to those who wish to escape the *fumum strepitumque Romæ*." On the Duke's death in 1892, his son, the present Duke, surrendered the remainder of the lease to Sir Walter Phillimore, who had a few months before become the freeholder, through the extinction of the elder branch of his family. He, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, is the first Phillimore who has lived in Cam House.

In 1856, the advice of the Duchess of Argyll attracted to Holly Lodge an illustrious occupant in Lord Macaulay, whose frail health rendered residence in the Albany no longer desirable. Sir George Trevelyan's description of the villa would only be marred by paraphrase :—

> The rooms in Holly Lodge were for the most part small. The dining-room was that of a bachelor who was likewise something of an invalid; and the drawing-room, which, from old habit, my uncle could seldom bring himself to use, was little more than a vestibule to the dining-room. But the house afforded in perfection

the two requisites for an author's ideal of happiness—a library and a garden. The library was a spacious and commodiously shaped room, enlarged, after the old fashion, by a pillared recess. It was a warm and airy retreat in winter; and in summer it afforded a student only too irresistible an inducement to step out from among his bookshelves on to a lawn whose unbroken slope of verdure was worthy of the country house of a Lord-Lieutenant. The sward was graced by two rare and beautiful variegated elms, a noble willow and a mulberry tree, which a century hence it will be said that he planted. Nothing else in the garden exceeded thirty feet in height; but there was in abundance all that hollies, and laurels, and hawthorns, and groves of standard roses, and bowers of lilacs and laburnums could give of shade and scent and colour. The charms of the spot were not thrown away on its owner. "How I love," he says, "my little paradise of shrubs and turf!"

At Holly Lodge Macaulay spent the remainder of his days, except for an occasional holiday, happy in the society of his sister, Lady Trevelyan, and her children. He made modest attempts at gardening; worked at his history; attended the parish church with exemplary regularity, though his opinion of the preaching there seems to have been pretty much that of Lady Mary Coke, and put in rare appearances in the House of Lords. His ailments were severe, and, though he did not fear death, he felt persuaded that it was not far off. But when the end came, it was mercifully sudden. He died in the library, in his easy chair, on 20 December, 1859, and again Campden Hill despatched one of its residents to lie in Westminster Abbey. His home became Airlie Lodge some years after his death, but the old name has been judiciously restored, and an inscription on the house records its association with Macaulay. Rumour has more than once doomed Holly Lodge to destruction, but happily without just cause.

The northern slopes of Campden Hill contain some of the most characteristic parts of Old Kensington.

Of late years Church Street has been straightened and trimmed to the disappearance of the picturesque. But the northern end, until recently called Silver Street, and its neighbourhood still boast a number of pretty old houses, the diminutive row known as Kensington Place especially; and as is often the case, a better idea of what the village must have been like formerly can be gained from the backs than from the fronts, which bear signs of much altering and furbishing. The pilgrim will experience his greatest disappointment in the Mall, now given over to places of business, and retaining but little trace of its former splendours as the abode of people of fashion. So late as 1844 a distinguished man died there in Sir Augustus Callcott, one of the most pleasing of our landscape painters. He and his brother, John Wall Callcott, the musician, were the sons of a Kensington builder, and their sister played the organ in the church —"in a very pleasing and appropriate manner," writes Faulkner, "selecting only such voices from the parish children as can sing in tune." Sir Augustus's wife, the author of "Little Arthur's History of England," predeceased him by two years.

To the west of the Mall are two interesting corners of Old Kensington, irregular little Campden Hill Place, with a row of trees running up its middle, and Campden Hill Square, precipitous and picturesque, with many warm red-brick houses, dating from the period of Wren and Hawksmoor. The historians of Kensington pass them by; and they were, no doubt, included in former days under the comprehensive name of the Gravel Pits. In some such corner lodged Swift, when he followed the Court to Kensington in the winter of 1712-13; and it may be that the poet Gray sought a retreat near here when his doctors recommended him, but in vain, to try what the air of the "Old Court Suburb" would do to cure his gout. We know, at all events, that Garth in

his "Dispensary" makes the apothecary prefer the salubrity of the Gravel Pits to that of Kent. But I must confess that Campden Hill Square is lacking in definite history, and there is naturally but little that is historical connected with that excellent institution above it, the Grand Junction Waterworks' Reservoir. Its lofty and castellated neighbour, Tower Cressy, was erected by Page, the architect of Westminster Bridge, in honour of the Black Prince.

Aubrey House, known earlier as Notting Hill House, is thought by Mr. Loftie to have been the manor house of Notting Barns, though Faulkner asserts that the manor house was an ancient brick building which stood in the meadows to the north of what is now called High Street, Bayswater, and was then called the North High Road. I must confess that it is difficult to get over so definite a statement. Its most remarkable tenant has been, in all probability, Lady Mary Coke, whom we have already encountered at Kew and Chiswick. She went to live in her country house, as she called it, in contradistinction to her London house, looking on the Green Park, in 1767, and remained there until 1788—a large slice of her life. The building itself has but little changed since her day, except that a painted ceiling, which Wyatt executed or restored, has been destroyed. Nor are the grounds much altered, though a pond in which she caught fourteen gold and silver fish of surprising size has been filled up. The original Phillimore, her neighbour of the south, declined to let or sell Lady Mary one of his fields, but he took down a tree which obstructed her view, an act of complacency that was also performed by another neighbour, Lady Holland. Lady Mary generally managed to get her own way, and what with cards, dinners, visits to Court and other distractions, enjoyed her life at Kensington, or, as the slope was then called, Notting Hill. "I worked hard all day," she writes in one place, "tying up

honeysuckles, sowing annuals and weeding. I wish my gardener took half as much pleasure as I do, for my garden would then be better." In another, "'Tis a delightful day. I have planted a hundred perannual flowers that I had this morning from Mr. Lee, but my work was twice interrupted by visitors." Lady Mary says nothing about the medicinal wells in the grounds which were to have made somebody's fortune, but somehow never did.

CHAPTER VII

HOLLAND HOUSE

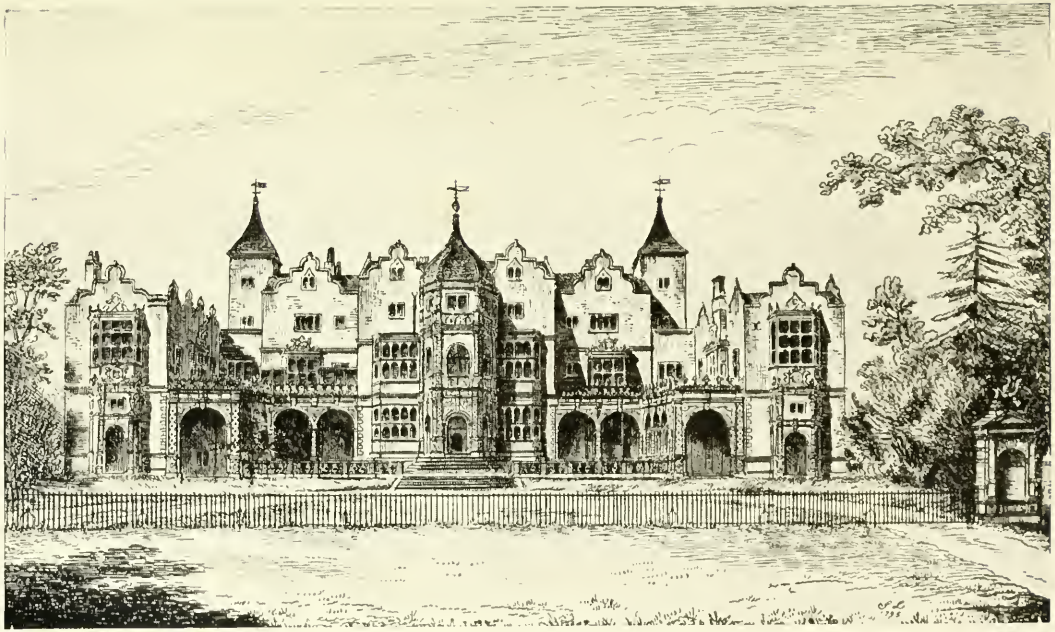
Sir Walter Cope and John Thorpe—Henry Rich, Earl of Holland —The Earl of Warwick—Addison at Holland House—Henry Fox and his friends—An unpopular placeman—Charles Fox and his father —The third Lord Holland and his wife—The duel between Best and Lord Camelford—The gardens of Holland House—The frequenters of Holland House—Fox's associates—Men of letters and artists— The new school of Whigs—Death of Lord Holland—The fourth Lord Holland and his wife—Garden parties—The Earls of Ilchester.

MY account of Holland House must be briefer than the historical importance of the subject really demands, partly because it has already been treated with some fullness by Faulkner, Leigh Hunt, and Princess Liechtenstein, but chiefly because Lord Ilchester is understood to be collecting materials for what must necessarily be a book of superior authority to anything else. This chapter merely purports then to give completeness to the story of Kensington. And that story must be resumed in the year 1607, when Sir Walter Cope "of the Strand," already lord of the Abbot's manor and the manor of West Town, and about to become lord of the manor of Earl's Court, commissioned John Thorpe, the principal architect of the day, to build him a house which he called Cope Castle. The architect's plan, with the identification "Perfected per me, I.T.," still exists in a book of his designs in Sir John Soane's Museum, which at one time belonged to Horace Walpole. His patron, a man of good Warwickshire family, had

already been knighted, and became in rapid succession Chamberlain of the Exchequer, Master of the Wards, and Keeper of Hyde Park. Cope Castle witnessed the entertainment of James I in November, 1712, but two years later its owner died £27,000 in debt.

Cope's widow, Dame Dorothy, lived at Cope Castle after his death until, in 1721, she married a second time and became Lady Fowler. The house, in accordance with the terms of her first husband's will, went to his only daughter, who had during his lifetime become the wife of Henry Rich, one of the most splendid courtiers of his time. "Desiring," in Clarendon's illuminating phrase, "to be esteemed the creature of the Duke of Buckingham," Rich succeeded so well that in the following year he became Lord Kensington, and two years later Earl of Holland. Thus Cope Castle became Holland House, and the scene of much splendid hospitality. Inigo Jones, in all probability, furnished it with two wings and arcades, and certainly with a gateway, executed by Nicholas Stone. Vandyke painted its master's portrait. But when the troubles of Charles I began, Holland, desiring too much "to have ease and plenty when the King could have neither," wavered irresolutely between Parliament and the Court. Holland House at one time became the meeting-place for disaffected members of the House of Commons. In the end the Earl's sympathies were with the Royalist cause; and he headed an ill-considered rising at Kingston, which collapsed at St. Neot's. He was confined to his house at Kensington before his trial, and on 9 March, 1649, met his fate bravely on the scaffold.

After the Earl's death, Fairfax resided for a short time at Holland House, making it his headquarters until he set out for his campaign in the West. But Holland's widow was soon allowed to return to her



HOLLAND HOUSE

old home, and even to give performances of stage-plays under the nose of an austere Government. She also made some additions to the house, apparently on its west side. Her son, Robert, succeeded her; and on the death of his cousin in 1673 he became Earl of Warwick, while retaining his former title. On the accession of William and Mary, Holland House, as we have seen, narrowly escaped becoming a permanent Royal residence, and it was not infrequently let, probably in sets of chambers, to accommodate members of the Court. Even before the Revolution William Penn lived there, and received his clients who believed him to be deep in the confidence of James II; after that event it was inhabited by people so various as Lechmere, the Whig lawyer, "downright" Shippen the Jacobite, Sir John Chardin, the traveller, and Bishop Atterbury's daughter, Mrs. Morice.

But the events that stand out from the history of Holland House at the beginning of the eighteenth century are Addison's marriage in 1716 with the widow of the sixth Earl of Warwick and his death three years afterwards with the gospel of resignation on his lips. The courtship seems to have been protracted, and tradition has it that the union was devoid of happiness. Addison is said to have sought refuge from the imperious humours of his Countess at Dutton's coffee-house, and even to have frequented the neighbouring White Horse inn. But breaking health, which compelled him to resign his Secretaryship of State after less than a year's tenure, is quite sufficient to account for any moroseness that he may have displayed. Against the outcome of envious gossip are to be set the undeniable facts that Addison left his fortune at the disposal of the Countess of Warwick, and that she in turn left an annuity of £10 for the poor of Bolton in his memory, and another annuity of £50 to Mrs. Dorothy Combes, "sister of

my late dear husband." Legend, in short, points one way and tangible evidence the opposite.

By this time the Riches had almost run their race. Addison's step-son, the object of his pious admonitions, followed him to the grave in 1721, after a life too short to have included much evil-doing. His cousin, Edward, who died in 1759, and was also buried at Kensington, brought the Earls of Warwick of that creation to an end. Holland House went to the Edwardes family, and 1767 they sold it to Henry Fox, the younger son of Sir Stephen Fox of Chiswick, who had held it on a long lease for twenty-one years previously.

"He is daily improving the delightful situation," enthusiastically wrote Macky in 1748, two years after Henry Fox had become the tenant of Holland House. Fox was indeed devoted to gardening; and his friend Hamilton laid out the grounds to the west of the house and planted their cedars. A judicious amateur of art, he was a patron of Hogarth and of Reynolds, who painted for him the famous picture of his sister-in-law, Lady Sarah Lennox, his niece, Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, and his son, Charles James Fox. Holland House was also the theatre of dramatic performances much to the taste of Horace Walpole, who, with Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, George Selwyn and—until a bitter quarrel divided them—the jovial Rigby, was among Fox's intimate friends. It must have been agreeable company; and the host, who had set society by the ears by his runaway match with the eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond two years before he became the tenant of Holland House, was an affectionate husband and a devoted if over-indulgent father.

In spite of his amiable qualities, the public grew to detest Henry Fox as soon as his dominant passion was discovered to be the amassing of wealth at the public expense. He began political life as a trusted

adherent of Sir Robert Walpole, and unfortunately practised that statesman's cynical maxims in an age which had been raised to higher views by the disinterestedness of the elder Pitt. Regarded up to a certain point in his career as that statesman's equal, he confessed his inferiority by accepting in the Ministry of 1757 the subordinate but lucrative post of Paymaster-General without a seat in the Cabinet. Thenceforward he took but little part in debate, but contented himself with lining his nest with the interest on the moneys committed to his charge. He played an even baser part when he entered Bute's Cabinet, and forced Parliament to register its approval of the unpopular peace with France by the grossest forms of intimidation and bribery. While clinging like a leech to the Paymastership-General and another sinecure, he secured a peerage for his wife, and, flinching at the last before the universal hatred, one for himself, becoming on 16 April, 1763, Baron Holland of Foxley, Wilts. During those years Holland House must have been regarded as a sort of ogre's castle; but it might have produced a Queen of England if Lady Sarah Lennox had listened to the bashful addresses of George III, who as he passed on horseback from Kew to St. James's Palace fed his love for her while she was making hay in a fancied habit in a field close to the great road.

For some years after Lord Holland had retired from public life, Charles James Fox divided his time between Holland House and lodgings in Piccadilly, with frequent recourse to the paternal purse for the discharge of his gambling and betting debts. His father, annoyed by repeated failures to convert his peerage into an earldom, and broken in health, spent his time partly in travel, partly in building a fantastic villa at Kingsgate, near the North Foreland, which drew a biting lampoon from Gray. He died at

Holland House on 1 July, 1774; and before the year was out his eldest son, Stephen, had followed him to the grave, leaving behind him a widow and two young children, of whom the boy was to become the steady supporter of the Whig party, and the amiable and accomplished entertainer of politicians, artists, and men of letters in Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Lord Holland.

During the long minority Holland House was let, at one time to a Mr. Bearcroft, at another to Lord Rosebery, and eventually fell a good deal out of repair. In 1796, however, Lord Holland returned from his travels, accompanied by Lady Webster, born Vassall, the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, of Battle Abbey, Sussex. After a divorce had been carried through the courts and Parliament, the pair were married at Isleworth. Though ostracized by feminine society, Lady Holland proceeded during the next five years to establish that circle, unrivalled in its peculiar way, which has always remained the chief association of Holland House. After 1802 the Hollands spent a good deal of their time abroad, and it was during an absence in Spain that a famous duel took place in the meadows of West Town on 14 March, 1804. The combatants were Mr. Best and Lord Camelford: and though accounts differ as to which was the aggrieved party, the result was that the Earl fell mortally wounded. He was taken to Little Holland House, then occupied by a Mr. Ottey, and died after lingering for three days. Lord Holland placed a small Roman altar on the fatal spot, but it disappeared some twenty years afterwards.

The gardens to the west of Holland House were made by Lady Holland. The Dutch garden seems to have been originally Portuguese, and in the French garden she pursued an unsuccessful attempt to cultivate the dahlia. Canova's bust of Napoleon,

taken when he was commander of the army of Italy, expressed the sympathies of the family with the captive of St. Helena; and an alcove, known as Rogers's seat, a friendship with the author of "The Pleasures of Memory." Among these agreeable surroundings the household passed its time. An early accession was John Allen, "Lady Holland's atheist," filling the positions of librarian, steward and inseparable companion, who made his first appearance in 1802. Miss Fox, Lord Holland's only sister, lived close by with her cousin Miss Vernon in Little Holland House, which stood in its own grounds. This house was demolished after her death in 1845, and the name continued with a building, now No. 6, Melbury Road, which became famous in Victorian art as the home of G. F. Watts, who lived there with Mr. and Mrs. Val Prinsep.

The inspiring influence of Holland House was Charles James Fox, who, though he reluctantly quitted St. Anne's Hall, stayed there when affairs called him to town, and bade the gardens a tender farewell not long before he died. Hare preceded him to the grave; another and pleasanter wit, General Fitzpatrick, followed not long after, but Sir Robert Adair survived until 1855. Members of the same set were the icily undeviating Whig, Lord Grey, Lord Lauderdale, who veered round from Jacobin to Tory, Erskine, that somewhat graceless Lord Chaucellor, and Sheridan, also graceless, of whom General Fox used to tell that a watch had to be kept over him during the night, because he would have brandy at his bedside. Sir Philip Francis terrorized those who dared to question him as to the authorship of the "Letters of Junius." The political coalition of 1806 brought within the Holland House circle the haughty Lord Grenville, known as "the bogey," and a great gentleman but unstable politician, William Windham, much as the Union had transferred to

English soil and Whig society the Irish orators Grattan and Curran.

Among the earliest men of letters to frequent Holland House were the Whig oracle, Dr. Parr, and little "Monk" Lewis, the facile inventor of horrors. Hookham Frere, an Eton friend of Lord Holland, was a natural accession; and partly through Whiggism, partly through the avenue of society, there arrived Rogers and "Conversation" Sharp, the brothers Sydney and Robert or "Bobus" Smith—the latter a connexion of Lord Holland by marriage—and the wit and epicure, Henry Luttrell. Tom Moore was a constant visitor when literary business brought him up from Sloperton; and though Byron's connexion with Holland House was slight, and Sir Walter Scott's still slighter, Thomas Campbell was frequently to be seen there during the first decade of the nineteenth century, and the learning, though not the disputatiousness, of Hallam caused him to be in great request. To this considerable group we may add amateurs of art like Lord Egremont and Payne Knight, painters like Wilkie, Hoppner and Leslie, actors like Bannister and Kemble, and illustrious men of science such as Count Rumford, Sir Humphry Davy and Wollaston.

As the years went on, a serious school of Whigs, including Sir James Mackintosh, Romilly, and Francis Horner, replaced the rollicking contemporaries of Fox and Sheridan, with Brougham as their brilliant but unstable ally. Though Canning seems to have faded out of the society not many years after its establishment, his followers, Lord Palmerston and Lord Melbourne, were welcome, and even the orthodox Tory, Lord Aberdeen, was a frequent guest. By and by came the formation of the Reform Cabinet, and with it the advent of Macaulay. Holland House was now a centre for the giving and receiving of political information; its receptions were attended by members

of the diplomatic body like the Lievens, Talleyrand and Guizot after him; the rising importance of Radicalism and journalism was responsible for the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Grote, Charles Buller and Albany Fonblanque; literature sent its latest recruits in Monckton Milnes and Dickens, though Carlyle failed to pass muster. The host continued to charm by his benevolence and humour, and the hostess to rule, presiding at her Sunday parties with something of regal pomp. The sudden death of Lord Holland on 22 October, 1840, closed the era, and the feeling was that a whole generation had gone down to the grave with him.

Lord Holland's son, Henry Edward, the fourth Baron, succeeded him, and with the aid of his accomplished wife, a daughter of Lord Coventry, carried on the literary and social traditions of the house. At first he spent the greater part of his time abroad as British Minister at Florence, where he first met George Frederick Watts, the painter of many portraits still hanging on the walls. Retiring from the diplomatic service in 1846, Lord Holland proceeded to make numerous alterations in the house, so that it became, commented Ticknor, very luxurious; and constructed the raised terrace on its south side. In the "fifties" came the institution of garden parties, or *matinées* as they were at first called; and Lady Holland's, with such attractions as dancing and a learned dog, were the most famous in London. Royalty attended them, both British and foreign, notably members of the Orleans family, of whom, after the Revolution of 1848, the Duc d'Aumale and the Comte de Paris were frequent guests at Holland House, and fished in the ponds which stood in "the Moats." Lord Holland died at Naples in 1859, and with him the title became extinct. His widow survived him until 1889, dividing her time between Italy, Holland House, and St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, the old

home of Charles James Fox, where she was carried off by a sudden illness. The property then reverted to the Earl of Ilchester, the representative of the elder branch of the Fox family, and the present Earl is the second owner in that line.

CHAPTER VIII

NOTTING HILL AND BAYSWATER

Northern Kensington—The Gravel Pits—Norlands—Portobello Road—The Potteries—The Hippodrome and its failure—Development of Bayswater—Baynard's Watering—Sir John Hill—Kensal Green cemetery.

THE northern portion of Kensington parish is an irregularly shaped triangle, with High Street, Notting Hill, as its base, until Shepherd's Bush is reached. The western boundary runs up to Kensal Green cemetery, while the Harrow Road forms its northern limit, whence an irregular line descends to Lonsdale Road and so to Palace Gardens and Sloane Street. Let those explain it who can.

In general terms this district is identical with the manor of Notting Barns, the history of which has been given in an earlier chapter. The Gravel Pits were regarded as lying on the north of the high-road as well as the south, since in the reign of William III Lord Craven's house on Craven Hill, which Princess Anne took before she established herself at Campden House, was described as situated in them. Faulkner speaks of the principal street of the Gravel Pits or Notting Hill as running along the northern high-road for about three furlongs, and adds that it "enjoys an excellent air, and beautiful prospects on the north, and lying in the direct road for Uxbridge and Oxford, it is enlivened every hour by the passage of mail coaches, stages and waggons." It is, perhaps, significant that the local tokens he reproduces should

be for the most part those of inns. Anyhow the Gravel Pits were a health resort of repute, with their turnpike gate near the Portobello Road, and, apparently, their gallows on the edge of the parish or, rather, just over its boundary. The two Callcotts lived for many years in buildings known as Robinson's Rents, through the confusing custom of the early nineteenth century, whereby landlords named their property after themselves, and had as their neighbour the lonely painter Mulready. About the time that Sir Augustus Callcott migrated to the Mall, that is in 1827, Mulready moved to No. 1 Linden Grove, now Linden Gardens. That much-respected landscape painter, Thomas Creswick, had settled by him in 1850.

Along the northern side of the high-road various properties were developed at the beginning of last century. Thus the substantial Mr. Orme, having made a fortune by selling prints in Bond Street, built the square which is called after him, and gave it individuality by a little column surmounted by a bird, presumably intended for an eagle, but actually achieving a pronounced likeness to a duck. He also built a private chapel in St. Petersburg Place, so called, with Moscow Road, in honour of the Czar Alexander I, one of the allied Sovereigns who visited this country in 1814. Orme Square, where lived Frederick Leighton (at No. 2) and Sir Rowland Hill (at No. 1) while he was reforming the Post Office, lies outside the boundary of Kensington; but Norland Square and Royal Crescent, formerly Norland Crescent, are both within it. The Crescent evidently dates from the "forties" or thereabouts—it had a considerable number of "empties" even in 1850—but the Square continues a very old local name, Norlands. Norland House formerly stood there, which in the reign of George IV was, with several other houses in the neighbourhood, the property of the Vulliamys, the watchmakers; and was inhabited by Henry Drummond,

the banker and Irvingite. The water from its spring was so famous that it was leased to a syndicate of three, who sold it at *2s. 6d.* the ton, or a halfpenny per pail.

Behind the fringe of houses it was mostly country. Of Portobello Road, Faulkner writes enthusiastically that it "is one of the most rural and pleasant walks in the summer in the vicinity of London." And now! The long, dingy street contains a varied display of haddocks, tripe, liver and second-hand clothing, interrupted at one point by the walls of a Roman Catholic sisterhood; but it is difficult to think of it as a country lane leading to a farm which its owner, a patriotic builder called Adams, named after Admiral Vernon's victory of 1739 over the Spaniards. Another farm, not far away, was called Notting Hill Farm, and was owned by John Hall, who died in 1816, was buried in Kensington parish church, and who, unless his epitaph blatantly lies, was a praiseworthy citizen who—

Lived for all, for all too early died.

A print of 1830 shows it to have been an unpretentious homestead on a well-wooded hilltop in the bosom of the country. But some years after the accession of Queen Victoria the builders invaded the neighbourhood, and in 1845 the handsome Early English Church of St. John, Notting Hill, arose on the spot.

When the reign of Queen Victoria began, there was scattered behind the fringe of houses of which I have already spoken a collection of buildings called the Potteries. Many vestiges of this squalid Alsatia still remain; and it was, no doubt, one of those frowsy outskirts of London, given up to pigs, poultry and cows, into which the purifying genius of Dickens was wont to penetrate. Hard by were the Victoria Gardens, where pedestrian matches were held, and

several acres were covered by Hopwood's Nursery Ground. But a huge enclosure taking in the ground on which Ladbrook Square is built and shaped like a bulb with its truncated stem emerging from High Street, Notting Hill, was known as the Hippodrome. And what was the Hippodrome? Well, the projector of this ambitious undertaking, one Whyte, attempted to establish within two miles of London a race-course and training centre which would outdo Ascot and Goodwood in point of attractions. Failure was inconceivable. Had not those exquisites, Count d'Orsay and Lord Chesterfield, condescended to act as stewards? Was there not stabling for over seventy horses, and had not a splendid steeplechase course of two miles and a quarter been laid out? So spake the papers and periodicals at the beginning of 1837. And indeed in June of that year a meeting was held with every outward sign of success. But the death of William IV caused a second meeting to be abandoned. Then the disconcerting discovery was made that owing to the heaviness of the ground horses could not be trained on it. The Hippodrome languished, and finally closed its gates in 1841.

Speculative builders succeeded where the enterprising Whyte had failed. The firm of Ladbroke took much of the ground on a building lease, and tradition relates that the square called by their name owes its peculiar shape to the fact that it rose up round the members' enclosure of the derelict Hippodrome. The rate-book of 1850 reveals an interesting state of affairs. Very few houses were occupied in Ledbury Terrace, but the relentless collector had his eye on incoming tenants, and jotted down their names in pencil as soon as they moved in. Chepstow Place and Lonsdale Terrace were fast filling up, and one end of Clarendon Road was finished. Latimer Road, too, had begun its blameless existence. The Ladbrokes left, however, a good deal of the old

course alone; it was used as an exercise ground for riding schools until well into the "fifties." Then the speculative builder made another pounce, and there appeared new streets and squares and crescents. The military possibilities of this district have been discerningly set forth by Mr. G. K. Chesterton in "The Napoleon of Notting Hill."

Bayswater lies for the most part in Paddington, and cannot be said to have anything to do with Old Kensington, since it is of mid-Victorian growth. Yet so eminently Bayswatery a neighbourhood as that of Pembridge Square and Chepstow Place is in Kensington parish, and we have seen that Craven Hill was regarded as falling within the Gravel Pits. A word or two on this awe-inspiring district, therefore, may not be out of place. Bayswater, then, was so called from Baynard, a companion-in-arms of the Conqueror, who also gave his name to Baynard's Castle. He held the land under the Abbot of Westminster; and a Parliamentary grant of the year 1623 describes the "common field at Paddington" as being "near to a place commonly called Baynard's Watering." The said watering was important, since a considerable part of London, including Cheapside and Cornhill and parts of Bond Street and of Oxford Street, drew its supply from the bounteous springs which bubbled up on Craven Hill. The old stone conduit-house was a beehive-shaped building, the property of the City, with an inscription over the doorway setting forth that it had been repaired in the year 1632. It was pulled down about 1820, when the Craven estate was given over to the builder.

In former days Bayswater was synonymous with semi-rural junketing. Its famous tea-gardens spread over the ground now occupied by Lancaster Gate. Earlier still they had been the Physick Gardens of the famous "Sir" John Hill, where he concocted

his precious "essence of waterdock," "pectoral balsam of honey" and other specifics. This clever and unscrupulous man, as I have already mentioned, was also appointed gardener of Kensington Palace, on the accession of George III, at the salary of £2000, and shortly before his death in 1765 was appointed superintendent of Kew, though it is doubtful if the grant was confirmed. Quack, lampooner, actor and playwright, he is best remembered by Garrick's epigram:—

> For physic and farces his equal there scarce is,
> His farces are physic; his physic a farce is.

Curiously enough, Bayswater has been the abode of other very questionable characters. Fauntleroy, the forger, lived in Bayswater House, which formerly stood a little to the east of Orme Square, and Gloucester Square harboured Sadleir, the Irish M.P. and swindler, who, after supplying Dickens with a model for the great Merdle in "Little Dorrit," poisoned himself on Hampstead Heath.

But such scandals are associated only with the wild youth of Bayswater. The "twenties" and even the "fifties" are far behind us, and the quarter has since devoted itself to rigid and undeviating respectability. Bayswater is not exactly enlivening; and on a foggy winter's afternoon, while a German band is malignantly droning out the "Merry Widow" waltz with funereal deliberation, the horrors of mid-Victorian architecture swoop down on the explorer with an intensity that is almost unbearable. The interiors as revealed to us by Mr. Anstey in "The Man from Blankleys" are hardly less terrifying.

Not so very long ago, Kensal Green cemetery could be reached from Notting Hill by a pleasant country lane. But featureless streets have obliterated the green fields. The burial-ground was acquired by a company in 1832, and opened six years later.

Disfigured though it is by ponderous monuments of feeble or aggressive design, the spot is not without its attractions. If Ducrow, the circus man, Morrison of Morrison's pills, and George Robins, the auctioneer, are honoured in point of conspicuousness above illustrious statesmen and men of letters, the charitable view to take is that, as in life, so in death they have been unable to dispense with advertisement. Those interested in the Victorian era will find many of its most conspicuous personages resting in Kensal Green. Royalty is represented there by the Duke of Sussex and his sister, the blind Princess Sophia. Among the politicians are the Radical, Joseph Hume, and the Radical who became a Whig, Sir William Molesworth. Science is represented by Babbage, and engineering by the Brunels, father and son. As might be expected from its nearness to the art colonies of Kensington, Kensal Green holds many painters: Sir Augustus Callcott, Sir Charles Eastlake, Mulready, Clarkson Stansfield, and the draughtsman John Leech. Among the musicians are Balfe, Sir Michael Costa and Sir Julius Benedict. The stage has sent to Kensal Green Liston, Charles Kemble and Charles James Mathews. But literature has peopled Kensal Green with a more illustrious band. John Murray, Byron's friend and publisher, lies there with Sydney Smith, Praed, and Lamb's friend, George Dyer, survivors rather of the Georgian age than figures in the Victorian era. But Tom Hood may fairly be called Victorian; and essentially so are Leigh Hunt, Thackeray and Trollope. The adjoining Roman Catholic cemetery lies, as a matter of fact, in Hammersmith parish. But it is worth mention that among its celebrated dead is Manning's judicious predecessor, Cardinal Wiseman.

CHAPTER IX

KENSINGTON GORE

What is a gore?—The nuns of Kilburn—Vanished houses—Kingston House—Elizabeth Chudleigh—The Marquis Wellesley—John Wilkes—Gore House—Wilberforce and his walnut-tree—Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay—The man in possession—Soyer's Symposium—The Albert Hall—Coby House—Kensington House and Louise de Querouaille—Dr. Elphinstone—A Jesuit seminary—The arrival of Monsieur—A Catholic boarding-house—Baron Grant's palace—Batty's Hippodrome—The Commissioners of the Great Exhibition—The Royal Horticultural Society—Its embarrassments—The Imperial Institute.

A GORE is defined by the dictionaries as a wedge-shaped or triangular piece sewn into a garment. There is no need, therefore, to resort to fanciful derivations of the name of this three-cornered slice of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, which has its apex near Knightsbridge, while its base runs southwards from Queen's Gate, and which includes Prince's Gate, the Albert Hall, and most of the ground on which the Imperial Institute is built, but not the Natural History and Victoria and Albert Museums. They stand in Brompton.

A portion of the estate belonged from the earliest times to Westminster Abbey, and in the reign of Henry I, Herbert, the fourteenth Abbot, with the consent of his whole chapter and council, gave it to those "handmaids of God," the nuns of the church

of St. John the Baptist at Kilburn.* In the reign of Henry III the land was seized by the Crown through the convenient agency of an inquisition to ascertain whether two acres of land, with appurtenances, called "Kinggesgor," lying between Knightsbridge and Kensington, were of the ancient demesne of the Crown or of escheat. The jury duly found that—

> the said land is of the ancient demesne of the crown and not of escheat; that it contains three acres, of which all the sheriffs of Middlesex have received the issues; that the said land is worth, by the acre 12*d.* per annum, and that the said acres of land belong to the farm of the city of London, with the issues of the county of Middlesex.

The date of the subsequent alienation of the estate cannot be traced, its history remaining a blank until the eighteenth century.

The Gore has been altered of late years out of all recognition through the abolition of most of its old houses in favour of flats and the Albert Hall. Yet not so very long ago they were the first that caught the traveller's eye on the left-hand side of the road after he had passed the turnpike at Hyde Park Corner. When Leigh Hunt published "The Old Court Suburb," that is in 1855, it was still possible for him to write about Prince's Gate as "a row of new houses, resembling a set of tall gentlemen, squeezed together to look at something over the way." A large clearance had obviously been made to make room for those lofty erections. But Kent House, standing on the eastern boundary of the Gore, still remains after an existence associated with the names of the Duke of Kent, who seems to have lived in it before he

* For the benefit of those who have been puzzled by Faulkner's vague reference to the Egerton manuscripts, it may be stated that this document is given in Dugdale's "Monasticum Anglicanum," vol. iii. p. 426.

took rooms in Kensington Palace, and Lord George Seymour, a member of the Somerset family. Close to it stood Park House, so called because it indicated the northern boundary of the famous Brompton Park Nursery of London and Wise. Faulkner also includes in the Gore Rutland House, once occupied by the Dukes of Rutland and other members of the Manners family. But it was really in Knightsbridge, on or about the site of Rutland Gate.

The hills and valleys of London are most deceptive, and it seems difficult to believe that Kingston House, standing to the west of Rutland Gate, is on the highest point of land between Hyde Park Corner and Windsor Castle. Such, however, appears to be the case. Its eastern neighbour, Alford House, cannot be said to have much history, though it was the home of Lady Marion Alford, the dainty illustrator and authority on needlework. But Kingston House has numerous associations, shocking or entertaining according to the point of view. It was built, about 1769, by the ebullient Elizabeth Chudleigh in what was then known as Paradise Row; and its solid substantial construction, as well as the stout wall against the road, bespeak the period. She was then at the zenith of her fortunes; for while the walls were rising, she married the Duke of Kingston, though she happened to be already cursed with a husband in the person of Augustus Hervey, afterwards Earl of Bristol. Kingston House, then, was the scene of the brief splendours, brought to an end by the Duke's death in 1773; and there she defiantly held her ground against her gathering enemies until the House of Lords pronounced her guilty of bigamy. Thereupon she fled across the Channel in an open boat to spend the rest of her days as an interesting vagabond, and by a sublime stroke of impudence to remember the Pope in her will. Thackeray must often have passed Kingston House on his journeyings to and from town;

and there is little reason to doubt that the Duchess suggested to him the Beatrice of "Esmond" who became the Baroness Bernstein of "The Virginians."

Kingston House does not seem to have had a notable tenant for some time after the Duchess's flitting, unless we are to believe a vague legend that the gallant Lord Rodney lived there for a brief space. Early in the nineteenth century it was bought by Viscount Ennismore, an amateur of art, who in 1822 became Earl of Listowel. After a retirement from public life in 1835, when his illustrious career in India, at the Foreign Office and at Dublin Castle lay behind him, the Marquis Wellesley took up his abode at Kingston House.

"My brother seems to think," said the Duke of Wellington, after being kept waiting at his door, "that he is still Governor-General of India, and that I am only Colonel Wellesley." In truth the Marquis was somewhat given to pomps and vanity, the vanity extending even to the creation of an artificial complexion. But he was a fine classical scholar, and a talker with a power of repartee before which even Madame de Staël was known to quail. His chief intimate in his later years was Lord Brougham; and they both had in common, no doubt, a restiveness of disposition that rendered them unsuited to the give-and-take of constitutional government. After Lord Wellesley's death in 1842, Kingston House returned to its owner, and was known for some time as Listowel or Ennismore House, but the old name has since been restored.

John Wilkes in his declining years had two houses in town, one in Kensington Gore and the other in Grosvenor Square, at the corner of South Audley Street, besides his "villakin" in the Isle of Wight. Though he died a bankrupt, Wilkes indulged to the last his taste in French and Italian literature and painting, and produced editions de luxe of Catullus

and Theophrastus. At Kensington Gore his natural daughter and her mother kept house, and Wilkes entertained foreign grandees like Counts Nesselrode and Woronzow on the fat of the land; chicken-turtle dressed at the London Tavern, and a haunch of venison. Sir Philip Francis was a frequent visitor there. Leigh Hunt describes the house as the second of five, four of them faced with white stucco; all of them very small, and Nos. 2 and 3 apparently consisting of but one room (a drawing-room) with six windows. The row was part of the Upper Gore, but Wilkes's house has disappeared. Lowther Lodge, designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, occupies the site of Eden Lodge, the home of Miss Emily Eden, the novelist, a sister of Lord Auckland, Governor-General of India.

Gore House, which stood on the ground now covered by the Albert Hall, had a more interesting history than any of its neighbours. In appearance it was not unlike Kingston House, save for a spacious drawing-room window thrown out over the porch and surmounted by a balustrade, and was evidently built about the same time. One of its earliest tenants was a financier named Morgan who, as his successor complained, saved from £8000 to £10,000 a year, and did not spend as many farthings upon his residence. That successor was the good and rather great William Wilberforce, who settled at Kensington Gore in November, 1808, the year after the bill for the abolition of the slave trade became law.*

"We are just one mile," he wrote to an American correspondent, "from the turnpike gate at Hyde Park Corner, which I

* Some doubt exists as to whether Wilberforce lived at Gore House, or a house next it to the west. Leigh Hunt, however, places him in Gore House, and he wrote when the memory of Wilberforce's residence in Kensington was fresh. Boyle's "Court Guides" only give Wilberforce among the residents in the Gore, and do not specify Gore House until the Hon. T. Windsor became its occupant.

GORE HOUSE

think you will not have forgotten yet, having about three acres of pleasure-ground around my house, or rather behind it, and several old trees, walnut and mulberry, of thick foliage. I can sit and read under their shade, which I delight in doing, with as much admiration of the beauties of nature (remembering at the same time the words of my favourite poet, 'Nature is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God') as if I was 200 miles from the great city."

The walnut-tree was known by his children as Wilberforce's study. But his opportunities for meditation were not many; Gore House became the centre of various philanthropic movements, and family prayers once over, a throng of visitors appeared at breakfast and continued throughout the day. As a host Wilberforce shone; he was at once witty and benign. We can imagine him in confabulation with his brother-in-law, James Stephen, who lived close by, or repeating to himself "in great comfort" the 119th Psalm, as he walked home from Hyde Park Corner. Yet there came a time when soldiers had to be brought into the house for protection's sake, Wilberforce having thought it his duty to support the unpopular Corn Bill of 1815. The family lived at Gore House until 1823, when they took up quieter quarters in Old Brompton.

To the undeviating, though mild, respectability of the Wilberforce household, there succeeded in 1836 the decidedly irregular *ménage* of Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay. Who were the occupants of Gore House during that interval of thirteen years? The historians of Kensington do not enlighten us, but the Boyle's "Court Guides" of the day show that Wilberforce's successor was the Hon. T. Windsor until 1833, after which the house stood empty. When Lady Blessington moved into Gore House from Seymour Place, Mayfair, she was a widow of forty-five, and to her was *affiché* the magnificent

d'Orsay, aged thirty-four, and the husband of her step-daughter, from whom he had separated. A good deal of nonsense has been written about their relationship; and it is enough to say that if not scandalous in fact it was so in appearance. However, the men all went there, and a very brilliant set they were. Landor and Tom Moore, who could reduce the company to tears by warbling "When I first met thee" and other Irish airs; Disraeli, the younger, and Bulwer Lytton; Dickens and Thackeray; the statesmen, Lord Melbourne and Lord Brougham; the dandies, Lord Chesterfield and "Poodle" Byng; Charles Mathews, the actor; Nathaniel P. Willis, the button-holer, and Varley, the astrologer—these and many more dined with Lady Blessington or attended her receptions. There, too, was the man of squat figure, drooping eyelids and a masklike face, Prince Louis Napoleon, who a few days before his landing at Boulogne invited the companions with whom he was walking away from the house to dine with him that day twelvemonth at the Tuileries, and who returned to Gore House after his escape from the fortress of Ham.

How was it all done? Lady Blessington scribbled novels; edited "keepsakes" and "books of beauty," making by her prolific pen between £2000 and £3000 a year. D'Orsay dabbled in projects of all kinds, executed statuettes, forgot to pay his tradesmen, and even took "tips" from them. But Gore House, with its marble mantelpieces and damask curtains, cost over £4000 a year; and Lady Blessington had, besides, a tribe of relations and dependents hanging to her petticoats. D'Orsay was besieged in Gore House, and Lady Blessington's bills flooded the town. In April, 1849, the crash came. A sheriff's officer penetrated into Gore House and put in an execution for a considerable sum. The Count fled with his valet to Paris; Lady Blessington followed

him, after she had arranged for a sale, which realized over £12,000. Within a month she was dead of heart disease, but not before she had avenged herself on the Emperor of the French, who showed a disposition to ignore the friends of his adversity. "Restez vous longtemps à Paris?" "Et vous, Sire?"

In the days of the Great Exhibition Gore House passed into the hands of the renowned Alexis Soyer, the *chef* of the Reform Club, and the inventor of the famous "Sawyer's soup" which was to have cured, but did not cure, the Irish famine. With George Augustus Sala as his assistant, he conducted it as a restaurant or "Symposium," living himself at No. 3 Young Street. Then it came into the market again, and the house and estate of twenty-one acres were purchased by the Commissioners of the Exhibition out of their surplus funds. In its last stage Gore House was the home of an exhibition of cabinet work and productions by Government Schools of Art.

The site was then considered suitable for a memorial building to the Prince Consort, opposite the statue in Kensington Gardens. After much delay, due largely to the commercial panic of 1866, the foundation stone of the Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences was laid by Queen Victoria on 20 May, 1867. An engineer officer, Captain Fowke, made the plans, and after his death General Scott, another engineer, was the architect. Its solemn solidity renders the Albert Hall by no means an inept translation into building materials of the ideals of the Victorian era, and though its mosaics "date," there cannot be two opinions about the tones of its magnificent organ.

Boyle's "Court Guide" of the "twenties" and "thirties" gives the names of four other houses as standing on Kensington Gore—Noel House, Colby House, Kensington House and Grove House. Noel House was just to the west of Gloucester Road, on

land that had originally belonged to the Earls of Gainsborough. Built in 1804, it had an uneventful history of some forty years. Grove House, the residence of Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, the widow of the politician, was close to Gore House. The neighbours, Colby, or as it was latterly called, Coby House, and Kensington House could boast some interesting inhabitants. The first was built about 1720 for Sir Thomas Colby, who made over £200,000 as commissioner of the victualling office, but who was of such a frugal mind that he met with his death by getting up in the middle of the night to secure the keys of his cellar, which he had left on the parlour table, from being used by servants with a taste for port.

Kensington House, a long brick building separated from the high-road by a wall, is also said to have had an occupant who did handsomely out of this country in the shape of Louise de Querouaille, or Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, the mistress of Charles II. "Lady Carwell," as the populace called her, appears to have established herself in Kensington during one of her visits to England after the death of her Royal lover, visits prompted by a desire to get what she could out of the English Government. It may be questioned if Kensington House was for her more than a temporary lodging, handy to the Court, and I am inclined to think it possible that she never stayed there at all.

James Elphinstone is much more definitely connected with Kensington House than the Duchess of Portsmouth. This worthy pedagogue converted it into a school in 1753 or thereabouts. He conducted the establishment with great success until 1776, when he gave it up, but continued to live in the house two years longer. His later years were spent at Hammersmith, but in 1809 he was buried at Kensington near the south wall of the churchyard. "Jortin,

Franklin and Johnson," asserted his epitaph, "were in the number of his friends." Jortin lived close by, of course, at the vicarage; of Benjamin Franklin's visits I cannot discover any record, but Dr. Johnson is related by Boswell to have "carried me out to dine with Mr. Elphinstone, at his academy at Kensington" in 1773. The dinner did not go off without a hitch; for the Doctor, on being pressed by Elphinstone on the fashionable book of the moment, was compelled to own that he had not read it through, and added tartly, "Do you read books through?" Still Johnson was very fond of Elphinstone, who in earlier days took charge of a Scotch edition of the "Rambler." Garrick tried to dissuade the schoolmaster from publishing a translation of Martial, and so gained from Johnson the compliment, "Sir, you have done what I had not the courage to do." Leigh Hunt gives some specimens of this achievement, and astonishingly involved and clumsy they are. Another of Elphinstone's works was an attempt to establish what is now called phonetic spelling or, as he grandiloquently phrased it, "to make Orthography the Mirror of Orthoepy." Luckily for him, the Doctor was dead when his system appeared, otherwise the indignant thunder would have rolled.

Kensington House next passed into the hands of the exiled French Jesuits; and among those who went to school with the "Pères de la Foi" was the future orator Richard Lalor Sheil. His memoirs give a capital description of his entrance through the large iron gate "wrought into rusty flowers and other fantastic forms," and of the beautiful walk of trees running down from the rear of the building through the playground, in which the boys were enjoying "swing-swang." The Abbé was the Prince de Broglie, a son of the famous Marshal, and Shiel pictures a little, slender, graceful man, with all the manners and attitudes of a Court, whom all treated

with deference. He brings his schoolfellows before us, one a sloven, another a dandy ; all, even the sons of the decapitated and the exile, hailing the triumph of the French arms under Napoleon. Little marquises and counts were visited by illustrious parents, and one day there arrived no less a person than Monsieur, afterwards Charles X.

The future King of France appeared with his *cortége* of illustrious exiles, at the glass folding doors which were at the top of the stairs, and the moment he was seen, we all exclaimed with a shrill shout of beardless royalty, "Vive le Roi!" Monsieur seemed greatly gratified by this spectacle, and in a very gracious and condescending manner went down amongst the little boys, who were at first awed a good deal by his presence, but were afterwards speedily familiarised to him by the natural benignity of Charles the Tenth. He asked the names of those who were about him, and when he heard them, and saw in the boys by whom he was encompassed the descendants of some of the noblest families of France, he seemed to be sensibly affected. One or two names, which were associated with peculiarly melancholy recollections, made him thrill. "Hélas ! mon enfant!" he used to say, as some orphan was brought up to him ; and he would then lean down to caress the child of a friend, who had perished on the scaffolds of the Revolution.

Sheil went to the Abbé de Broglie's school in 1810, and it presumably did not long survive the first French Restoration of three years later. By 1819, at any rate, Kensington House had become a Roman Catholic boarding establishment, kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Salterelli. Those pleasing artists, the Cosways, lodged there for several months, and there Mrs. Inchbald lived for two years, until she succumbed, if her biographer, Boaden, is to be believed, to tight-lacing at the age of sixty-eight. The last state of Kensington House was that of a private lunatic asylum.

In the early "seventies" Baron Albert Grant, *alias*

Gottheimer, the exploiter of the Emma mine and other undertakings more specious than solid, determined to build unto himself a lordly pleasure-house on Kensington Gore. He bought Kensington House and Colby House and pulled them down; he bought a slum area off the High Street known as "The Rookery" or "Jennings' Buildings," and he appointed the late Sir James Knowles his architect. The baron's floridity of taste was studiously consulted; a massive building in the Italian style arose, and mean streets were replaced by a beautiful lake. A gorgeous bachelor's ball was given on 22 July, 1880, by way of housewarming. Then the baron's creditors pounced; the grand marble staircase went off to Madame Tussaud's; the palace was demolished, and its place taken by the handsome set of buildings known as Kensington Court.

Many of the old landmarks in this part of Kensington have utterly vanished. Gone is the turnpike gate which stood close to Gore House; gone is its neighbour, the Halfway House, so-called because it marked the half distance between Hyde Park Corner and Hammersmith. No trace is left of Batty's Hippodrome —to be distinguished from the Hippodrome in Notting Barns—which formerly covered a considerable space opposite the gates at the end of the Broad Walk. It was opened as a "side show" to the Great Exhibition, and continued its existence for some six or seven years as a riding-school, until the land was sold for building purposes.

The greater part of the Gore, lying off the high-road, remained market gardens and fields in which partridges were shot, until after the Great Exhibition of 1851, when the Commissioners invested their surplus funds in the purchase of a block of land lying partly in the Gore, partly in Brompton. In addition to the Gore House estate of 21 acres, they acquired the estate of 48 acres belonging to Baron de Villars and

comprising the sites of the greater part of Queen's Gate, the east end of Cromwell Road and the Natural History Museum; and 17 acres of the Harrington estate, including the site of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Thus arose Queen's Gate, where one of the earliest occupants was the aged Lord Dundonald, the hero of many a naval exploit. On the ground devoted to public purposes, the Prince Consort projected a quadrangle of buildings for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. But the idea was modified, the removal of the National Gallery to South Kensington proving to be an unpopular suggestion, and the various museums and institutions grew up on their present positions.

An open space of about 20 acres remained, and this ground the Prince offered in 1859 to the Horticultural Society, at that time a good deal embarrassed by its experiment at Chiswick.* The terms were accepted; and by complicated arrangement the Commissioners agreed to surround the gardens with Italian arcades at the cost of £50,000, while the Society was to provide a like sum upon works on the ground within. The money was raised; a new charter was granted, and the Horticultural Society became the Royal Horticultural Society. But the death of the Prince Consort, within a few months of the opening of the gardens by Queen Victoria, dealt the enterprise a serious blow, added to which the Exhibition of 1862, held on the southern side in a hideous building designed by the indefatigable Captain Fowke, and spoilt by imperative economies, was not a success.† By slow degrees the gardens were finished, the Commissioners making a fresh start on their part of the joint undertaking in 1862.

What with their terraces, arcades, the conservatory

* See page 142.

† It only paid its way through the generosity of the contractors, Messrs. Kelk.

270 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 75 feet high, the fountains and the maze, the Royal Horticultural Gardens were undoubtedly attractive. Durham's memorial to the Prince Consort, if no more distinguished than most memorials, stood above a pretty cascade and basin, and there was Frank Buckland's fish-hatching apparatus. But the Society was never financially prosperous, though various exhibitions held in its grounds, beginning with the Fisheries Exhibition of 1883 and ending with the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886, were generally successful, the last attracting over 5,550,000 visitors. It became necessary to devote the land to other purposes; and now of the Royal Horticultural Gardens the vestiges of one pond and some derelict trees are all that remain.

Nine acres were devoted to the Imperial Institute, originated as a memorial of Queen Victoria's first Jubilee. The Colonies and India made a generous reply; Mr. Collcutt's designs answered all requirements. But somehow the Institute did not prosper; partly because its ideals were not sufficiently definite, chiefly because its position was not sufficiently central, and London University has latterly occupied a portion of the buildings.

CHAPTER X

THE CAMPDEN ESTATE AND HIGH STREET

Lady Campden's benefaction—The workhouse—Love Lane—High Street—William Cobbett—Sir David Wilkie—His Kensington residences—Thomas Faulkner—Hornton Street and its chapel—Thackeray and "Esmond"—The "Greyhound"—Kensington Square and fashion—Church dignitaries—The Duchesse de Mazarin—"Sonorous Blackmore"—Departure of the Court—Beloe—Talleyrand—John Richard Green and John Stuart Mill—Literary men and artists—Wright's Lane—Sir Isaac Newton again—Scarsdale House—Kensington candles—The Terrace and Leech—Earl's Terrace—Edwardes Square—Leigh Hunt—His industry—Warwick Road—Addison Road—General Fox—The artistic colony—Kensington wine.

TO the west of the Albert Hall lies the Campden Estate, now in the process of "development" by the substitution of lofty brick flats for stucco houses. These changes are going on near the green little oval, with Cleve and Stoke Lodges on its edge, which remains as a relic of the Kensington of Queen Victoria's girlhood. The estate belongs to the parish, and was purchased out of the benefaction of the Dowager Lady Campden, the widow of Baptist Hicks, while his £200 went to the buying of two closes, called Charecrofts, in Fulham.* Lady Campden's will, dated 1644–5, gave to Sir John Thorowgood and eight other parishioners, and the churchwardens of Kensington—

* See page 209.

Upon trust that they should, within eighteen months, purchase half of the clear yearly value of ten pounds; one half whereof, should be applied from time to time, for ever, for and towards the better relief of the most poor and needy people, that be of good life and conversation; that should be inhabiting within the parish of Kensington: and the other half thereof should be applied yearly, for ever, to put forth one poor boy, or more, being of the said parish, to be apprenticed. The said five pounds, due to the poor to be paid them half-yearly for ever, in the church, or the porch thereof, at Kensington.

With this gift Sir John Thorowgood and the churchwardens purchased from William Muschamp a close called Butt's Field, containing 5a. 22r. 30p. and three rods taken out of Middle Quayle Field at the south end of Butt's Field. The value of the land in those days should make an estate agent's mouth water, but in 1757 the rent from Butt's Field was only "a little more than half" of £54, the total revenue of the estates belonging to the parish.

A little later, in 1778, the trustees of the poor built the parish workhouse on two acres taken off the south side of Butt's Field, a substantial building in the form of a capital H, surrounded by outbuildings, yards and gardens. It took the place of an earlier pest house and has in turn given way to Kensington Gate. In it, at one time, the paupers were put to the spinning of flax, and with triumphant success. The rest of the land was let to a tenant-at-will at £28 a year, though Charles Barratt held on an eighty-one years' lease a space next the Great Western Road, and at the corner of Hogmore Lane or Gloucester Road, including the Dun Cow public-house, on condition that he should build on it two substantial houses. "But," added the trustees severely, "they have not been built."

The change of nomenclature from Hogmore or Hogmire Lane to Gloucester Road may be pardoned, and possibly praised; but it seems a pity that Love

Lane, where the villagers courted, should have assumed the commonplace designation of Victoria Road. In 1837, when Queen Victoria had just ascended the throne, the authorities thought otherwise, no doubt; and the rate-books prove that the name was changed at that date. A bit of the primitive pavement still preserves the character of the old rambling thoroughfare leading down to the "New Town"; but the greater part of it has been straightened out.

Kensington High Street is less rich in association than the streets that branch off it to the north and south. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries its houses were mostly residential; but the staring shop-window has long replaced the modest casement through which our leisured ancestors surveyed the passing show. Speaker Onslow, for one, was born in the High Street, "in the first house on the left hand as you come into the town from London." Mrs. Mattocks, the actress, lived at No. 7, also at No. 2 Hornton Street, and at a house in the Square, number unknown. Of the residents in High Street one of the most remarkable was William Cobbett, who lived on the site of the present railway station, having migrated thither in 1821. The ground at the back he used as a seed farm; and he had a larger establishment at Barn Elms, where he conducted vigorous, but financially disastrous, experiments in tree-planting. This was the period of his "Rural Rides," and we can imagine him sallying forth from Kensington on those vigorous expeditions. He does not appear to have lived long in the village; and possibly an ugly quarrel with Sir Francis Burdett over a matter of £3000, which the latter intended as a loan, whereas Cobbett construed it as a gift, may have hastened his departure.

No names can be connected with the High Street until we reach Lower Phillimore Place on the

opposite side of the way. There an inscription records the residence of Sir David Wilkie. The row of houses stands on Phillimore property and it appears to have been built as a speculation towards the close of the eighteenth century. Wilkie took up his abode in Kensington in the autumn of 1811, just after he had been elected to the Royal Academy, living first at a friend's house, No. 29, and then taking a house of his own, No. 24, now 144, High Street. There he dwelt blamelessly and industriously with his mother and sister, the happiest hours of his life being when they sat beside him while he was painting. He writes:—

> I dine, as formerly, at two o'clock, paint two hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon, and take a short walk in the park or through the fields twice a day. In the evening, I go on with the mathematics, which I take great delight in; and I have also begun a system of algebra, a study I should like to learn something of too.

We can imagine Wilkie sallying forth to dine at Holland House, where though shy and formal in society he was in great request; or to arrange the exhibition of his pictures held in 1812 at 87 Pall Mall. It included "The Village Politicians," "The Blind Fiddler," and "The Rent Day," and thenceforward his fame was secure. Kensington remained his home until almost the end of his life, though in 1824 he moved with his mother and sister to 7 The Terrace —a house which subsequently came to be called Shaftesbury House after the birthplace of its occupier, Sergeant Wilkins—and in 1827 to Vicarage Place. By that time domestic sorrows had accumulated on him. His mother and eldest brother were dead; a second brother came home from Canada to die; his sister lost the man she was about to marry; his youngest brother became involved in commercial difficulties. He worked on indefatigably, and it is

interesting to remember that his famous picture, "The Queen's First Council," was painted at Kensington. He left Vicarage Place for the last time in the autumn of 1840, on that romantic tour in the East which closed with his sudden death at sea and burial off Gibraltar. As a typical English painter, his name is most appropriately connected with Kensington, the artists' quarter of London.

Another inhabitant of Lower Phillimore Place, whom those interested in the Royal Borough have cause to remember with gratitude, is Thomas Faulkner, its historian. He lived in the "thirties" and "forties" at No. 7. It must have been a pleasant country walk to his bookshop in Smith Street, Chelsea. A fleeting allusion to the learned little man is to be discovered in Henry Kingsley's novel, "The Hillyars and the Burtons"; and there are those who can still recall him as peppery, but invariably ready to convey information. The only resident of note in Upper Phillimore Place disclosed by the rate-books is the Baroness de Noailles, who lived there for several years after 1830, the Revolution of July having presumably rendered Paris distasteful to her.

The streets running from the High Street up to Campden Hill were built after the death of Sir James South, with the exception of Hornton Street, which took the place of an enclosed field in the early years of the reign of George III. The meaning of its name is uncertain, but, like Young Street and Wright's Lane on the other side of the high-road, it may have been called after its builder. Hornton Street has long been a centre of Nonconformity in Kensington, the chapel having been erected in 1793. Two of the King's servants, Forsyth, his head gardener, and Saunders, his body coachman, with a nurseryman and other tradesmen who had previously met for worship in a cottage, supplied the funds. Saunders' enthusiasm carried him to the length of leaving tracts in the Royal

SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

coach, and the story goes that George III, after reading them with much diligence, ordered him to put some more of the same kind in the same place. Near the chapel lived from 1805 to 1823 a curate of the Church of England in the person of the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, a nephew of Charles Dibdin, the song-writer, and a preacher at Brompton Chapel. He was also an industrious but slipshod bibliographer, whose catalogue of Lord Spencer's famous library at Althorp achieved the strange feat of containing hardly a single correct entry.

Young Street, as I have just mentioned, is so called from one Young, an architect, who built it and the greater part of the Square in the reigns of James II and William III. The street has been modernized and spoilt, with the happy exceptions of No. 16, the home of Thackeray, duly distinguished by a commemorative tablet, and its opposite neighbours. In that little bow-windowed dwelling, rather bowed, perhaps, than windowed, Thackeray lived from 1846 to 1853, when he moved to 36 Onslow Square. He settled in it on the eve of his fame, since "Vanity Fair" appeared at the beginning of 1847, and was followed by "Pendennis" and "Esmond." Lady Ritchie has told us, in the biographical introductions to her father's novels, how his daughters came over from Paris to live with him and how he enjoyed life to the full, though anxious at first as to the future, since "Vanity Fair" succeeded but slowly. He wrote in the study, and it was there that the tax-gatherer found him in tears, as he was describing the death of Helen Pendennis. "Esmond" grew out of the "Lectures on the English Humorists," aided, of course, by the genius of the place. Lady Ritchie informs us that as Thackeray was passing through the Square, he pointed to No. 7, a disappointing house with a stucco façade and ivy-coloured verandah, and said, "That is where Lady Castlewood lived." Colonel Esmond's

lodging she conjectures to have been in one of the old houses among the gardens at Brompton, but he spent two nights at the "Greyhound" in the Square, to keep a watch on the movements of the fickle Pretender, while his supporters assembled at the "King's Arms" in the High Street, looking on to the Green, the Palace gate and the barracks.

The "Greyhound," much modernized in 1899, still stands at the north-eastern corner of the Square, but the "King's Arms" is a creation of Thackeray's fancy, taking the place of either the "Three Tuns" or the "Goat," the latter being an old public-house mentioned in a document of the year 1705. Warehouses are now invading the Square, but in the times made to live again by Thackeray it was the centre of fashion. For beauty of buildings and worthy inhabitants it exceeded, thought Bowack, several noted squares in London. Under George II, when the Court was at Kensington Palace, the demand for lodgings was so great that an ambassador, a bishop and a physician occupied apartments in the same house.

The assiduity with which the dignitaries of the Church frequented Kensington Square when the beams of Royal favour shone upon it was, indeed, remarkable. Among the bishops who had houses in Kensington Square were Dr. Mawson, of Ely, a native as we have already mentioned of Chiswick; Dr. Herring, Bishop of Bangor, a suave and dignified prelate who ultimately became Archbishop of Canterbury; and Dr. Hough, successively Bishop of Oxford, Lichfield, and Worcester, who was included in the Whig hagiology after he had been removed from the Presidency of Magdalen College, Oxford, by James II in favour of a Roman Catholic. "Do you think to huff us, sir?" asked that judicial humorist, Sir Thomas Jenner, when Hough announced his intention of appealing to his Sovereign Lord the King in his

Courts of Justice. Hough must have been one of the earliest inhabitants of the Square, which was finished, as a stone in the north-east corner used to record, in 1698.

Near these eminently respectable divines lived a lady who had sinned in august circles, namely the Duchesse de Mazarin, ex-pensioner of Charles II. The parish books show that she was living in the Square in 1692, six years before Young finished his building operations, and she must, therefore, have been one of its earliest residents. When she settled at Kensington her reign was over, though, as her devoted admirer St. Evremond wrote, she had not ceased to be "the most beautiful woman in the world, and her beauty preserved its splendour to the last moment of her life." Her migration to the Square was presumably from motives of economy. But the card-table relieved her of large sums, and she in turn had recourse to the faithful, but apprehensive, St. Evremond. She died in her summer cottage in Paradise Row, Chelsea, and her body was detained by her creditors until her husband arrived to redeem it. Saint Simon tells the grim story how the Duke carried the corpse about with him for a year from one estate to another. In death, as in life, Mme. de Sévigné's saying was true of the Duchesse de Mazarin, "Les règles ordinaires n'étoient pointes faites pour elle."

The witty Frenchwoman had a neighbour in a mightily stupid Englishman, Sir Richard Blackmore, physician-in-ordinary to William III, and epicmonger. Dr. Johnson charitably said of him that he had been exposed to worse treatment than he deserved, by the unremitted enmity of the wits, whom he provoked more by his virtue than his dulness. The allusion is mainly to Blackmore's "Satyr against Wit," in which the leading writers of the age were accused of profanity and coarseness. But even Johnson allowed

that the epic, "Eliza, an Epic Poem in X Books," fell absolutely dead. "I do not remember," he said, "that by any author, serious or comical, I have found 'Eliza' either praised or blamed." Blackmore was indifferent alike to tacit contempt or active sarcasm; to the "Nature of Man," a poem in three books, he added the "Redemption," a poem in six, and "Alfred," an epic in twelve. He versified the Psalms; rewrote the book of Job, and heaped treatise on medicine upon treatise on theology. All this to a running commentary from Dennis, Dryden, Garth, Steele, and Swift, until Pope exclaimed in "The Dunciad"—

> But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
> Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
> In Tot'nham fields, the brethren, with amaze
> Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
> Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
> And courts to courts return it round and round;
> Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
> And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
> All hail him victor in both gifts of song
> Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

The "Everlasting Blackmore" continued to write "to the rumbling of his coach's wheels" until death imposed "Finis" in 1729.

The aristocratic population of Kensington Square was, no doubt, migratory, coming and going with the Court, and leaving but little record behind it. The Marquis of Montgomery lived, however, at No. 45, just south of Thackeray's house, and the Earl of Gainsborough in a house which can no longer be identified. Addison, too, had lodgings in the Square in 1710, and Steele two years earlier at Mrs. Hardresse's. But when the Court deserted Kensington, fashion departed in its train, and the Square became the home of quiet men of letters and retired officers,

staunch subscribers, no doubt, to the Original Newspaper Office and Circulating Library still standing in the High Street. Typical of the former class was the Rev. William Beloe, who died in his house on the north side of the Square in 1817, after an earlier residence in Brompton Row. His translations from the classics are obsolete; his laxity as Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, which opened the way to wholesale thefts by a subordinate called Dighton, is forgotten. But his "Sexagenarian, or Recollections of Literary Life," is sometimes explored for anecdotes of Dr. Parr, his headmaster, or Porson, his friend.

Into this tranquil backwater came Talleyrand in 1792, having escaped from Paris with a passport from Danton five days after the September massacres. He lodged, it would appear, at the house which has since been converted into two, and numbered 36 and 37. Faulkner preserves the affecting tradition that his character was marked by the urbanity of his manner and the punctuality of his payments. Talleyrand's landlord and tradesmen had the more reason for gratitude, because his means were straitened. The third Lord Holland, who knew him well, has explained that he had to live very frugally. He sold his library, and was on the point of engaging with a bookseller to publish a life of "Egalité" Orleans, written in conjunction with ex-President Beaumetz, when it occurred to him that the work might be to his disadvantage in case he ever returned to France. The book was accordingly suppressed, and Talleyrand departed for the United States.

The literary traditions of Kensington Square continued right through the nineteenth century, and its association with various famous men may be briefly indicated. Following the numbers, we halt at No. 14 to survey the plain white house in which

John Richard Green, the historian, spent a few years of sickness and literary labour before he went away to die at Mentone. Some red-bricked flats intervene between it and No. 18, a house of similar appearance which was, as an inscription duly records, the home for many years of John Stuart Mill, described in the rate-books at one time as John S. Mills. There he lived with his mother, brothers and sisters, including Henry, "the noblest and worthiest of us all," who died of consumption in 1840, and Professor Masson has given a pleasant picture of their affectionate intercourse. In No. 18 the manuscript of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution" was burnt by a careless servant in March 1835; and Mill came at night, "pale as Hector's ghost," to break the news to Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle in Cheyne Row.

Literature assumed a severe form in Kensington Square, for Nassau Senior, the economist and recorder of "Conversations" with De Tocqueville and others, settled in the fine seventeenth-century house now numbered 26 after his marriage in 1821, and having lived there six years migrated first to Campden Terrace and then to Kensington Gore. In the next house, No. 27, was established in 1834 Kensington Grammar School, which had opened at No. 31 three years previously; it is now absorbed into some scheme of secondary education. Among its headmasters were Dr. Payne Smith, Dr. Haigh Brown, and the Rev. F. Hessey. Near it, and side by side, lived the brothers, Richard and Samuel Redgrave; the former a landscape painter and art organizer at South Kensington, the latter a writer on art, until they migrated respectively to 18 and 17 Hyde Park Gate, again side by side. Finally, in creeper-covered No. 45 Sir Edward Burne-Jones lived for three years, from 1864 to 1867, years of artistic obscurity.

Wright's Lane has changed out of all knowledge

during the last ten years. Instead of the lofty shops on one side and the still more stupendous pile of Iverna Gardens on the other, it used to be flanked by the wall of Scarsdale House on the east, and on the west by a picturesque red-brick row, with some admirable wrought-iron gates and—incredible though the statement may sound to the rising generation—two stretches of kidney pavement in front of them. The Kensington Public Library contains a fine photograph of this vanished feature of Kensington. Wright's Lane is so called, says Faulkner, after Nicholas Wright, who built the houses at the south end about the year 1774.

An earlier and much more illustrious owner of the estate was Sir Isaac Newton; and in 1820, when Faulkner wrote, the original deed of bargain and sale, dated 1726, 13 George I, with Newton's autograph, was in possession of a Mr. Hall of Kensington Square. Woolsthorpe House, or the Cripple Boys' Home, with its fine porch, commemorates this association, since it is so called after Newton's birthplace. But as it was built by Wright many years after Newton's death, the legend that Sir Isaac ever dwelt in it can be confidently rejected. The probability is that, while living in Orbell's Buildings, he contemplated making a suburban retirement at Kensington for his old age, and that his death, in the year after the purchase of the property, cut short the project.

Scarsdale House was a small but effective specimen of late Tudor architecture, with a beautiful panelled staircase and some wonderful chimney-pieces which are believed to have come from Loxley. Lady Ritchie has described it and its garden, with but little deviation from reality, in "Old Kensington." None of the Earls of Scarsdale ever seems to have lived in it, though it was named after their Derbyshire home. For the most part it was occupied by

junior members of that family, including John Curzon, the owner of an Arab horse, the progenitor of the modern racehorse, though it was let at one time to Lord Barnard of Barnard Castle, a son of the famous Sir Harry Vane; and at another, like so many other houses in Kensington, to the proprietress of a ladies' school. The shell of the house still exists surrounded by Messrs. Pontings' buildings, and partly incorporated into them. The old high-pitched roof and topmost story remain intact, and they can be seen to advantage from the leads surrounding them.

Low shops, built out in front of dwelling-houses, cause the south side of the main road to cut an undignified appearance in comparison with pleasing Lower Phillimore Place over the way, nor can it be said that the exterior of the Church of Our Lady of Victories, formerly known as the Pro-Cathedral, gives much promise of its spacious interior. Near it formerly stood the celebrated factory where Kensington candles were made, bringing fame to the town and wealth to several generations of manufacturers. Leaving Gloucester Road and Earl's Court Road for later treatment, I may as well dispose of this part of Kensington. There is really but little to say about it. The Terrace, already mentioned in connexion with Wilkie, had another artist inhabitant later in the ever-to-be-lamented John Leech, in some respects a perpetuator of the Wilkie tradition. Leech migrated to No. 6, afterwards No. 155, High Street and now demolished, from Brunswick Square in November, 1862, and thus became a close neighbour of his friend Thackeray. There, less than two years afterwards (29 October, 1864), he died, worn out by overwork and sensitiveness to noise. Back and front of his house, he confided to the late Mr. Frith four days before his death, noises of all kinds were incessant; and, "rather than continue to be tormented in this way, I would prefer to go to the grave where there is no noise."

Allen Street is so called after a builder of the Regency, whose devotion to stucco earned the contempt of Faulkner. Through Leonard Place and Earl's Terrace Mrs. Inchbald flitted from boarding-house to boarding-house, comforting her fellow-lodgers in their aches and pains. Earl's Terrace, in those days, was regarded as the end of all things, for immediately to the west of it lay the two acres of experimental garden established in 1818 by the Royal Horticultural Society, long before the migration to Chiswick or the valiant but costly adventure on the Gore. The Terrace, and spacious Edwardes Square to the south, with its gardener's lodge on the model of a Greek temple, and two rows of little houses on the east and west side, so out of proportion to the size of the Square, have a curious history. They were built by a Frenchman, named Changier, towards the end of the eighteenth century. Leigh Hunt, who, as we shall see shortly, wrote with local tradition to help him, asserts that the large Square and small houses were intended to suit the promenading tastes and poorly furnished pockets of the ensigns and lieutenants of Napoleon's "Army of England," who were to be its prospective tenants. That is the imaginative touch. Faulkner supplies the prosaic fact that Changier failed to the extent of £100,000, and retired to France, leaving the unfinished houses in the possession of his creditors. The original of Harold Skimpole could not be expected to chronicle such a trivial detail.

Leigh Hunt gives, with some hesitation, a story that Coleridge once had lodgings in Edwardes Square; and with more confidence another that Coleridge was at least seen walking in the Square and kissed a little girl, who grown to be a woman related the incident with pride. From this unsubstantial presence we may pass to the very real personality of Leigh Hunt himself, who, in 1840, moved from Upper Cheyne

Row, Chelsea, and the neighbourhood of the Carlyles, to 32 Edwardes Square, a little house which beyond the mellowing of the brick can have changed but little in the course of the years. In that home he remained until 1851, when he again moved to No. 2 The Terrace, "falsely called Allen Street at the road corner," as he wrathfully explained. His residence there did not endure long; for in October, 1852, the death of Vincent Hunt, his "too willing factotum, amanuensis, friend, son and servant," rendered Kensington unendurable to him, and he departed to end his days at 7 Cornwall Road, Hammersmith.

Apart from this tragedy, Leigh Hunt's residence in Kensington seems to have been not unhappy. His eldest son and a married daughter lived near him. We can picture him writing away in his printed nightgown; or pacing the undulating paths of the Square, arrayed in the cape of faded black silk, which, said John Forster, gave him the air of an old French abbé. The Shelley family gave him an annuity of £120; through the influence of Macaulay and Lord John Russell he obtained a Civil List pension of £200 a year, while Macaulay, too, secured his enlistment on the staff of the *Edinburgh Review*, and persuaded the shrinking, sensitive man to put up with the uncompromising editorship of Macvey Napier. Leigh Hunt's industry was prodigious. He edited selections from the English poets and his own poetry; he wrote his autobiography; he published the agreeable miscellanies "Men, Women and Books" and "Table Talk," and he revived "Leigh Hunt's London Journal," but only for a brief and troubled existence. Finally "The Town" was a predecessor to "The Old Court Suburb," which, however, was composed not at Kensington, but at Hammersmith.

South and west of Edwardes Square lies the district of West Kensington, which, as it is the creation of the last thirty years or so and lies for the most

part outside the parish, need not detain us. Nor does much history attach to Pembroke Square or Warwick Road, formerly divided up into Warwick Square, Warwick Row, and Warwick Street. They were both in existence by the accession of Queen Victoria; though if we may judge by the number of empty houses, the thoroughfares named after the Earls of Warwick and Holland must have been in a rudimentary condition.

A somewhat perfunctory expedition, too, must be made to Addison Road and Melbury Road, the home of distinguished artists and the temporary residence of Cetewayo while he was supposed to be imbibing civilizing influences. Both of these peaceful thoroughfares were built on the Holland House estate, and Addison Road ran through Lord Holland's farm. Cobbett wrote in his anger: "When, in the former of these years [1824] I saw 'Addison Road' come and cut his beautiful farm across, and when I saw *Cato Cottage* and *Homer Villa* start up on the side of that road, I said, my Lord (and I am very sorry for it) will pay pretty dearly for his taste for the *classics*." Leigh Hunt also scoffs at the names given to these houses, not, one imagines, by Lord Holland but by the new landlords; and pays St. Barnabas' Church the unexpected compliment of speaking of it as an adornment "in good ancient style." It is really a rather melancholy specimen of the Gothic of the "twenties." The most notable, perhaps, of the bygone residents in Addison Road was General Fox, a son of the third Lord Holland, who, assisted by his wife Lady Mary, second daughter of the Duke of Clarence and Mrs. Jordan, made his villa the home of a celebrated collection of coins, and the centre of a pleasant society, partly archæological, partly political. An early member of the artistic colony was the gentle Augustus Egg, of whom they tell that the birds in Kensington Gardens used to feed out of his hands.

The descent of the artistic colony on Holland Park Road and Melbury Road—to the obliteration of various picturesque barns and sheds, and Laura Grove—began in the "sixties," George Frederick Watts at Little Holland House serving, no doubt, as the point of attraction. Partly to be near his friend, Frederick Leighton had a house built by Aitchison in Holland Park Road, and occupied it in 1866, after he had lived at 2 Orme Square since 1859. It is now Leighton House (No. 2 Holland Park Road) and has been presented to the nation. Melbury Road came into being some ten years later, when Queen Anne architecture, or what passed for such, was the mode, and the criticism of revolt had barely challenged the sacro-sanctity of the Royal Academy. That movement is fast becoming historical, but it may fairly be taken as lying outside a description of old Kensington. What does concern Old Kensington is that Lee's nursery-grounds, on the western boundary of the parish, which are now built over, took the place of a still earlier vineyard, on which wine was made so lately as the middle of the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER XI

EARL'S COURT, LITTLE CHELSEA, AND FULHAM ROAD

The Earl's manor and courthouse—Landowners and the village—The Hutchings family—John Hunter—Princess Charlotte—"Currant Jelly Hall"—Colehearne Court—Gloucester Road—Clairville and Jenny Lind—Canning and Gloucester Lodge—Sir John Millais—Walnut Tree Walk—Louis Lochée—The gallows—Little Chelsea—Lord Burleigh and Brompton Hall—Pelham Crescent—Guizot and Ledru-Rollin—Amelia Place—Curran's death.

THE history of the Earl's Manor has already been traced. It centred round the manor house and village, and a statement of the customs between the lord of the manor and the tenants, dated 1610, shows that the inhabitants enjoyed the usual liberties. "We may dig loam, sand, or gravel in the common, to use within the manor as often as we need." Again, "We ought to have a lawful pound to impound cattle that do us trespass, the same to be provided by the lord of the manor." Further, "By our custom any tenant may call a court, at his own charge, without suit unto his lord. The stewards and tenants to have their dinners provided, and the steward to be pleased for his pains." The pleasing of the steward was presumably achieved by a handsome "tip." In this way the seventeenth-century tenants combined business with pleasure in the courthouse, which, as was mentioned in an earlier chapter, stood near the present station or stations. Old prints represent it as a plain brick building with dormer

windows emerging from a steeply pitched roof. It was deserted for a newer manor house a little farther to the north in 1789; but survived its rival, and did not finally disappear until 1878, nearly a century afterwards.

The ascendency of the Earl of Holland and Warwick is sufficiently proved by the fact that in 1675 he held 236 acres as against 66 acres held by the feoffees of Mr. Smith's land, otherwise known as Smith's charity, and another 66, including 11 acres of park, held by Mrs. Methwold, the owner of Hale House, now engulfed by the Victoria and Albert Museum. From this rural scene of farms, cottages and gentlemen's estates emerged the villages of Earl's Court, Little Chelsea, and Old Brompton. The first was approached from the high-road by a road, now prosaic Earl's Court Road, running between two rows of elms. Relics of the village still remain in the side streets, notably a small row of creeper-covered houses in Kenway Road. In some such cottage, no doubt, lived that most incomparable of singing actresses, Mme. Vestris, whom the rate-books show to have occupied a house at Earl's Court in 1837, not long before her marriage with Charles James Mathews.

The manor house lay on the right, and for over a hundred years it was occupied by a family named Hutchins, who cultivated a farm stretching away to the Creek, in other words to the extremity of the parish, since this stream, converted into a canal in 1827–9, and now replaced by the District and the London and North-Western Railways, was the western boundary, until it left Kensington at Stamford or Sandford Bridge. The Hutchins family must have been the most important tenants of the Earls of Holland, and after them of the Lords Kensington. One of them, Samuel, appears in the rate-books so lately as 1850, but shortly after that the expansion of Earl's Court began. Villas were built anon on estates

carved out of the manor, to give way in turn under architectural pressure to squares, crescents, and "gardens."

An early settler in Earls Court was the eminent surgeon, John Hunter, who in 1764 bought two acres of land and built a plain house, which he enlarged and adorned as his fortunes improved. At the time of the acquisition of the property, he was an industrious and rapidly rising practitioner in Golden Square. Earl's Court became his autumn retreat, which he left reluctantly for his house of business before noon. Round him Hunter collected a laboratory for dissection, and a menagerie of living animals. Buffaloes and other species of the ox tribe, which he kept for purposes of crossing, were to be seen there. He was fond of wrestling with a small bull, a present from Queen Charlotte. On one occasion the beast lost its temper, and if a servant had not arrived to the rescue it would have gone hard with Hunter. On another, two leopards escaped from their cage; but the brave, sturdy little man mastered them. He experimented on bees in his conservatory, and in a pond in the garden, which was ornamented with skulls, on the artificial formation of pearls in oysters.

After Hunter's death, which occurred on 16 October, 1793, through the excitement of a dispute with a colleague on a point of hospital discipline, his villa was sold under the provisions of his will. It rapidly changed hands, successive tenants having been John Bayne, John Hanson, the Duke of Richmond—the Duke presumably who fought a duel with the Duke of York and gave the Waterloo ball—Mrs. Bennet, and Nathaniel Gosling of the banking house. In 1809 the villa was let by the Duke of Richmond to the Earl of Albemarle, and his son, the author of "Fifty Years of My Life," records that Princess Charlotte used to spend her Sundays there. A regular tomboy, she once saddled and bridled Lord Albemarle's hack, told

the young Keppel to mount, and then gave it a tremendous cut with a whip, with the result that he was deposited in a flower-bed. The consequent uproar over, she "treated my father's son exactly as she had just treated my father's horse." The daughters of the family were enticed by the Princess up to the top of a mound in the orchard, beneath which had been the cages for Hunter's wild beasts, and then rolled into a bed of nettles below. Hunter's house remained standing until 1886, when it was demolished and the ground built over.

Next to Hunter's modest estate was the villa of Gunter, the confectioner, which the young Keppels nicknamed "Currant-Jelly Hall." This was a much more pretentious affair, standing in sixty acres of ground, and famous for its forcing houses and gardens for fruit and vegetables. Tregunter Road, built before 1864, and Gunter Grove commemorate the connexion of the family with Earl's Court and West Brompton, and the founder of its fortunes is buried in Kensington churchyard. He was the unfortunate sportsman whose horse ran away with him in the hunting-field, and who exclaimed to Lord Alvanley, "My lord, my 'orse is so 'ot I can't 'old him." "Ice him, Gunter, ice him," was the reply. The family is still represented in Earl's Court, and so lately as 1850 Lord Alvanley's prescription might have been carried into effect from the ice wells on which Robert Gunter was rated.

More interest attaches to Colehearne Court, where "mansions" have since 1890 replaced a handsome little house of the Wren period standing in a spacious garden. This property can be traced back to the reign of Charles I, when it belonged to Sir William Lister. His daughter, Frances, married General John Lambert, one of Cromwell's ablest soldiers; and at Colehearne House several of their ten children were born. Mrs. Lambert's pride was notorious, and she

JOHN HUNTER

was supposed to have instigated her husband's ambitious aims, which ultimately consigned him to imprisonment on the Isle of St. Nicholas in Plymouth Sound. A later tenant of Colehearne House was the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, the wife of General Sir William Ponsonby who fell at Waterloo, and later still came members of the Tattersall family.

When the grim purpose of Sir Charles Freake drove Cromwell Road across the Middlesex plain, he had little in the way of buildings to contend with. The tributary streets to the south have replaced country lanes with such unsophisticated names as Walnut Tree Walk, connecting Earl's Court with Little Chelsea; Honey Lane, lying more to the west, and Sallad Lane, now Selwood Terrace, more to the east. Why could not such reminiscences of a vanished rurality have been preserved? As I have already remarked, however, the enterprising builder can be forgiven for rebelling against the earlier name of Gloucester Road, which was Hogmire or Hogmore Lane. In Leigh Hunt's day it was still a shady road, with a stone causeway in the middle, running up from Brompton Lane to the high-road, past Gloucester Lodge and the workhouse.

In No. 22 of quiet Hereford Square, as a tablet records, George Borrow lived from 1860 to 1870, when he went back to Oulton to die. His industrious biographer, Mr. Knapp, has been unable to find out much about this period of his life. Borrow published "Wild Wales" and his Romany dictionary while he lived in Hereford Square, and there his wife died.

At the south end of Gloucester Road, and on ground more or less identical with the site of Brechin Place, stood a detached cottage called Clairville. The name is perpetuated with dubious orthography in Clareville Grove, a little farther to the east. The cottage was rented by Jenny Lind just before she took London by storm in 1847, and she lived in it during

the days of her brief but triumphant public career. She was under the grim tutelage of Mrs. Grote, and had those indefatigable writers, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall, who resided near by at 24 Sandford Road, as intimates. Jenny Lind's magnolia has gone, but a fine plane tree overhanging Old Brompton Road is a remnant of her garden. A few yards away a tablet on No. 1 Moreton Gardens commemorates her second home in Kensington, after her public life had come to an end.

Gloucester Lodge, as its name implies, was built by the Duchess of Gloucester, the beautiful lady who, while Dowager Countess of Waldegrave, was secretly married to the Duke, a younger brother of George III. The site had already acquired notoriety as Florida Gardens, the enterprise of a German Jew called Hyam, who attempted to combine horticulture with a tavern, and ended in bankruptcy. The Duchess attempted nothing elaborate in the way of architecture; merely a two-storeyed house with an Ionic colonnade. But she laid out the six acres with serpentine paths, and appears to have wavered between Orford Lodge and Villa Maria before she christened the place Gloucester Lodge. On her death in 1807, the place went to her daughter, Princess Sophia of Gloucester—not to be confounded with her cousin the blind princess Sophia—who sold it two years later to the celebrated statesman, George Canning. Canning made Gloucester Lodge his home during the remainder of his life. Several of his children were born there, including the future viceroy of India, and there his eldest son died, greatly to the father's grief. When the Canning Papers yield up their secrets, it is quite possible that momentous decisions, the seizure of the Danish fleet for example, may be discovered to have been reached at Gloucester Lodge. Meanwhile all that the conscientious historian can record is that in it Canning gave his official dinners, when he was Foreign

Secretary, and held interviews with the representatives of foreign Courts. Dining privately with Canning in 1820, Rush, the American Minister, heard him, Frere, Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell) and Stratford Canning, not yet Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, discuss the authorship of "Junius," and assign it to Sir Philip Francis. On another occasion Canning praised Washington Irving and Swift; and, on a passage from "Gulliver's Travels" containing the words, "and helped the man at the helm" being recited, he repeated them as if in a reverie, the anxieties of statesmanship suddenly shooting into his mind. After Canning's death in 1827, Gloucester Lodge had an occupant in the elder Don Carlos, who disappeared from it in July, 1834, to head an insurrectionary movement in Spain. It then stood empty for several years, and was pulled down about 1850.

We must turn aside from Upper Cromwell and Cromwell Road as architectural exploits of too recent a date to concern us intimately. The most interesting fact, perhaps, connected with a somewhat grim neighbourhood, is that Sir John Millais lived during the winter months of the years 1862 to 1878 at No. 7 Cromwell Place. Those were the years of his prime, though he painted some fine pictures after he had removed to the severely plain but roomy house in Palace Gate, built for him by Philip Hardwick, which was close to the gardens that he loved.

Walnut Tree Walk is now represented by the long uninteresting stretch of Redcliffe Gardens, leading to the Fulham Road. Away to the west lie the forty acres of the West London and Westminster cemetery, with its domed chapel; and thus the extremity of Kensington is reached. The burial-ground, since it came into being in pursuance of an Act of 1840, may be dismissed with the remark that in it lie the famous geologist, Sir Roderick Murchison, George Heming

Mason, the idealist painter, and Byron's associate, "Gentleman" Jackson, the prize-fighter.

If Fulham Road be studied on the map, the south side will be found to lie outside Kensington parish, and the north side inside it. Slightly to the east of Redcliffe Gardens, and standing back from the road, is a house now divided into two, known as Tavistock House and Bolton House. It, or they, has or have been generally devoted to educational purposes. Shortly after the accession of George III a celebrated military academy was founded there by Louis Lochée. He built miniature fortifications, after the style, it would seem, of Uncle Toby; and they excited much admiration as viewed from the street. The enterprising Lochée also arranged a balloon ascent on 16 October, 1784, by two aeronauts named Blanchard and Sheldon. After a successful voyage, they landed at Romsey, near Southampton. Unfortunately, so many people collected from London on horse and foot to see the ascent that the crops in the gardens, and more particularly the turnips, were hopelessly destroyed. Lochée's academy came to an end with his son Louis, who was taken prisoner by the Austrians in 1790, after he had involved himself in revolutionary movements in Flanders. He was allowed to come to England to settle his affairs before suffering the death penalty.

Lochée appears to have been hanged. Curiously enough, the gibbet standing in Fulham Road opposite the end of Walnut Tree Walk had not been taken down many years before his death. On it in July, 1866, was hanged one of the two Chelsea pensioners found guilty of murdering James House Knights on the high-road in the vicinity of Little Chelsea, the other malefactor being suspended a little farther on at Bull Lane. Public opinion caused the gibbet to be removed, however, after an unfortunate post-boy had been hoisted aloft on it by some drunken parsons,

because he declined to flog his horses along at a pace sufficient to please them. The story goes that he might have remained indefinitely on his uncomfortable perch—since his appeals for help only scared away the passers-by—had not the magistrate who procured the conviction of Knights' murderers been informed that two bodies, and not one, were adorning the gibbet.

Little Chelsea, as a whole, need not detain us long, since only the strip lying to the north of Fulham Road belongs to Kensington. A hundred years ago the hamlet was a conspicuous object, as the only considerable group of buildings on the road between Fulham and Knightsbridge. It has now lost its individuality, nor at the best of times can it be said to have been frequently in the mouth of fame. The most illustrious native of the Kensington side of Little Chelsea was Pope's friend, Lord Orrery, after whom an astronomical instrument is named. In his day it must have been a wayside village, with Brompton Heath stretching towards Earl's Court and Old Brompton, and including Poupart's market-garden of twenty-six acres, which disappeared between 1850 and 1860. Thistle Grove, in which the still existing little cottages were built shortly after the Battle of Waterloo, hands down the memory of the days, no doubt, when donkeys browsed on the common. In Thistle Grove lived Bernard Burke, the projector of the well-known "Peerages" and "Baronetages"; and from about 1835 to 1838 it was the home of Douglas Jerrold, whom we shall meet again in Michael Place. Jerrold first met his life-long friend, Charles Dickens, in Thistle Grove.

Traditions of the great Lord Burleigh and his nod linger in this part of London, but they stand sadly in need of historical evidence. The Queen's Elm public-house in Fulham Road was so called from a tradition that Elizabeth and her Minister took refuge under an

elm-tree close by when overtaken by a shower. And at the south-east corner of Walnut Tree Walk or Redcliffe Gardens is the site of Burleigh House, which is supposed to have been one of his many residences. But the house, which lay back from the road, behind its stables and gateway, was obviously built much later than the Elizabethan period. The State Papers Domestic and the Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission yield no proofs of Burleigh's having a home at Kensington, though his son, Robert Cecil, First Earl of Salisbury, stayed there in 1608 and in 1612, the year of his death. Cecil presumably visited the village in the hope of restoring his shattered health, and it is just possible that the legend arose through some confusion between him and his father. On the other hand, this entry in the parish register suggests a likelier derivation—"15 May [1674] Honble John Cecill, son and heir apparent of the Rt. Honble John, Lord Burleigh, and the Lady Anne, his wife, born at Mr. Sheffield's."

The remaining part of Fulham Road cannot boast many historical associations, though the streets running to the north of it, as well as those in Chelsea parish to the south, have for a century or so been the resort of artists, James McNeill Whistler among them. But as we get near the South Kensington railway stations, two interesting sets of houses present themselves to the left hand and to the right. On the north side of the road is Pelham Crescent, built about 1840 on the site of some market gardens. Together with Pelham Place, running out of it, this secluded corner has been popular with well-to-do actors: Charles Mathews, for instance, and Robert Keely; his widow continuing to live on in the same house, No. 10, after his death in 1869. Alfred Wigan was living at No. 13 Pelham Place in 1850, and James Vining, an excellent Dr. Manette, at No. 21 in 1860. But No. 21 had a more remarkable tenant for

a brief space in the person of Guizot, the fugitive Prime Minister of France, who found refuge in it after the Revolution of February, 1848. In its drawing-room he told Charles Greville the story of the rising, and of the irresolution of Louis Philippe, which produced the downfall of the Orleanist dynasty. Within a few weeks, to exile was added the loss of his mother, who died at the age of eighty-three. Another turn of the wheel in French politics caused Ledru-Rollin, a Radical Republican of an advanced type, to come to the same house as had sheltered the exponent of the policy of the *juste milieu*.

Nearly opposite Pelham Place, and to the west of the "Admiral Keppel," stands a row of little dwelling-houses which have been converted into shops. They are now merged into Fulham Road, but a hundred years ago they boasted a name to themselves, namely Amelia Place. Here, at No. 7, died Curran, the Irish orator and wit, after a twelve-months' residence, on 14 October, 1817. Reduced to become "a spectator of the show" by resigning the Irish Mastership of the Rolls in 1815, Curran spent the last few years of his life among his English friends, among whom were to be reckoned Lord and Lady Holland, and seems to have been one of those men who rather relish than otherwise the squalor of lodging-house life. A pious pilgrimage led the Irish novelist John Banin, the author with his brother Michael of the "O'Hara Tales," to the same house five years after Curran's death.

CHAPTER XII

OLD BROMPTON

Old Brompton Road—Onslow House—Development of the property—Kensington nurserymen—The tea-gardens—Hale House—The Methwolds and Harringtons—The Cromwells of Notting Hill—Richard Cromwell—The Cromwellian legend—The end of Cromwell House—The Victoria and Albert Museum—Brompton Oratory—Holy Trinity, Brompton—Smith's charity—Novosielski and John Braham—Thurloe Square—Michael's Grove and Michael's Place—Brompton Square and the stage—Francis Place and Henry Luttrell—Brompton Grove—Sir John Macpherson and William Wilberforce—William Jerdan—A confusion of names—Queen's Buildings—Brompton Row—The last of Sir Richard Phillips.

OLD BROMPTON ROAD is disposed of now-a-days in the "Post Office Directory" by a polite invitation to look up Bolton Gardens, Drayton Terrace, and so forth. Formerly it was flanked on either side by houses of some importance, standing in their own grounds. One of them belonged to the Earls of Onslow, and after becoming a lunatic asylum was demolished to make way for Onslow Square, though the avenue—or rather one side of it, for the other has been replanted—which formerly led up to the mansion remains. The house appears to have been known earlier as Cowper House, and at its gate there was found in October, 1614, a girl baby about a year and a half old; the parish authorities neatly named her Mary Troovie.

The development of this district is illustrated in the most interesting manner from the rate-books,

taken in decades. In 1840 Onslow Place and Onslow Terrace existed, but not Onslow Square. Ten years later Drayton Grove and Drayton Terrace had come into being, but few of their houses had found occupants. Kensington was expanding to the south, exactly as, at the same date, it grew out over Bayswater. Not a single house in Cranley Place had an occupant, and the names of a tenant or two had been hastily added in pencil for the houses in the part of Onslow Square which lies beyond No. 45. There Freake, the architect, had established himself as a pioneer of civilization. The collector had desperately set down one Baron "Marschata" as living at No. 30, who ten years later still—that is in 1860—reveals himself as that indifferent sculptor, Baron Marochetti. "W. W. Thackery" appears at No. 34. While Thackeray lived in Onslow Square he was writing "The Virginians" and stood an unsuccessful contest for Oxford City. The Edward Trelawny who lived near him at No. 2 I presume to be identical with Shelley's Trelawny, who had bought No. 7 Pelham Crescent a few years earlier. Onslow Square can also boast Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Sir Henry Cole of the South Kensington Museum, and Admiral Fitzroy, commander of the *Beagle*, who carried Darwin on a voyage which revolutionized science. In Onslow Gardens, the youngest of these masses of buildings, were for many years the town houses of Sir John Mowbray, the much-respected member for Oxford University, and of Lyon, Lord Playfair, a conscientious public servant, who was Cole's colleague as an organizer of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The heart of Old Brompton lies about the South Kensington railway stations, and but little of it has really attained the dignity of age. The hamlet was celebrated, no less than the rest of Kensington, for its pure air, and Richard Steele visited it when in want of a change. Its specialities were nurseries and

tea-gardens. Faulkner gives an interesting list of the nurserymen in Kensington parish about the year 1820, and it is worth noting that, with the exceptions of Malcolm & Co. and Lee, they all had their grounds in Brompton. They were—

	Acres	
Messrs. Gray & Co.	30	Brompton Park
Mr. Kirke	14	Old Brompton
Mr. Harrison	27	Old Brompton
Mr. Gibbs	6	Old Brompton
Messrs. Malcolm & Co.	20	Kensington Gore
Mr. Pamplin	3	Brompton Heath
Mr. Lee	14	West Town
Mr. Salisbury	10	Old Brompton
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Of these famous gardeners, Gray & Co. were the successors of London and Wise; there had been Harrisons in Old Brompton for nearly a hundred and fifty years, while Salisbury was the pupil of the celebrated William Curtis, author of the "Flora Londinensis," who tried to cultivate his collection of British plants in Bermondsey and Lambeth Marsh before he found an ideal spot in the ground now covered by the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, off Fulham Road.*

Many of the tea-gardens of the district, except the Florida, still exist under their modern guise of public-houses. Thus we have the "Bell and Horns" at the meeting of Old Brompton and Cromwell Road—a house-of-call for Sheridan, when he was on his way to Holland House; the "Hoop and Toy" in Thurloe Place, formerly with trees in front of it, and the "Admiral Keppel," through which runs the boundary

* This hospital was opened in 1846, and among its benefactors was Jenny Lind, who by means of a concert contributed over £1600 to its funds.

line of Kensington and Chelsea, in Fulham Road. They have all lost their gardens now, and the "Swan" and its bowling green have disappeared altogether. Gone too is Brompton Vale with its two rows of cottages approached by a doorway, its winding path and its ditch. Brompton, or rather South Kensington, has become much more stately and much less picturesque.

"Why Cromwell Road?" may well be asked. And the reply may well be: "Why not Cromwell Road?" Anyhow the name arises from the vague association of the Lord Protector with an old mansion which, standing on the site of the Victoria and Albert Museum, was demolished in 1854. This was Hale House, later known as Cromwell House, which first became known to history in 1612. In that year it was sold by Archibald, Earl of Argyll, and Sir William Cornwallis, the lords of the manor of Earl's Court, together with various closes of land, to one W. Weddell for £80, and he in turn parted with it to its actual occupier, Sir William Blake, described in the Kensington registers as "an ancient honourable good friend to this church and parish."* Sir William's reign lasted until his death in 1630, after which his executors sold Hale House to William Methwold.

Now the Methwolds were an important family in Kensington. William, who died in 1652, gave the parish a hospital or almshouse, just north of Hale House, for six poor and single women, aged fifty, "free from vice and of good behaviour, with four pounds per annum for each, and settled sixteen acres of land for securing the same." His widow Mary, who was buried at Kensington in 1676, was returned in the year before her death as owning sixty-six acres in copyhold, of which eleven were in Brompton Park, forming part of the gardens of London and Wise. At

* See page 156.

the southern extremity of the park was Brompton Park House, which dated from Queen Anne's reign, and in the early years of the nineteenth century was occupied by Earl Talbot, a popular Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Kirk, the nurseryman, was also a tenant of the proprietors of Hale House. The next generation of Methwolds is represented in the parish registers by Catherine, wife of William Methwold, gent, who was buried at Kensington in 1692. The Methwolds sold Hale House in 1754 to Sir John Fleming, whose daughter became Countess of Harrington, and to her descended the obligation of paying £24 per annum as pensions to the six poor women. The estate, as we have seen, still belonged to the Harrington family, when seventeen acres of it were purchased by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851.

Faulkner mentions some of the tenants of Hale House under the Methwolds: the Lawrences of Shurdington in Gloucestershire in 1668, and the fifth Lord Howard of Effingham, whose son and successor was born there, in 1682. But he fails to establish any antecedent connexion between it and the Cromwell family. The evidence consists indeed of various links which it is very difficult, if not impossible, to weld into a chain. By a curious coincidence a family named Cromwell undoubtedly lived in the parish, though not near Brompton. Thus the parish registers record the baptism and death of a reputed son of Robert Cromwell of Kensal Green and Jane Swift, his servant, in 1691. This Robert Cromwell is identified by Faulkner with the Robert Cromwell who was a juror on the trial of Axtell, one of the regicides, and was challenged by him.* In

* Faulkner's identification is very doubtful. Mark Noble in his "Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell" includes the juryman among the possible connexions of Oliver, and remarks that he must have been a Londoner. But I suspect that the relationship of

1700 occurred the death of Mary, wife of Mr. Cromwell, farmer. As these Cromwells were evidently well to do, the presumption must be that from them, and not from the Lord Protector, came the benefaction to the parish known as Cromwell's gift. This consisted of £45, and was invested by Sir John Thorowgood and the other parish trustees in two acres of land at the Gravel Pits in Kensington, bought from Thomas Copping. On them were built some cottages, which existed not long since as a rookery off High Street, Notting Hill, known as Campden Place. These Cromwells of Notting Hill cannot have had much to do with the Lord Protector. Nor, though Cromwell's great-great-grand-uncle, Richard Williams, appears to have settled in Kensington and owned the Red Lion inn in the High Street, together with property in Earl's Court, can he be proved to have ever assumed the name of Cromwell.* That name was taken by his nephew, Richard Williams, the son of Morgan Williams, out of gratitude to his patron and father-in-law, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; but this second Richard Williams had no connexion with Kensington. We stand on firmer ground when we come in the parish register upon the marriage on 10 May, 1653, of "Mr. Henry Cromwell and Elizabeth Russell." The bridegroom was Oliver's fourth and ablest son, who distinguished himself later on as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland; the bride was a daughter of Sir Francis Russell of Chippenham, whose devotion to the Cromwellian cause gained him a nomination to the House of Lords and various appointments. Nor is that the only connexion between the Cromwells and the Russells, for the Protector's youngest daughter Frances, after the

the Kensal Green Cromwells was rather with the family of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, a native of Putney.

* On Richard Williams see "The Cromwells of Putney," by John Phillips, in the "Antiquarian Magazine" for 1882.

death of her first husband, Robert Rich, one of the Warwick family, married Sir Francis Russell's son John. The Cromwells, then, had some associations with Kensington, though there is nothing to show that they ever lived at Hale House. Of the many conjectures that have been made, the most reasonable is Faulkner's, that Henry Cromwell resided there after his marriage, though Noble says that "he lived chiefly at Whitehall." He was not despatched to Ireland by his father until the following year, 1654, and the fact that he had just entered at Gray's Inn seems to show that he was looking to London and the bar for a livelihood.

Hale House, anyhow, obligingly complied with the Cromwellian legend. It developed a recess over the mantelpiece formed by a curve of the chimney "in which it is said the Protector used to conceal himself when he visited this house; though why," adds Faulkner with some humour, "his Highness chose this place for concealment, the tradition has not condescended to inform us." The house was much altered at various times, one room ornamented with Dutch tiles alone remaining in its original condition. Carvings of military trophies and costumes on the lintel dated from the seventeenth century. Hale House, it may be noted, came to be Cromwell House rather late in its career. It retained its first name in 1684; and, so far as we can tell, the nineteenth century had nearly arrived before the Protector's name was attached to it and the neighbouring Cromwell Gardens, where the great Mr. Hughes of the Royal Surrey Circus used to witch the world with feats of horsemanship.

At Cromwell House, in August, 1794, died Edmund Burke's only son, Richard, to the passionate grief of his father, just after he had been elected M.P. for Malton. The world considered him an unprepossessing man; but a friendly hand in the "Gentleman's

Magazine" declares that those who knew him best, most mourned his loss, and that he lived in and for the parents in whose arms he expired. Even in 1820, when Faulkner published his book, Cromwell House was unoccupied, and presented a dilapidated and desolate appearance. But it was patched up, and continued to exist until the "fifties," when the innovating energies of Sir Henry Cole swept it away, and the South Kensington Museum gradually took its place.

In 1855 uprose the hideous "Brompton Boilers," which, originally intended to give temporary shelter to various collections, including that of the Government Department of Science and Art from Marlborough House, threatened to become a permanent abomination. Before its disappearance, Cromwell House served as a home for some of these collections. It would be beside the purpose of this work to tell in detail how to them was added the Sheepshanks Gallery, and all that, whether for good or for evil, we mean by "South Kensington"; or how Sir Henry Cole fought the battles of the Museum in the press, battles sometimes of his own provoking. At least it must be said of him that he generally won the day. Nowadays the priceless national collection of bronzes, old furniture, and other things of beauty are at last adequately housed, even if they are protected by an exterior marred by architectural indecision. The institution was styled the Victoria and Albert Museum by Royal command, after Queen Victoria had laid the foundation stone of Sir Aston Webb's buildings on 17 May, 1899.

Neither the Brompton Oratory nor the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brompton, can be said to have much to do with Old Kensington, and they may therefore be briefly dismissed. The church and its graveyard occupy the site of a market-garden; and another vanished feature of Old Brompton is Cromwell Lane,

where dwelt in Vine Cottage the industrious man of letters, George Lillie Craik, a friend of Carlyle. The Oratory has taken the place of two buildings; first, a candle factory, and then Bemell House, which, built in 1827, was occupied as a school until its demolition in 1851. If the inexact indications given by Faulkner can be trusted, another house on or near the site was inhabited by Sir John Fielding, the blind half-brother of the author of "Tom Jones," a London magistrate honourably remembered for his plans for the rescue of deserted boys and girls, though in his detection of crime he seems to have entertained few scruples about using the *agent provocateur*. The beginnings of the Oratory were in 1852. In that year Father Faber moved the London Community of St. Philip Neri, originally established in King William Street, Strand, to Brompton. His persuasive eloquence made him a power. Two years afterwards a temporary church was opened, though it was not until 1880 that the Oratory with its vast and impressive nave commenced to rise from the ground. The west front, left unfinished after the Italian manner was long a familiar spectacle to South Kensingtonians but in 1896 a façade was duly added to the building.

Brompton New Church, as Holy Trinity is unofficially called, stands back from the main road, from which it is approached by an avenue of trees. Its promoters cannot have reckoned on the rise of tall buildings around it on every side. The outcome of the church-building activity of Bishop Blomfield, it was consecrated in 1829, and is a creditable specimen of the Gothic of that period. In the burial-ground lie several of the celebrated actors and actresses who in late Georgian and Early Victorian times lived in Brompton; and who, mummer-worship and huge salaries not having come into fashion, were not above walking to the theatre for rehearsal, or taking the sixpenny omnibus.

The district to the south of the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Oratory should be known as Actor's Land, since nearly all the comedians who delighted our grandfathers made it their home. Though the various squares and streets are far from romantic in appearance, they have a not uninteresting history. The land on which Egerton Gardens, Egerton Crescent, and Alexander Square are built, about 14 acres, was originally called Flounder Field, no doubt from its marshiness, and formed part of the estate of 80 acres held by the trustees of Smith's Charity. This Henry Smith was a worthy man who as a boy is said to have been whipped out of Mitcham for begging, but who rose to be an alderman in the City of London. We may believe, or disbelieve, the story that as a youth he was taken prisoner by the Moors; it looks as if it grew up to fit the conditions of his will. These were that £1000 should be devoted to the purchase of an estate, the proceeds of which should be devoted to the ransom of poor captives; and that another £1000 should go in the same way to the benefit of his poor relations. Crofton Croker, in his "Walk from London to Fulham," adds the pretty touch that Smith made this arrangement eight years before his death in 1628, and lived during his remaining days on an annuity of £500. Anyhow, the relations increased so that very little came to each individual; while as few captives were forthcoming, their money accumulated in New South Sea Annuities. In 1772, therefore, an Act of Parliament was passed enabling his trustees to apply certain sums of money to the relief of the poor kindred, and to enable the said trustees to grant building leases of an estate in the parishes of Kensington, Chelsea and St. Margaret's, Westminster.

The exploiter who availed himself of this stipulation was Michael Novosielski, the architect of the Royal Italian Opera House. This enterprising Pole

began building Alexander Square in 1786; and Michael's Place, another of his speculations, seems to have started about the same time. The latter was a long row of houses standing back from the south side of the Brompton Road, which, as street frontages became more valuable, was pulled down in 1886. By that time Novosielski had been in his grave nearly a century—he died in 1795—but his houses remained unfinished for some years after their projector departed. He lived in a villa grandiloquently known as the Grange, standing in its own grounds and approached from Michael's Place by Michael's Grove. A later occupant was John Braham, the celebrated Jew tenor, for whom Byron wrote the "Hebrew Melodies," and whose daughter rose to be Lady Waldegrave and a leader of society. Braham appears to have gone to the Grange after 1831, when disaster had overtaken him through his speculations in the Colosseum in Regent's Park and the St. James's Theatre. He cannot have lived there very long, for in 1843 the villa was demolished, and its spacious gardens cut up into four or five properties, which in turn have given way to a labyrinth of streets and the Underground Railway, a great transformer of this part of Brompton. In still existing Bute Street lived Charles Ollier, Shelley's publisher.

Thurloe Square seems to have been named by a builder with a taste for historical association, since it is quite in keeping with Cromwell Road; and Anne, one of the daughters of the Protector's Secretary, was actually baptised in Kensington church. This was in 1658, and the parents were then living at Lady Mulgrave's house, that is the vicarage. But the early tenants of the commodious houses called after Secretary Thurloe would have scandalized that austere personage. In Thurloe Place, for example, lived Henry Holl, the comedian of Drury Lane, and the uncle of the portrait-painter, Frank Holl.

A complete list of the members of the migratory acting tribe and of those connected with the stage, who flitted through the squares and streets of Old Brompton, cannot be attempted here. Among the more prominent of them, however, may be mentioned Douglas Jerrold, the son of an actor and the author of the admirable old play, "Black-eyed Susan." That drama was in full tide of success in 1835, when Jerrold can be traced in Michael's Grove; but "Punch" had not been founded, and "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" had not been written. Near by, though at an earlier date, in Old Brompton Crescent—a turning off the Fulham Road which reappeared as Egerton Crescent in 1888—lived a noted singer in Charles Incledon, Colonel Newcome's favourite and for many years the bright particular star of Covent Garden; while Mrs. Billington, who thrilled the house in many a duet with him, lived in Michael's Place. A more permanent resident than Incledon in Brompton Crescent was J. R. Planché, who spent there such hours of some twenty-two years as he could snatch from the theatre in his double capacity of playwright and designer of costumes.

Michael's Place was a colony equally well peopled with those who trod the boards. Miss Faucit (Lady Martin) lived there for a time while she was making her reputation, and when a house in Onslow Square must have seemed an unrealizable ambition. She lodged at No. 13, previously the home of Novosielski's widow and his son Reginald, a resident of considerable standing. But as Michael's Place has ceased to be, it is hardly worth while to give the numbers. Enough that it was the home of Miss Pope, Garrick's contemporary, who died there in 1818; of Mrs. Davenport, the creator of "old woman" parts, who died there in 1843; and of Frederick Yates, the father of Edmund Yates. Charles Mathews' widow also lived in these congenial surroundings, while she was writing

her husband's memoirs. Liston, of whom she told numerous stories, the creator of Paul Pry and the extolled of Lamb and Hazlitt, was her neighbour; but he migrated over the way to Brompton Square, then to Brompton Row, and died in a house opposite Hyde Park Corner.

Let us accompany Liston to Brompton Square, "hoping that we do not intrude." A splendid cast could have been recruited from its inhabitants not long since, for the male parts especially. Feminine ability was chiefly represented by Miss Faucit, who made the Square one of her brief resting-places. At No. 6 John Baldwin Buckstone, he of the elaborately prepared entrances, was living in 1850 after an earlier residence in Onslow Terrace. Shortly afterwards Keeley and Mrs. Keeley were to be found at No. 19; while 21 was the home of Spagnoletti, the leader of the orchestra at the Opera, a nomadic person, at one time to be found in Brompton Grove, at another in Brompton Vale. A greater than these, the younger Colman, the dramatist and theatrical manager, whom Byron considered a better conversationalist than Sheridan ("Let me begin the evening with Sheridan and finish it with Colman"), lived at No. 22 during the last ten years of his turbulent career—he died in 1836—and the bailiffs must have known his door-step well. Later on the house was owned by one of the Vinings, and became for a year or two the home of Shirley Brooks, the editor of "Punch," himself a playwright of ephemeral success. Next door William Farren, the second and greatest of all the Farrens, brought his careful, unostentatious life to an end in 1861, and his wife lies buried in Brompton churchyard. No. 23 was Farren's first and last home in Brompton Square, though for a good many years he lived at No. 30. Finally, at No. 24 lived John Payne Collier, in whose favour Colman declined to resign the Licencership of Plays on the ground that

he was a Whig nominee, a Shakespearean scholar with a fatal kink for manufacturing evidence.

But Brompton Square has also housed two remarkable men who had but little to do with the stage. Francis Place, who lived for many years at No. 31, married, it is true, as a second wife, an actress from whom he separated; but the tailor of Charing Cross is best known as a Radical organizer, who held the Westminster electorate in the hollow of his hand, and who helped to checkmate the formation of a Tory Ministry in 1832 by the famous placard, "Go for the gold and stop the Duke." The other, Henry Luttrell, the wit whom many preferred to Frere, Lord Dudley or Rogers, and the author of a masterpiece of light verse in "Advice to Julia," lived first at No. 19 and afterwards at No. 31, now part of the vicarage. Brompton Square is hardly the quarter of London in which one would expect to find such an acknowledged leader of the *ton;* but Luttrell rejoiced in his independence, and in addition, if the careful observations of Tom Moore can be trusted, maintained an irregular establishment. It would be interesting to know if he was on visiting terms with Colman.

Before we finish our pilgrimage by going eastwards up Brompton Road, let us cross over again to the south side of the thoroughfare and take a glance at Ovington Square and Ovington Terrace, now renamed Gardens. They took the places before 1850 of Brompton Grove and Brompton Lower Grove, Grove Terrace and Grove Place; the Bunch of Grapes tavern and Yeoman's Row forming the western landmark and boundary. There is little to be said about this secluded district that has not been already said about that erected by Novosielski. It had its actor and literary element, chief in the second class being Gerald Griffith, the Irish novelist; and a Comptroller to the Household in Lord Charles Bentinck. Behind the Grove lay a pretty little villa called the Hermitage,

which before its destruction in 1844 was Catalani's retreat, and ended its days as a lunatic asylum.

No. 11 Brompton Grove, or Grove House, had a varied assortment of occupants. The first was Sir John Macpherson, Warren Hastings's successor as Governor-General of India, who after ruling by what a cleaner-handed man, Lord Cornwallis, termed "a system of the dirtiest jobbery," returned to England in 1786 to become an intimate of the Prince Regent. Macpherson built out a room from Grove House for the entertainment of that exquisite, and his gigantic figure and jovial manners made him locally a most popular character. He died in 1821, and left a will behind him, containing an ecstatic eulogy of George IV, and a bequest of "my celebrated antique statue of Minerva" to "that truly glorious reigning Prince." The next occupant of Grove House was William Wilberforce, since it is rightly identified by Croker with "our new house at Brompton" mentioned in the good man's diary for 2 July, 1823, with the pious ejaculation, "May God bless our residence here!" The rate-book for 1824 locates Wilberforce at Southall's Buildings, but that is only an earlier name for Brompton Grove. Wilberforce, in any case, lived in Brompton for less than a year, and then constant attacks of illness forced him to give up his seat in Parliament and cultivate retirement at Highwood Hill.

Grove House was next occupied by the indefatigable William Jerdan, the editor of the "Literary Gazette," who moved into it from a cottage near Gloucester Lodge, where he had frequently enjoyed Canning's society. It became a literary centre of some note, among its frequenters being Letitia Landon ("L. E. L."), the fluent poetess whose father's mansion overlooked Jerdan's earlier and humbler dwelling. It must have been after the appearance of Wilberforce's "Life," that is in 1838, that Jerdan

had "May God bless our residence here!" painted on Macpherson's annexe to the house. The true literary touch! Unfortunately the "Literary Gazette" succumbed to the "Athenæum"; poor Jerdan lost his money through the dishonesty of a friend, and was compelled about 1835 to sell his establishment at Grove House, the produce being less, as he ruefully remarks in his autobiography, than he had paid Mr. Wilberforce for the fixtures alone. He migrated to Westminster Bridge Road, and in 1846 Grove House disappeared.

With Brompton Road this attempt to survey Old Kensington must end. The wonderful confusion of names which formerly prevailed on both sides of the thoroughfare has been happily amended. Chapel Street has been named Montpelier Street, after a still earlier existence as Rawstorne or Royston Street. It was Chapel Street from 1769 to about 1830, when Brompton Chapel existed on the east side, with Thomas Frognall Dibdin as one of its afternoon preachers. Again, a clean sweep has been made on the south side of the road of Queen's Buildings, Middle Queen's Buildings and Upper Queen's Buildings.* They were built about 1770, and the Queen after whom they were named was, of course, Queen Charlotte. By way of adding further confusion, these houses, or some of them, were known at various times as Queen's Row, Gloucester Row and Gloucester Buildings. Their history cannot be called eventful, indeed the only salient facts are that in Queen's Buildings died Arthur Murphy, whom we have already met at Chiswick, in the enjoyment of a Civil List Pension, and that Ozias Humphry, one of the finest of English miniaturists, flitted through them from house to house.

* Harper's Court, near the Knightsbridge "tube" station, formed part of this rabbit warren.

The irregularity of the boundary at this corner of the parish used to be very marked. Until an exchange rectified matters, six houses in Sloane Street and nine in Sloane Place were rated in Kensington, and it is interesting to discover a cowhouse there so lately as 1850.

Even Brompton Row, now merged into Brompton Road, short though it is, used to be divided into various "Buildings" and "Rents." At the beginning of last century the greater part of it was known as Biscoe Buildings, but that name had passed out of use by 1824. The Row has descended from well-to-do dwelling-houses to shops, and the trees and garden plots which covered the slope to the roadway have vanished. Its noted inhabitants, if we except an actor or two like Reeve, a popular comedian in his day, have, curiously enough, lived in the same house. This was No. 45, which, though its identity has been lost through renumbering, must be to the east of Montpelier Street, and not far from Lancelot Place. Count Rumford, founder of the Royal Institution, inventor, discoverer of Sir Humphry Davy, reorganizer of Bavaria, and a few things besides, dwelt there from 1799 to 1802, when he left England and, settling in France, married the widow of Lavoisier. The Count died in 1814, but his daughter, who called herself Countess Rumford, kept on the house for over ten years. A later occupant was none other than Sir Richard Phillips, the dogmatist who served us as a cicerone at Kew and Chiswick; and as this book began, so it must end, with him.

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